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NEWMARKET

THE SUBSCRIPTION ROOMS AT NEWMARKET, 1825

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**NEWMARKET : Its
Sport and Personalities** ✱ *By*
FRANK SILTZER ✱ *A Foreword*
by **THE EARL OF DURHAM, K.G.**
With Thirty-two Illustrations in Colour and Half Tone



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London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne
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BY J. H. H. H.
W. A. H. H. H.

FOREWORD

THE title of this book naturally suggests that it deals with Horse Racing, but it does not convey the fact that the author has struck out for himself a new line of Turf literature. It is the first effort, and a very charming one, to give us an authentic and carefully verified account of the sporting, social and political history of Newmarket. Captain Siltzer is to be congratulated on his genuine enthusiasm in making researches and discoveries, and on his skilful presentation of them to the public. His readers will not feel that his anecdotes are too well known, as he hints, but will wish there were more of them.

Everyone who knew Newmarket forty years ago will share his hatred of the architectural monstrosities which have disfigured the town since those days. But one need not agree with all his strictures, or with all his views. Although I sympathize with his regrets over the disappearance of some relics of the past, I cannot, to take one example, share his grief at the loss of the "Red Post." He writes: "It was one of the few relics of the past . . . almost an heirloom. Why was not sympathy extended to an ancient memorial of racing days on the great Heath?" I am sceptical as to the venerable antiquity of the timber of which it was composed, and can explain the vandalism which he deploras. It may not be generally known that our Jockey Club architect had warned us that the Portland Stand at the top of the town was dangerously insecure. We might have become liable to prosecution for manslaughter if a crowd of spectators had caused its collapse.

There were many other objections to the old Cambridgeshire Course even thirty years ago. In these days the chaos and confusion of the migration of a modern crowd, and of motor conveyances from the Rowley Mile Stand to the Portland Stand would be insuperable. The Jockey Club showed prescience in abandoning the old Course. We gained more ground for training purposes, but the retention of the Red Post would have interfered with these gallops, and would have been dangerous to riders. Much as the Jockey Club desires and tries to maintain old traditions, it is not, and will not be, reactionary or inconsiderate of utilitarian requirements.

Captain Siltzer's chapters on the antiquities of Newmarket, and on the pictures in the Jockey Club Rooms and others, are admirable.

The pictures belonging to the Jockey Club may not be of much intrinsic value, but they are of great interest, and I wish we had more portraits of celebrated horses. King Edward VII set an excellent example by making and carrying out the suggestion that members of the Jockey Club who win the Derby should present portraits of their horses to the Club. Nothing could give greater pleasure to the Club and to the Turf than the receipt of such a picture from our present Sovereign.

The author describes the few interesting relics in the Jockey Club Rooms, and wishes apparently for a sort of museum. Racing "equipments" would not form a very attractive exhibition, and the saddles, whips and spurs of celebrated jockeys would be of little interest. When I go round some racing stables where it is the practice to nail up the plates of victorious horses, with a record of the races they have won, I am irresistibly reminded of the shrivelled carcasses of vermin with which some gamekeepers delight to decorate the precincts of their homes. Yet, as I write this, I have only to lift my eyes to a book-case to see nailed

thereon one of the plates worn by Cicero when he won the Derby. It evokes memories of a very dear and lifelong friend, of a beautiful and high-spirited little horse with which I was intimately connected during his racing career, and of all the stirring events of the last twenty years.

There *is* a glamour, there *is* a charm about the Turf, quite apart from the sordid aspects of gain or loss. The author has successfully conjured up images of the past, and has given us a lively impression of the love of sport and open-air pursuits which has attracted the English people to Newmarket for hundreds of years.

His book ought to appeal to all good sportsmen who speak or read the English language. "Good sportsmanship" and "good fellowship" are synonymous terms, and have created a bond of sympathy and friendliness between us and other countries long before the League of Nations was invented. Such relations are a welcome proof of world-wide appreciation of British love of sport and fair play, and readers of this book will discover for themselves that it is in this spirit that Captain Siltzer has written this most pleasant and valuable description of Newmarket.

DURHAM.

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INTRODUCTION

THIS town is the heart of the racing world, as Manchester is the seat of the cotton trade, or as Paris is the centre of pleasure and fashion.

But this book is not exclusively devoted to a chronicle of racing events. The Turf is a subject that has inspired many writers, both in times gone by and in our own day, but they have most commonly refrained from straying beyond their own immediate province. If I have ventured farther afield, it is because I am persuaded that many of those upon whom Newmarket casts its spell will be glad to know something of the odds and ends of its history and associations. The humble gleaner who follows in the track of the reapers may bring home but a small armful in comparison with the great sheaves which mark the passage of the husbandman who is hired to do the hard work; but he is free to gather up many things besides the ears of corn. He has time to look about him, to listen to the birds, and to pluck a bright flower here or, if it please him, to collect a rare insect there. His task is not only more varied but also more interesting.

It is in this spirit that the following somewhat desultory chronicle has been written.

There is much common sense as well as human nature in Doctor Johnson's utterance: "There is nothing so minute that I would not rather know, than not," and those readers who agree with this sentiment of the great philosopher will be indulgent to the trivial or unimportant details which I have put on record.

The collection of this miscellany has not been completed

without the most liberal and generous assistance . . . hints and the kindest of advice have come to me when solicited, from authors, from officials, trainers and residents at Newmarket, from my friends the London dealers in old engravings, who have cordially assisted me on the artistic and pictorial side ; last, but not least, from one of the greatest living authorities on the Stuart period, who has supplied me with some most valuable references.

The list is too lengthy to enumerate by name.

Where should I have been without these friendly resources ?

I take this, the only opportunity which presents itself, to extend my most sincere gratitude to all those to whom I am deeply indebted, and to whom I am unable to tender my thanks in any other fashion.

FRANK SILTZER.

NEWMARKET

CHAPTER I

DAYS OF YORE

Here we raise horses, that in speed outstrip
The winds ; go seek the plain which the Devil's Ditch
Divides ; a field with slender verdure green.

Philos. and Prac. Treatise on Horses.

THIS chapter must be taken as a kind of introduction to the real Newmarket.

Now an introduction, be it to a place or person, is often a tiresome function, only occasionally offering a possibility of interest. Here the interest is of doubtful quality. Those far distant Iceni, the ancient British tribe who lived, fought, bred and rode on the Heath, are dull and irksome to their posterity ; just as dull as they were in our school-days when all history began, and too frequently seemed to end with the Early Britons.

But the tale of Newmarket is the history of the wild, of the seasons, and sunshine and rain on the Heath, the tale of the woods and the plain. And interwoven with this history of nature are the struggles of the Iceni, their defeat by the Roman invader, the tribal quarrels with their neighbours, their prowess and the traditions of the tribe.

The Iceni peopled the country later known as East Anglia . . . a tract of land now divided into the shires of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Norfolk and Suffolk ; at Ixning, which adjoins Newmarket Heath, there was a settlement which appears to have expanded into what we may perhaps term a rude barbaric town. After defeat by the Romans the Iceni seem to have retained their king and kingdom under a system of vassalage to Rome, to which city they had to pay tribute and a tax on certain products. A coinage, possibly stamped for the purpose of paying this tribute, was current amongst them, and early gold and silver coins, still existent, bear on the reverse side the effigy of a horse.

They must have known a good deal about horses, these Iceni ! When Julius Cæsar came to Britain, a century before

Boadicea's day, the one thing which specially impressed him in his combats with the natives was their skill at horsemanship.

As he tells us himself :

Their way of fighting with their chariots is this : first they drive their chariots on all sides and throw their darts, insomuch that by the very terror of the horses and noise of the wheels they often break the ranks of the enemy. When they have forced their way into the midst of the cavalry they quit their chariots and fight on foot ; meanwhile, the drivers retire a little from the combat and place themselves in such a manner as to favour the retreat of their countrymen, should they be overpowered by the enemy. Thus in action they perform the part both of nimble horsemen and stable infantry ; and by continual exercise and use have arrived at that expertness, that in the most steep and difficult places they can stop their horses upon a full stretch, turn them which way they please, run along the pole, rest on the harness, and throw themselves back into their chariots with incredible dexterity.¹

After Boadicea's suicide, which followed on the practical annihilation of her own army with that of other British tribes, we hear no more of the Iceni in Roman history.

But to come to Newmarket. It is a very homely, simple name, suggestive of peace and plenty . . . it was literally a New Market . . . the village to which the market at Exning was transferred when the plague broke out in the larger settlement in 1227.

This is the explanation given by Dr. Dibdin, and I have repeated it here on his authority.

It is a name that now has world-wide fame as the shibboleth of the Turf, as the password of the racing community. A name that calls to the imagination with all the glamour of risks to be run, of wealth to be won or lost, of the spirit of good fellowship and wholesome sport.

The town lay somewhat off the great high road leading from London to the north, in a respectable obscurity which explains the lack of events under the Plantagenets, or through the troubled periods of the Houses of York and Lancaster ; many of the great tragedies of battle and disaster took place in the country to the left of Newmarket, but the monotony of the undiscovered had the town in thrall, and adventure, glorious or catastrophic, passed to more convenient scenes of action.

History had to make a *détour* to include Newmarket in the annals of fame . . . a king sought out the drowsy little spot . . . it should be a "pleasaunce for his disport," and as his caprice

¹ Cæsar, *De Bello Gallico*.

was law, the town presently sprang to notoriety under the royal approval, and became the Metropolis of Sport.

A small space would suffice to depict the story.

The green expanse, slashed by the Dyke and great Bank, dominating the whole; crowns and a jockey's cap in the foreground, one crown reversed under a mailed glove, horses, a captive hawk essaying flight, and the device "Play the Game."

Yes, Newmarket, gay and radiant with sunshine, or sullen with winter gloom, insists that one and all shall play the old, yet ever new game with her.

And what about that "great and ancient Ditch?" as Drayton calls the Dyke.

The old entrenchment is a fetich both to the race-goer and to the local inhabitant . . . a kind of sacred lore attaches itself to the historic landmark . . . hats are raised *pour la bonne chance*, and the Goddess of Luck is invoked as the train approaches Newmarket and cuts through one of the several modern gaps in the structure. It may be that some dim tradition connects the great line of earthworks and the fosse with the patriotic struggle of those far-off Icenian days, and still survives in the memory of the people; but it seems on the whole more probable that the Devil's Dyke, its present name once acquired, has come to be regarded as something consecrated to the powers of darkness, and consequently as an influence to be propitiated in all those hazards in which luck must inevitably play a prominent part. Hence, perhaps the reason why the racing man who finds himself in presence of this relic of antiquity is wont respectfully to doff his hat in salutation of the venerable earthwork; as though to conciliate the *genius loci*, hoping that by such punctilious behaviour good luck will attend the horsemen when, as of old, they gallop *ventre à terre* over the still unbroken surface of the Heath.

Possibly too, some vague memory yet survives of the dread scythed chariots of the Iceni! We know that their Queen Boadicea drove to and fro amongst her subjects, encouraging them in their bold bid for freedom, haranguing them and directing their operations.

The first mention of the Devil's Dyke in history is found in the *Saxon Chronicle* under the year 905, which tells us that the land of the East Angles was laid waste between the Dyke and the Ouse, as far northward as the fens.

In the Norman Period the Dyke became St. Edmund's Dyke, for the good reason that the jurisdiction of the abbots of Bury St. Edmunds extended as far west as this Ditch. A writer of the tenth century, one Abbo Floxiacensis, describing his visit to Britain, sums it up with brief accuracy. Speaking of East Anglia he goes on to say that on the west "this province joins to the rest of the island, and consequently there is a passage; but to prevent the enemies' frequent incursions it is defended by a bank *like a lofty wall* and a ditch. . . ."

The best point at which to view the Dyke is on the existing golf links, where it still presents bold features. The rampart strikes northward across the Heath in a straight course of eight miles, to a stream near the village of Reach, so named because it indicated the point to which the Dyke reached or extended; to the right are streams and fenland, to the left forest-land. As in all probability the entrenchment was intended to secure the plain of Newmarket against an enemy approaching from the west, it is raised on the eastern side, and must have offered an impassable barrier, for it measures about ninety feet from the escarpment to the bottom of the Ditch. On the top of the rampart is a course wide enough for cavalry or chariots . . . some eighteen feet in breadth. The wall was probably defended with stakes or palisades; and with the most marvellous skill the whole work was dug in the solid stratum of chalk which lies on Newmarket Heath under the vegetable mould, and was presumably faced with green sods, as it is to-day.

The Fleam Dyke or Flemditch (Dyke of Flight) runs parallel with the great Ditch, and was evidently another line of defence for the inhabitants of East Anglia against the attacks of the Mercians. The name appears to be commemorative of some great flight . . . this earthwork continues for seven miles or so . . . hence the second name of Seven-Mile Dyke. To the east is a large tumulus. The two other dykes are called respectively Five-Mile and Brenditch.

. . . Flemditch next myself, that art of greatest strength,
That do'st extend thy course full seven large miles in length;
And thou the Five-Mile call'd, yet not less dear to me,
With Brenditch, that again is shortest of the three. . . .¹

Drayton takes the view that the "antient ditches and surveys" were made by the first Saxons.

¹ *Poly-olbion*, Song 21. Michael Drayton.

Opinions vary as to the origin of these ramparts.

Certain writers assert definitely that their construction is due to the Icenian people, who, perceiving the weakness of their boundary, sought to strengthen it against enemy advances . . . another presumption is that they were the work of Roman legions in occupation in Britain . . . it still remains an open question.

But one thing is very sure, and that is the certainty that the Dyke has been the scene of battles, and was built for purposes of defence against the invader. Interesting discoveries have been made in the course of excavation, which go far towards confirming this conclusion—skeletons of the long dead warriors, arrow-heads of flint as sharp as razors, etc., but this evidence is not necessary to convince us that we are facing a military defence, and a formidable one at that.

The great Dyke has been broken through at various intervals on the race-course to form apertures for the running horses, so that the contours here are not so bold as on the Links; while the fact that the sward has been disturbed by these gaps or “gates” as they are called, gives more scope for wind and rain to effect their destructive action.

As the racial perception of the Saxon developed through the periods of immigration and conquest, he realized the magnitude of this “bank and Ditch,” and still under the influence of the paganism that tinged his Christianity he was anxious to be on good terms with the unknown power who was responsible for them. If the Christian God Whom he so vaguely recognized, were not the Author and Creator of the huge entrenchment, then obviously it was the work of the Devil.

Drayton, writing in 1619, condemns this heathen policy :

I by th' East Angles first, who from this heath arose,
The long'st and largest ditch, to check their Mercian foes ;
Because my depth, and breadth, so strangely doth exceed,
Men's low and wretched thoughts, they constantly decreed,
That by the devil's help, I needs must raised be,
Wherefore the Devil's-ditch they basely named me ;
When ages long before, I bare Saint Edmond's name,
Because up to my side (some have supposed) came
The libertise bequeathed to his most sacred shrine.
Therefore my fellow Dykes, ye antient friends of mine,
That out of earth were raised, by men whose minds were great,
It is no marvel, though oblivion do you treat.

Drayton, *Poly-olbion*.

It is curious to note how the popular name has survived through the centuries, while the name given by the monastic administration was neither popular nor long lived.

Past and present meet on the Links, the intellectual form of time is obliterated; the very same opposition encountered by the Mercian arrow of the sixth century checks the golf ball of the twentieth; the Ditch and Bank are as formidable as they ever were.

The Dyke serves as good cover, too, for a line of guns fortunate enough to be indulging in a day's partridge driving on one of the best manors of the country; thus it has its modern uses.

The ground known as the Links' Beat has, from early days, been associated with partridges and pheasants. Sir Giles Capel was lord of the manor in the reign of Henry VIII, and a grant made to his first wife of twenty marks a year, by Henry VII, was confirmed by his successor. But the payments fell into arrear, so Sir Giles explained his grievance to Chancellor Cromwell, just mentioning quite casually in his letter "that his goshawk has killed a few pheasants and partridges," which he is forwarding for the Chancellor's acceptance. The timely present was much appreciated, and Sir Giles promptly received an order on the Exchequer for the arrears of his wife's annuity.

In view of the fact that Newmarket has at such frequent periods been intimately connected with royalty and reigning sovereigns, it is interesting to recall that Exning, the mother-town, was the birthplace of Etheldreda, wife of the King of Northumberland. She was a lady of much piety, and had a curious history. Many suitors had asked her hand in marriage, for she was very beautiful; after much persuasion and even pressure she consented to take a husband, who made a compact with her to live in total abstinence from the marriage bed . . . this husband soon died, and the hand of Etheldreda was bestowed on another suitor, for political reasons. With this second husband also she "remained glorious in the perpetual integrity of virginity," and with the direct assistance of Heaven she ultimately built a large monastery at Ely, of which she became Abbess. There was no question of easy divorce in those days, and suing for restitution of conjugal rights had not come into fashion, so we can only surmise that the husbands found solace and consolation elsewhere!

In 1107 the monastery was converted into a bishopric, the episcopal see of Ely was founded, and the building of the fine cathedral, so distinctly seen from Newmarket Heath on a clear day, was begun.

It is much to be regretted that the early records of the town are so inadequate; they give no scope for anecdotes, there are few events which demand even a passing comment.

The popular idea of the Ancient Briton as a wild man of the woods, dressed in a little woad and living in a cave, killing for bare sustenance or in self-defence, is slightly modified by the theory of certain authorities, that some of the old British tribes, and notably the Iceni, were really a fairly civilized people; hardy fighting men with a king of their own and notions of protecting their boundaries.

What small knowledge we have of their history and coinage leads us to conclude that they bred and dealt in horses. If this be so, we may suppose that at their headquarters on the Heath they combined profit and pleasure, and raced with the steeds which they eventually sold. The competitive spirit is elemental in human nature, and one may safely assume that the Icenian youth would be as passionately desirous to show his superiority on horseback, as to manifest his extreme eligibility to the ladies of his tribe whom he rather ruthlessly wooed, after the mode of his day.

In one of his books, the Venerable Bede tells us incidentally that horse-racing was a practice among the Anglo-Saxons . . . he recounts how a number of people on a journey come to a plain well adapted to a race-course; the sight of this turfy expanse excites the young men of the party to prove their horses in the "greater course." This plain appears to be what we now know as the Heath.

The name of Exning or Ixning is derived from the word Iceni . . . as Newmarket rose in importance so Exning sank into obscurity and became the comfortable village which it is to-day.

In Camden's *Britannica*, 1637, there is an account of Newmarket and the Heath, the latter described as "a sandy and barren ground yet green withall"; but at that date the Stuart period was well on its way, and the golden age of Newmarket at hand.

The earliest allusion to the town, apart from Exning, appears in a grant of Henry III to a certain Richard de Argentine, dated 1226-27, establishing a fair to be held at his manor of Newmarket, which fair was to last for three days every year: in 1293 there is a confirmation of this grant extending the duration of the fair to eight days, and ordering that it should be held on the super-vigil and vigil of the feast of St. Barnabas the Apostle.

This Richard de Argentine seems to have acquired the manor of Newmarket by marriage, about the year 1223; it remained in possession of the family until 1437, when the heiress of John de Argentine married William Alington. From the Alingtons the property passed into the hands of the Dukes of Somerset, and eventually, by marriage, into the possession of the Dukes of Rutland, together with the adjoining manor of Cheveley.

Mention is made of tournaments at Newmarket in 1309, when King Edward II issued a proclamation "to faithful Earls, Barons and Knights and all others about to come and tilt at the town" . . . enjoining them not to tilt or make jousts without special licence; a second and similar proclamation was made in 1313, when the King warned his nobles generally, and seven of them by name, not to attend the tournament at Novum Mercatum, in January of that year. The luckless sovereign had reason to dread any occasion which brought about a general meeting of the lords and barons; and the Heath would lend itself as easily to a demonstration against an unpopular ruler, as to an exhibition of equestrian art.

Hapless Richard II "loved well to have a horse of pryse," and was quite unscrupulous as to the methods he employed to procure mounts for his soldiers on campaign: his chief resource was to ransack the abbeys, where a goodly store of horses was to be found. The church, however, showed herself generous to a stricken foe, for Thomas Merks, or Markes, a distinguished native of Newmarket and Bishop of Carlisle, was bold enough to defend the King's lost cause, and to say publicly that he was not being treated with the justice which should be shown to the least of his subjects. But Merkes stood alone; Richard was deposed, and his defender committed for high treason by the usurping Henry IV. Merks spent some time as prisoner in the Tower, but was released by the King's good grace and presented with the living of Todenham, in Gloucestershire, where he died in 1409.

THE WARREN HILL,

(After the picture by John Woolton, 1685-1765, in the possession of Mr. H. Arthurton)



The reign of Richard II saw great floods at Newmarket; walls of houses were washed away, and the inhabitants in danger of drowning; which reminds us that:

The Angles. . . .

Allured with the delights and fitness of that place

Where the Iceni lived, did set their kingdom down,

From where the wallowing seas those queachy Washes drown

That Ely do in-isle, to martyred Edmund's Ditch. . . .¹

and the queachy Washes were living up to the reputation which Drayton later bestowed upon them.

It was a world of extremes and contrasts, this world of the Middle Ages . . . religion, war, sport, hospitality. . . . Pilgrims from London, led by the star to the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, halted at Newmarket for rest and refreshment. A motley crowd: abbots, nuns, knights, esquires and men-at-arms would fill the streets of the small wooden town; would gather in the market-place, round the guildhalls. A pilgrimage, induced by piety, as in most cases it undoubtedly was, had the advantage of combining the novelty of travel with the accomplishment of a vow, the performance of some penance; and Our Lady was none the less fervently invoked because gossip from London was eagerly retailed, and as eagerly listened to.

Until the latter part of the fifteenth century, the English horse, *Equus Britannicus*, had a great and well-merited reputation on the Continent. The sovereigns lavished money on the royal stud; the great barons and ecclesiastics were renowned for their fine horses. Chaucer makes frequent allusion to the sporting churchman: "of skill and mastery proved, a bold hand at a leap, who hunting loved. . . ." But with the Wars of the Roses all spirit of sport died out of a harassed nation, in the horrors of civil war. The owners of valuable horses hastened to realize some small profit on them, and shipped them out of the country.

We lose precision of outline as we look back, but it is easy to fill in details of rape, murder, ambush, on a background of blackened fields and burned villages, when the soul of England was but one conscious fear, and brother shunned brother. Newmarket was happy to have no history at this period, though we may assume that the town did not escape unscathed.

¹ *Poly-olbion*.

The monasteries had exercised a large hospitality to all and sundry; they were the centres of religion, learning, civilization. The early monks had been settlers and farmers of hitherto barren lands, employing labourers to work with and for them. With the increase of monastic power some of the pure flame of righteousness died out and abuses sprang up . . . inevitable handicap of all schemes where the human element outweighs the spiritual. Came conflicts with the burghers and a gradual unpopularity based largely on envy. The "alien priories," that is, houses dependent on foreign monasteries, were in great disfavour, and the alien priory at Newmarket, which was under the rule of the Abbey of St. Ebroldus in Normandy, was leased out to farm during the war, and was, later on, placed by royal command under the patronage of the Priory of Jesus of Bethlehem at Shene.

A court of inquisition at Newmarket in the reign of Edward I, to investigate civil and religious rights, found that the Prior of Fordham had five tenants in the town, assise of bread and ale, and right of frank-pledge; all of which privileges were calculated to swell the revenues of the priory, and whereby the King lost three pence war-penny. At this same "Inquest" the jury found also that a robber came into Newmarket and stole a horse worth fourteen shillings; the King's bailiff, Nicholas le Rees, took both man and horse into custody; but the thief had no notion of losing his time, so he stole the bailiff's purse and belt and escaped with the plunder. The Prior of Fordham claimed and recovered the horse, but the man got away. This incident is of interest as showing that the ancient profession of horse-stealing was not unknown at Newmarket.

Another of these courts held in the reign of Edward III places on record the fact that certain persons held lands by virtue of bringing foot soldiers to serve the King in the Welsh Wars . . . which men belonged to Norfolk and Suffolk, "from the Ditch of St. Edmund, without Newmarket."

In 1453 Queen Margaret of Anjou visited the town and bestowed the royal gift of £13 6s. 8d. on two inhabitants as compensation for the loss of their stable by fire.

Newmarket, so respectably neighboured on the one hand by the episcopal dignity of Ely, on the other by the intellectual activity of Cambridge, probably received a visit from Henry VII,

when the King and his son were staying at Wilberton, *en route* to the shrine of St. Etheldreda at Ely, which drew many devout princes and nobles to the vicinity of our town. Pilgrimage and University notwithstanding, land and house property do not appear to have been of great value in the Tudor period. A certain Christopher Sandford and his wife Emma, let to Sir Ralph Chamberleyn all that part of the manor of Newmarket lying within the counties of Cambridge and Suffolk, which belonged to the said Emma, for all the duration of her life, with all the lands, revisions, services, leets, fairs, etc., in Exning and Newmarket; at a yearly rent of £6. Another lease of lands, meadows and pastures in and adjoining the town with the "Folde Course" belonging to the same, was granted at £4 6s. per annum. During the reign of Elizabeth the Saracen's Head Inn and fifteen acres of land adjacent, were sold by one husbandman to another for fourteen score pounds.

In 1526 an inhabitant of Newmarket in his will bequeathed his body to the Churchyard of Our Ladye in Newmarket, to the High altar 3s. 4d., to his wife his house and the shop for twenty-four years, after which it lapsed to the son. Another son was to have the ground and the "Shops from the Parlor to the Turner's shops. . . . Item I will that my brother doe make, yf he possesse yt a dore throwe the Schoppis into the Market after the old custums. . . ."

It would seem that malting was a prominent industry of the town at these times, for we find a record of Chancery proceedings under Elizabeth, to redeem the Swan Inn, which had been mortgaged for the delivery of a certain quantity of malt.

The earliest record of local taxation dates from Henry VIII; the roll is torn and the names mostly illegible; a similar record some years later assesses the value of property at Newmarket in Suffolk at £163 13s. 4d., and the taxes collected on the same at £7 18s. Financially, Newmarket was much in the same condition under Edward VI. These Lay Subsidies are interesting, as they preserve the names and, in some instances, the occupations of the principal inhabitants.

The token of a Newmarket tradesman, one Richard Skitson, dating from the seventeenth century, a large rose, was recently found in London.

There is no record of any visit of Queen Elizabeth to the

town . . . as princess she stayed at Kirtling Hall under the custody of Lord North ; she also passed through Norfolk and Suffolk in 1578, and may have visited the Heath.

Progress, recorded progress was slow ; an interrupted sequence of the trivial, of small facts, of minor incidents which confirm a persistent tradition. Newmarket was yet unconscious of her destiny. Many elements had contributed to her making . . . Icenian, Roman, Angle, Saxon, Dane, had each said their word and gone their way. The child of these forbears, the Englishman of the late Tudors, inheriting their vices, valour, virtues, was a creature of dawning comprehension, of savage unrest and religious hatreds.

Sport, which had been a national instinct, became a national need . . . cock-fighting, bear- and bull-baiting pandered to the taste of a populace that had crowded to see martyrs at the stake, to jeer at traitors' heads spiked on the bridges. Hunting, hawking, fowling were fashionable, and the Court and great nobles fitfully carried on horse-racing.

CHAPTER II

THE STUARTS

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheathed, and luxury with Charles restored,
In every taste of foreign courts improved,
All, by the King's example, lived and loved.
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t'excel . . .
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell. . . .

Pope's Imitations of Horace.

IN the fullness of time, to be accurate, in 1605, James I discovered Newmarket. This *flair* of the royal pedant for things venatic seems in strange contrast to his uncouth personality, but James combined a passion for sport with a love of letters, and he at once discerned the adaptability of the "little village" for his favourite pastime.

He appears to have made his first visit there on the way to Thetford, and we read that on Wednesday, February 27th:

The high and mighty Prince James, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, Defender of the Faith, etc., did hunt the hare with his own hounds in the fields of Fordham, and did kill six near a place called Buckland.

This record from Fordham Parish Register is completed by the detail that the King took his lunch behind a bush close to the King's Park, which is perhaps the first mention of the huge chase which adjoined the village at this period. So pleased was James at this excursion that he made many subsequent visits to the place, and during his reign created ninety-nine knights at Newmarket. Each recipient had to pay £200 for his honours, so that the benign influence of the little town may have had less to do with the visits than the comfortable revenue involved.

During these early sojourns at Newmarket James probably lodged at an inn known by the sign of the Griffin, which he eventually purchased, but as he became more attached to the place and was there so constantly, it became necessary to have a royal residence of sorts, and a palace was built on the site of a

house which had been either sold or given to this King by Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury.

Hunting (which included the taking of the bustard with greyhounds), hawking and racing¹ went on to such an extent during the King's visits to Newmarket that at one time public agitation and criticism were directed to a charge of "too much sport" and "too little business of State." This was refuted in a publication by Bishop Hacket, a guest of the King. He writes that the sovereign only hunted three days a week, and then merely for a short time. He also adds that the secretaries were so busy writing dispatches that they were kept up later than at Whitehall, and that the town and adjacent villages were much too small to lodge all those connected with the business of the Court. Not a very convincing rejoinder!

In October, 1609, there was severe frost at Newmarket, which prevented hunting, and the King spent the interval in writing poetry, a specimen of which we reproduce without comment on the quality of the verse:

The earth ore-covered with a sheet of snow,
Refuses food to fowl, or bird, or beast :
The chilling cold lets² everything to grow,
And surfeits cattle with a starving feast.
Curst be that love and mought³ continue short
Which kills all creatures and doth spoil our sport.

James I was a great reader as well as a writer of books and poetry, he also frequently conversed in Latin to the great embarrassment of those with whom he deigned to speak. On one occasion the Spanish Ambassador was at Newmarket, and the conversation with which his Royal Majesty honoured him was carried on in Latin. The Ambassador, who was more of a wit than a linguist, excused his ignorance in a compliment to James, saying that he, the Ambassador, spoke Latin like a king, but that His Majesty spoke like a Master of Arts.

In 1613 the foundations of the house in which the King lived at Newmarket began to sink on one side, so that the doors and

¹ The diversion of horse racing took on fresh significance with the accession of James. He came new from Scotland, bringing with him Scottish nobles and Scottish tastes. There is a tale accounting for the growth of racing in that country, by the fact that some Spanish horses of great speed and swiftness had been washed ashore off the coast of Galloway, in the wreck of the Armada. It is, however, a yarn that rests on very slender evidence.

² Hinders.

³ *i.e.* may it.

windows flew open, and the sovereign was hastily removed from his bed and taken to Thetford. There is some doubt as to the identity of the house, but a fresh habitation was provided by the following November, when the King arrived, attended by the "twenty one preachers in ordinary for the sporting journeys."

The idea was to leave care and London behind and take a royal holiday, but James and his political advisers had many a dispute over the affairs of State in the intervals of hawking and hunting.

In 1619 serious steps were taken to improve sport round Newmarket. The new warren, or chase, was extended to a circuit of ten miles, and Sir Robert Vernon, the verderer, was empowered to take yearly fifty brace of partridges and fifty brace of hares from any part of the realm he chose, without let or hindrance, and turn them down at Newmarket. This was probably the genesis of a magnificent game-country, which has continued to flourish to the present day. With the possible exception of the chalk downs of Hampshire, it is *par excellence* the country for game, and an ideal locality in which to shoot. He will bear me out who on a brilliant October morning has stood thirty yards back from the great fir-belt awaiting the drive and has scanned the panorama around him. The varying tints of russet, green and gold pervade the delightful picture . . . the Gothic towers of the ancient East-Anglian cathedral show like shadows; through the haze, he fancies he can see the town which shelters the light-blue University, while closer he can descry the Ditch and the plain of Newmarket. Free from distraction, he gives himself up to whole-hearted enjoyment of nature. Anon, he will be startled from his reverie by the whirl of the first partridge of the drive as it sails right over his head. Yes, he has been caught in pleasant day-dreams, and must return to realities and the little brown bird . . . as we to our Stuarts.

In 1621 the agitation of "too much Newmarket" was revived in more serious form. Newsmongers, busy then as now, related with much gusto and detail that "his Majesty tarrying at Newmarket amid so much business causes surprise!" The House of Commons petitioned the King to turn his gracious attention to the state of public affairs, and in order to guarantee the efficiency of the Remonstrance they sent it to Newmarket Palace with an escort of twelve members of the Lower House. James

received them kindly after their cold journey through "fowle Weather and Wayes," made fun of them, calling for stools "for the Ambassadors to sit down," read the Remonstrance and wrote his answer.

His views are embodied in a letter to the Speaker, enjoining him not to allow any further meddling with State mysteries, and strongly condemning any intrenchment upon the royal prerogative.

The Commons were minded to preserve their privileges, they therefore entered a protest on the Journals of the House to the effect that the liberties and jurisdictions of Parliament are the ancient birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England . . . that redress of grievances in every department was the peculiar affair of the Commons, and that every member was entitled to freedom of speech in the pursuit of this redress, etc.

James was not going to allow this sort of thing if he could help it ; and on his return to London he sent for the Journals, tore out the protestation with his own hand, and a few days later dissolved Parliament.

Early in 1622 the King and Court were again at Newmarket, and during the sojourn there James wrote one of his wordy letters to the Bishop of Durham, recommending to the favour of the prelate Sir Richard Graham, Gentleman of the Horse and a great sportsman. Sir Richard was making his soul by undertaking various religious reforms in Cumberland, where he built churches and schools for the benefit of his tenants. A list of horses and other details relative to the Turf, expenses, etc., drawn up by him, are interesting. He appears to have been succeeded in his Office by the Duke of Buckingham.

Shrovetide, of this year, was celebrated with due rejoicings, and James and his courtiers had a gay time at Sir John Croft's at Saxham, near Bury. This gentleman was the father of three beautiful daughters, of whom Cecilia was rumoured to be on intimate terms with the Prince of Wales, and to be secretly married to his father.

In abrupt contrast to the Shrovetide merrymaking and masques, on Ash Wednesday Bishop Andrewes, "the preacher for the hunting Journeys," and a favourite of the King, preached to James and the Court on Repentance and Fasting.

Special measures were suggested about this time for suppressing

BY DOUGLAS

THOMAS JONES



THE TOWN OF NEWMARKET, CIRCA 1669

(From a drawing in the Laurentian Library in Florence)

the excessive poaching that took place on the royal preserves, and commissions for the conservation of game were proposed. The Heath, of course, was a resort for highwaymen, so that "poor Countrie people cannot passe quietly to the Cottages, but some Gentleman will borrow all the money they have."

James might be an enthusiast for the royal prerogative, but it was carrying things a little too far when he issued a proclamation, commanding all noblemen, knights and gentlemen who were neither officers at Court or on the Privy Council, to repair to their estates in the country, to attend their services, and to keep hospitality, according to the ancient and laudable custom of England, on pain of being disabled from serving the King, and punished for contempt. His point seems to be rather obscure. As an encouragement to sport and country life, it was somewhat arbitrary; if a precautionary measure to prevent influential personages from occupying themselves with politics, it was likely to bring about its own defeat. These high nobles and gentlemen had leisure to ponder over the abuses of the day and to strengthen a natural independence of character; they also amassed wealth which would otherwise have been spent on the diversions of town life.

In 1624 the King, against the advice of his physician, went to Newmarket to see some hawks fly. These birds were apparently a present from Louis XIII, together with some horses and "setting dogs," all destined for the royal mews, stables and kennels at Newmarket.

Steps were being taken to improve the game around the royal village, and a certain John Fyson, gamekeeper of heron, duck and mallard, received a warrant for payment of £40 for enclosing ground near the river, in which to feed young fowl. The ground named belonged to Lord Petre, but the tenant to whom he had let it seems to have raised objections, and the matter was not settled until the next reign.

The King's health, from now onwards, was increasingly feeble; the time had passed for him to take any very active part in those sports to which he was so devoted: Newmarket was more or less a rest-cure for the tired monarch who was too weak even to hold his pen. "The King kept his chamber all Christmas, only going out in his litter, in fair weather, to see some flights at the brook." In February, 1625, he paid a last visit to this beloved spot, accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham and a small suite. While here,

he issued a proclamation for "redress of the inveterate evil of killing, dressing, and eating flesh in Lent, or on fish days."

The Court left Newmarket at the end of the month, moving on to Chesterford Park *en route* to Royston, where the Prince of Wales joined his father. Theobalds was the final stage of James on this earth; he died there on March 27th, 1625, of a quartan ague. Bishop Goodman, who appears to have been the last man to do homage to the dying monarch, attributes his fatal illness to the excessive use of green fruits. There seem to have been varied opinions as to the treatment of the malady, and the King may have succumbed almost as much to the "plaister" as to the disease. He was fifty-nine.

King James I was always at a disadvantage *vis-à-vis* to his English subjects, on account of the many Scots who surrounded him, and who gathered to themselves all the scanty favours of a parsimonious sovereign. Guy Fawkes, when asked what he had intended to do with so many barrels of gunpowder, replied quite courteously: "To blow all Scotchmen back to Scotland." He was only putting popular opinion in a somewhat emphatic form. The Universities refused to admit them, on the plea that they were aliens; lampoons, holding them up for popular derision, were frequent: the fact that they often got away with everything that was worth having, and got off "Scot free" where the Englishman would have been imprisoned or fined, was the real cause of James's unpopularity.

In person, the King was slovenly and unpleasant; he never washed his hands or face, he slobbered and dribbled over his food . . . his tongue was too big for his mouth. With most of the national vices of the Scot, James was lacking in the pre-eminent qualities of that people. Business men were outraged by the unfairness with which he granted monopolies to his friends, the royal servants were irritated because their wages were rarely if ever paid, tradesmen deemed it no honour to cater for a sovereign who considered that the prestige of his custom was sufficient reward; all classes had their special grievance. His intimates and favourites were abhorred by the people.

The Puritans were growing numerous in England, and great was the scandal caused by the order that the Book of Sports was to be read in the churches on Sundays. This was a pamphlet written by James I to encourage the populace in playing games on

the Sabbath after the service. With a common sense which is quite in accordance with our saner modern views, he remarks in it that without physical exercise of some sort, the men would never make good soldiers in case of war . . . and since their daily work left them no leisure for games on weekdays, they must play on Sundays and holidays.

The proximity of Cambridge to Newmarket permitted the King great facility in consulting the dons and other learned doctors of the University at such time as he required assistance in the composition of his books. The "Religio Regis; or the Faith and Duty of a Prince," was written at Newmarket for the edification of Prince Henry, who untimely, yet maybe happily, died; for the successor to James's throne was also the unhappy heir to his father's failures, and the unfortunate scapegoat of atonement.

There was much criticism of the royal Nimrod even in his own day. Scalger says of him: "The King of England is merciful except in hunting, where he appears cruel. When he finds himself unable to take the beast, he frets and storms and cries 'God is angry with me, but I will have him for all that.' When he catches him he thrusts his whole arm into the belly and entrails of the creature up to the shoulder."

As a horseman James was slow, yet sure, and his seat was "indifferent good." Not content with giving the animal his head he appeared very deliberately to make him a present of his whole body. . . . he was very nearly drowned through being thrown into a pond; it would be more accurate to say that his horse carried him than to say that he rode. He hunted in the most ludicrous attire; a ruff and trouser-breeches, but in this respect he did not sin alone. One of the royal axioms was the astounding theory "that a horse never stumbled except when it was reined." (I quote James I, of course.) It was a common expression of our ancestors as they look leave of their friends, the "God's peace be with you, as King James said to his hounds."

Whatever the limitations of James I as a King, whatever his shortcomings as a man, he should have very honourable mention in any record of Newmarket and the Turf; the sportsman may, without misgiving, keep his memory green as a well-intentioned ardent promoter of all those pursuits so intimately linked with the destinies of the royal village.

The new King had been an *habitué* of Newmarket, and was as

keen on sports of all kinds as his father had been. We hear of him, when quite a boy, riding Prince Henry's "great horses" and exercising his hares. Under St. Anthony, the rider who instructed Prince Henry and was a famous horseman, the young Prince became "not only adroit, but a laborious hunter and fieldman."¹

As Heir-Apparent the King gave Charles an establishment at Newmarket, and he took a prominent part in all the amusements of the day. In November, 1617, Ben Jonson's masque, *The Vision of Delight*, was performed for the pleasure of the Court; the Prince playing a rôle in it . . . in that same month too, his birthday was celebrated by a feast at a farmhouse near the town, to which each guest had to contribute a dish. The King brought a great chine of beef, but the success of the day seems to have been Sir George Goring's "foure huge brawny piggs, pipeinge hott, bitted and harnised with ropes of sarsiges, all tyde in a monstrous bagpudding." This description is taken from a letter to the Earl of Arundel, in which mention is also made of a comet, to the evil influence of which James was astonishingly indifferent, considering his superstitious nature.

In February, 1619, the Prince gave up the meeting at Newmarket to train for running at the ring, entering the lists as a tilter; he was an expert in this direction.

It was from Newmarket, too, that Charles and Buckingham, travelling incognito as Messieurs John and Thomas Smith, and disguised with false beards, set off for the Court of Madrid, to seek the hand of the Infanta Donna Maria as bride for the Prince. This was a match which appeared most suitable, but which never came off.

Charles I succeeded to the throne in March, 1625. Of attractive appearance, a fine horseman and fond of sport, this luckless monarch born under a brighter star might have turned his great calling to more successful account; but the baneful example of his father in ignoring the liberties of the subject and the privileges of Parliament, dogged his early footsteps. The influence of Buckingham, a man whose temerity and self-confidence brought disaster on himself and his country, roused the suspicion of the people, and the accession took place under the worst possible auspices.

¹ Sir Philip Warwick.

The marriage of the King to Henrietta Maria, the pretty dark-eyed little French Princess, who had to stand on tiptoe to reach her husband's shoulders, was an early event of the reign.

A speedy visit to Newmarket had been planned, but Buckingham, who realized how sincerely he was hated, feared to go to "so unguarded a place," and the journey was deferred until the spring of 1627.

It was about this time that regular autumn and spring meetings were established at the royal village; everyone talked sport; tennis and Pall Mall¹ became ultra-fashionable; more stringent laws were gradually enacted to discourage poaching, which had become very prevalent.² The nobles and squires who lived within the precincts of the "royal chace" were commanded to give warning of any ill-practices which might occur in the King's absence; every tavern and innkeeper became bound in a sum of £20 not to dress or sell any venison, red or fallow, or any hare, pheasant, partridge or heath-poult: a letter was also sent to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Justices of the Peace of London requiring them to stop the sale of game. This most extraordinary and autocratic injunction is dated Newmarket, April, 1636, and was formulated by the Earl of Holland.

Meanwhile, discontent was increasing in all parts of the country. We find Conway writing to Secretary Coke and complaining that he cannot persuade Charles to attend to business of State, "by His Majesty's continual being either upon his sports abroad or tennis at home."

During one of the royal sojourns at Newmarket Dr. William Harvey was in attendance on the Court as Physician to the Household, and was allowed the sum of £1 a week to pay for his lodging

¹ Pall Mall was a game of French origin introduced into England in the reign of Charles I, or perhaps a few years earlier. The name is derived from *palla* a ball, and *mallens* a mallet. The ball is struck through a high arch of iron, put up at either end of an alley, and the mallet is similar to that used for croquet. The length of the alley, which sometimes had side walls, varied; that at St. James's being about eight hundred yards in length.

² Sir John Carleton, who owned Cheveley, was commissioned to preserve the King's game within the verge of Newmarket Palace . . . the verge, at this time, embracing a circuit of twelve miles. By virtue of his office, he received a warrant on the Exchequer for £200, for repairing the paling of "His Majesty's newly created warren called Wilbraham Bushes, between the towns of Newmarket and Shelford, in the county of Cambridge, and for defraying other necessary charges incident to the keeping of the said warren and game." By a similar warrant he was authorized to appoint qualified persons, once every year, to take up partridges in the counties of Suffolk, Essex, and Cambridge, for the store and increase of his Majesty's game about Newmarket.

in the town. It was here that the Doctor had perfected his discovery of the circulation of the blood in the human being.

A lavish hospitality was the rule at the Palace. One, Thomas De-Laune, Gent., writes :

The magnificent and abundant plenty of the King's tables, hath caused amazement in Foreigners. . . . This prodigious plenty in the King's Court, caused Foreigners to put a higher value upon the King, and was much for the honour of the Kingdom.

It was an extravagance for which Charles had to pay the supreme price later on . . . each step, each action, was to be misconstrued, exaggerated, magnified; one more item in the long roll of charges to be brought against the luckless monarch.

The doctors of the University of Cambridge were constantly entertained at Newmarket; it was their function to provide spiritual refreshment, if needed, for the Court. They were quite willing, of course, to supply Sunday preachers; the Queen, however, a staunch and unwise Catholic, brought her own priests, as was natural; the King had his favourite parsons, and on several occasions the rival churchmen disagreed to such an extent that the palace was "a hell upon earth."

The records of Newmarket provide details of proclamations restricting the sale of tobacco without licence, and limiting hat or cap-making to the corporation of beaver makers of London. (In January, 1631, when Her Majesty went to Newmarket, a certain Arthur Knight, "haberdasher of hatts to the Queen," supplied her with "foure fine black beaver hatts at £4 the piece," for which he was paid in April, 1632.)

These records deal also with various expenses at the palace, repairs, precautions taken against the plague and smallpox, the construction of sewers, a tennis court, an altar for the Queen's chapel, etc.

In 1642, the King spent about a week at Newmarket; the visit, however, was interrupted by the arrival of a committee of both Houses, bringing with them the declaration of an angry Parliament urging him to defend the religion and public good of the kingdom.

Charles told the committee to mind their own business; he insulted the Earl of Pembroke, who was one of the deputation, absolutely refused to consider their proposals regarding the militia, and, defiant, went to York instead of returning, as he should have

done, to London. Any further events of this reign in connexion with Newmarket are matters involved in the history of the Civil War. The King at loggerheads with his Parliament unfurled the royal standard at Nottingham, a considerable army rallied to his assistance, but Charles was no leader of men, and his officers were allowed to act independently of one another; it was a lost cause and a lost kingdom and a man whom the gods had forsaken, and we find our Charles in 1646, a prisoner of the Parliament, paying his last visit to Newmarket. It was his own wish, this short stay in the beloved little town where the hours had been so rich in pleasure. There was great rejoicing at Cambridge, which was more or less loyal, at the thought that the King would pass through on his way to Newmarket, but the Roundheads fearing a manifestation took him by way of Trumpington. Flowers were strewn in his path, the people made their reverences as he passed through the village and arrived at his destination.

Charles must almost have been led to think that his misfortunes were at an end. He was permitted a normal life; he took exercise on the Heath on horseback, or in his coach, his friends visited him, the chaplains read prayers for his consolation, even the officers of the rebel army were civil. The gentry of the neighbourhood thronged to do him homage, and the people cheered him on every possible occasion. Sir Philip Meadows is reported to have said that the King was the only cheerful person in the town. The captive Sovereign was guarded from escape by two regiments of horse.

It was not to be expected that perfect concord should prevail between the Long Parliament and the army; the army, as a matter of fact, defied the Parliament to which it owed its existence; placed itself in some sort of organized formation at Newmarket in 1647, and appointed a kind of representative government, with an upper house and a senate, composed of common soldiers, called agitators; under this rule they seized the person of the King, met at a general rendezvous on the Heath and presently proceeded to impeach several leading members of the Presbyterian following in the House of Commons.

Cromwell was in London all this time, waiting to see which way the wind blew: he began by allegiance to the Commons, who were very cool in their reception of his professions, so he suddenly rushed to place himself at the head of the army, arriving

on the Heath at full speed on a fleabitten grey horse, where he dismounted and instantly threw in his lot with theirs. The army then proceeded to London, displaced the Parliament, and seized the reins of government. Cromwell was shrewd enough to see that the revolutionary spirit which had inspired this progress of the army was sufficiently strong to put him out as easily as it had allowed him to enter the party of agitators ; he therefore set about fortifying his position as leader, and the history of the Protectorate is the history of his comparative success.

In these unsettled times, it can well be imagined that Newmarket, a centre of sport, did not flourish. The Palace fell into a state of decay, the larger houses stood empty, and national amusements were at a standstill. In fact, in 1654, all meetings and horse-races were forbidden. These restrictions were not wholly due to Puritan narrow-mindedness : just as now the police interdict certain meetings in Trafalgar Square, because of the danger of vast and excitable crowds, so, then, Cromwell feared that these assemblies would become a mere cloak for Royalist risings. He and his immediate circle, the most rigid on many subjects, were not averse to horse-racing, especially as, at that time, the Turf was little tainted by chicanery and the reckless spirit of gambling ; he himself, as commander of the army, was wise enough to recognize the extreme advantages of keeping up the breed of horses to a high standard. In fact he personally owned a stud which included the celebrated White Turk, as also a very fine brood mare, afterwards known as the Coffin mare from the fact that, at the Restoration, on a search being made for Cromwell's effects, this mare was found in a vault.

As regards the inhabitants of Newmarket who had basked in the sunshine of the Courts of two successive Stuarts, and had sworn enduring loyalty, in 1646 only one householder could be found faithful to the royal cause. This was Jasper Brydon, an old soldier whose entire patrimony produced £20 a year, and on this assessment he was forced to pay the Republican government a composition of £60.

And now we reach the heyday of Newmarket ; the old music-hall song of the 'eighties sung, I believe, by the regretted Herbert Campbell, comes to mind : "Oh, there never, never were such times !"

The Nonconformist conscience of evolving ages, lacking the

sense of humour to appreciate the human, is ever on the alert to condemn a period whose customs, temptations, atmosphere are beyond its comprehension ; outraged, it sighs for a triumph of good over evil, censuring meantime wholesale any view which does not synchronize with its own.

But we are, of course, dealing in superlatives here, and probably the Court of Charles II did rather exceed the *speed limit* ; in most things, however, there is some good to be recorded, even if, as in this case, it can only be traced in the realms of art and sport.

And so the Restoration proceeds, the Palace is rebuilt, and this Court quaffs its flagons of sunshine on the plains of Suffolk and Cambridge ; the courtiers hunt, race, gamble, love, live, and die ; they also have fulfilled their destiny for good or ill, and pass out of the chapter into the shadow. We sense the mighty rebound of suppressed feeling, the Court was mad with joy. The King had come in, and unto his own again, and with the festive return, there was a Restoration, not only of the Sovereign, but of all that pomp and circumstance which surround his Sacred Person. The young gallants who composed the immediate circle of Charles II, had been in exile, had known the certainties of misfortune and poverty, had been placed by circumstance outside the law ; what wonder then that, when they came back to a superb security, they brooked no law or discipline. Puritans *en bloc* were scandalized, but Puritanism was, so to speak, man deep, not nation deep ; the experimental years had been too few. Sumptuary laws had sketched restrictions in dress, local traditions and customs had been affected, the theatres were closed, pictures were denounced as either impious or superstitious ; but these were on the whole, superficial changes. In the universal gloom of the Commonwealth (England's age of vinegar, as someone has cutely said) funerals were celebrated with great ceremony, the people spoke in Scriptural italics, Biblical names became the fashion, and the Republic clothed itself in sackcloth and ashes.

With all this cant and hypocrisy, the Puritan was hardly as pure as his name might indicate ; he enjoyed a lewd tale, especially if that tale began and ended with a text ; he was a heavy drinker and he was mercenary, ready for the most part, to betray friend as well as enemy.

Once sure of his position, the Protector adopted the fashions

of royalty; the court was magnificent though rowdy . . . he loved a practical joke, such as flinging posset over the ladies' clothes, or putting wet sweets on their stools, throwing cushions about, sticking live coals into his officers' boots, etc.

Joking and revels were all in the day's work, and took place elsewhere than at Newmarket. A lurid picture of a nice little party in the metropolis in 1680 is given in Sydney's *Diary and Correspondence*. His Majesty Charles II, being on the best of terms with his good city of London, was entertained to supper by the Lord Mayor. The Lady Mayoress sat next to the King; she was half covered in diamonds and wore scarlet and ermine. The Aldermen drank the King's health time after time, and wished all "hanged and damned" who would not serve him with their lives and fortunes. They conducted him back to Whitehall at two o'clock in the morning, substituting some of their own guards (who had been kept sober to attend the party) for the royal soldiers, who were all drunk. The Aldermen finished the evening in the King's cellar and left in a hopeless condition; they recovered enough, however, to appear in full body the next day, and tendered their thanks to His Majesty and the Duke of York for the honour of their presence at supper. It was reported that the Lord Mayor was not feeling well!

The days of the Restoration brought a merry crew to Newmarket. Prominent among the leaders of the revels was Henry Bennet, better known as the Earl of Arlington, second son of Sir John Bennet of Dawley, and Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Crofts of Saxham. He had been private secretary to Charles II during the exile, and the King used to call him "Whereas." Created Earl of Arlington in 1672, he was also a Knight of the Garter. His wife was a daughter of the Count of Nassau, by whom he had one daughter and heiress, Isabella, who subsequently married Henry Fitzroy, first Duke of Grafton, a natural son of Charles II and Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland. This noble lord was intimately connected with Newmarket and was frequently in residence there as Lord Chamberlain. He owned, too, the magnificent estate of Euston in the neighbourhood, and here the King, Queen, and many of the racing crowd would foregather. Our old gossip, John Evelyn, in his *Diary* says of Euston:

During my stay here with Lord Arlington, near a fortnight, His Majesty came almost every second day with the Duke (Duke of York,

who afterwards became James II), who commonly returned to Newmarket, but the King often lay here, during which time I had twice the honour to sit at dinner with him, with all freedom. It was universally reported that the fair lady was bedded one of these nights, and the stocking flung after the manner of a married bride ; I acknowledge she was for the most part in her undress all day, and that there was fondness and toying with that young wanton ; nay, it was said, I was at the former ceremony, but that was utterly false ; I neither saw nor heard of any such thing whilst I was there, though I had been in her chamber and all over that apartment late enough, and was myself observing all passages with much curiosity. However, it was with confidence believed she was first made a " Miss," as they call these unhappy creatures, with solemnity at this time.

It is a pity the writer did not take Mrs. Evelyn about with him, for he seems to have required watching ! A lamentable guest he must have been, who, on his own confession, haunted the corridors at night on his scandalmongering errands. The lady to whom reference is made is Louise Renée de Penencourt de Querouaille, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth. That clever and cunning monarch, Louis XIV of France, in order to bind Charles II to the interests of France, resolved to enchain him in the lures of a seductive woman, and dispatched this siren to the English Court. That her attractions were transcendent, there is no doubt, and the weak monarch fell an easy prey to her charms. Her manners were delightful, she was witty, and her face and figure—still present with us on the canvases of Hampton Court and South Kensington—were of surpassing beauty. This clever woman not only became the King's mistress, she was also one of the greatest political spies of all ages. Ever devoted to the interests of France, there was no intrigue or shady transaction to further the dishonour of England, in which she did not take a secret, yet active part. Louis's plan succeeded only too well. In the palace at Newmarket Louise was given a magnificent suite of apartments, all hung with gorgeous tapestries, and in the records of the Royal Jewel House in 1672 there is mention that, pursuant to the King's command issued from Cheveley, Newmarket, she was presented with 6,730 ounces of silver plate, and all the items are enumerated ; they include a silver cistern weighing one thousand ounces. This lady maintained her ascendancy over the King till the day of his death ; the people, however, were not so susceptible to her charms, and distrusted and cordially detested the *Intrigante*.

Charles had quite broad views, so that we are not astonished

to find, in another regular inhabitant of Newmarket, the complete contrast in type. Fascinating, beguiling, irresistible Nell Gwynn, the erstwhile little orange girl, whom the crowd adored.

Another enthusiastic lover of royal Newmarket was John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He may be described as fearless, faithless, heedless, graceless in his general conduct, an opinion which varies according to the test by which one probes character. Either seeking for evil, after the method of the London County Council, or in the Gilbertian frame of mind, questing for "the flowers that bloom in the Spring."

However this may be, he was a remarkable man; at fifteen, already Master of Arts of Wadham College, Oxford, and a little later distinguishing himself in the royal navy in an engagement with the Dutch at Bergen, his *débuts* in life were promising. He became a gentleman of the Bedchamber to the King, and was the man to whom is attributed the well-known epitaph :

Here lies our sovereign Lord and King,
Whose word no man relies on ;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

For a long time he was banished from the Court, and it was during this exile that he perpetrated some of his most fantastic escapades. Joining the Duke of Buckingham, who was also in disgrace, the two gallants disguised themselves for their rôle, took an inn, the Green Man at Six-Mile Bottom, where each in turn acted as landlord at the Newmarket race meetings. Their plan was to select any neighbours with good-looking wives and daughters, to invite them to frequent feasts, at which the men were plied hard with wine, and the ladies made so sufficiently merry that, as often as not, they responded quite willingly to the most amorous attentions.

It happened that in this neighbourhood there was an old miser who had a young and very pretty wife. He devoted as much time and attention to watching her as to counting his money . . . never allowed her out of his sight, except when she was under the protection of an old-maid sister who bore no great affection for those of her sex who were young and handsome. To subjugate this enchantress was naturally the aim of the noble innkeepers, and difficulties only whetted their appetite. How to solve the tiresome problem ? It was easy to make the old man their guest

at a complimentary repast, as he was fond of good living when it cost him nought ; but he elaborated all manner of excuses when requested to bring his wife, although certain ladies of character and integrity were asked to meet her. So they settled that Rochester should dress up as a woman, and while the husband was feasting with the Duke, should obtain admittance to the duenna. He provided himself with a bottle of wine, to which she was partial, and repaired to the house, but, unfortunately, could get no farther than the porch with the door ajar. He was now obliged to play his last card, which was to feign sudden illness and fall on the threshold. The noise brought down the young wife who begged pity for the poor ailing woman who was then carried into the house. The door had not long been shut before the invalid began to revive, and to explain to the old lady how deplorable it was to be subject to "these sudden fits." The bottle was emptied between the two gossips, the sister being more than ready to do her share. Rochester had provided himself with a second flagon carefully doped with opium, so that the old maid was soon fast asleep. Then our hero pretended that his fit was returning, and asked permission of the young wife to lie down on her bed . . . the indisposition proving, however, very slight, a friendly conversation ensued, in the course of which he made some indirect inquiries about the husband ; the lady painted him in his true colours as a surly, jealous, old tyrant. The transformation scene now took place : the sequel to the tale being that Rochester carried off the ill-used young wife with all the miser's gold. The return of the deceived husband was dramatic . . . his sister drugged, wife and money gone . . . in a paroxysm of madness he hanged himself.

With potent libations and riotous debauch Rochester wore out an excellent constitution at the early age of thirty-four, and so died in 1680. He was a great wit and scholar of the classics, also a writer of light verse, for it was the fashion of the day to have some skill in the tuning of a love-song. His creed may perhaps find expression in his own verse :

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
May drink and love still reign,
With wine I wash away my cares,
And then to love again.

A prominent and distinguished patron of the Turf was Prince

Rupert, third son of Frederick King of Bohemia, and first cousin to Charles II. He was indeed an all round man ! A leader of cavalry under Charles I, Admiral of the English fleet under Charles II, a famous tennis player and marksman ; last but not least, he introduced mezzotint engraving into England and much improved the process which he had learned from a Dutchman called Von Siegen, who was the actual inventor. The magnificent engraving of the Great Executioner, after Ribera, from his plate, at the British Museum, is adequate proof of his skill.

Our list would be incomplete without a reference to Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, and to Miss Stuart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond. The former started life as Miss Barbara Villiers ; but in spite of several subsequent names and titles, she is generally known as Betty Castlemaine. At sixteen she won the homage of the dashing young Earl of Chesterfield and seems even then to have been a forward young lady, as the following letter testifies :

My LORD,

Lady Hamilton and I are now contriving how to get your company this afternoon. If you desire this favour, you will come and see us at Ludgate Hill at about three o'clock, at Butler's shop, where we shall expect you.

BARBARA VILLIERS.

The Chesterfield romance was brief and violent. When it was broken off, Betty found herself in urgent need of a wedding ring . . . Chesterfield could not supply one, for he already had a wife ; so a youth of ancient lineage but reduced fortune, studying law at the Temple, married her and was delighted with his bargain, though she frankly told him of her plight.

The Royalist party made use of this Roger Palmer, as he was called, as a go-between in their plots to restore Charles II. Betty met the exiled King at Breda, and Charles went mad over the lovely wife of the lawyer ; she subsequently reappears among the brilliant throng at the Restoration. "Prepare a warrant for Mr. Roger Palmer to be Baron of Limerick, and Earl of Castlemaine, in the same form as the last, and let me have it before dinner." So wrote Charles on October 16, 1661. The lady was afterwards created Duchess of Cleveland, while her husband left her and entered a monastery. "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband," gave out the royal chaplain one Sunday. "The Duchess of Cleveland is at least a coronet to hers," was the audible remark of someone in the congregation.

Charles lavished vast sums upon this lady, besides on several occasions paying her debts. Her income exceeded £20,000 a year, an enormous revenue in those days. Like the Duchess of Mazarin, another flame of Charles, she kept a gaming-table at Newmarket, where basset was the chief game, and the stakes were not small. Pepys, in 1668, writes: "I was told to-night that my Lady Castlemaine is so great a gamester as to have won £15,000 in one night, and lost £25,000 in another night, at play; and hath played £1,000 and £1,500 at a cast."

She left the Court after a quarrel begun by her, and which Charles refused to end. Betty had gambled once too often on her powers of fascination, forgetting, or not believing, that *tout passe, tout lasse*. Castlemaine died in 1705; she then married a reckless fellow generally known as "Beau" Feilding, who treated her very badly, and ended an adventurous life in poverty at Chiswick in 1709.

And wine, woman and song were more than incidents in the life of the Court, more than relief to the game of the Turf and the Heath, more than mere accessories in politics; they were ruling characteristics of the day, influences which determined the destinies of kings and empires, and so this roll of the gay and lovely ladies grows long; and even so, one name and yet another calls for recognition.

Frances Teresa Stuart, *la belle Stuart*, was the daughter of Walter Stuart, son of Lord Blantyre. She was renowned at the Court for the superb horsemanship which showed off her beautiful figure, later on to be immortalized as the Britannia of our coins. Of her early life little is known, except that she had lived in France, and that Louis XIV was her devoted admirer. Appointed maid of honour to Queen Catherine she at once roused the ardour of Charles. The liaison was facilitated by meetings in the apartments of the Duchess of Cleveland, who was quite unaware of the dangerous rival she was fostering. Charles used to visit the Duchess before she rose in the morning, and frequently found the two beautiful ladies in bed together. However, at this period, she offered stubborn refusal to all the King's advances, only surrendering to his solicitations after she was married. The Duke of Richmond wished to make her his third wife; it was a risky thing in those days to propose openly to one of the King's favourites, so an elopement was planned, and one stormy night in March, 1667, Miss

Stuart left her apartments in Whitehall Palace and joined the Duke at a small inn in Westminster. Thence they fled on horseback to Epsom, where they were married the following day by the Duke's chaplain.

Charles was very vexed when he heard of the flight of the lovely one ; so angry indeed, that the royal visit to the Spring Meeting at Newmarket was abandoned in consequence. But within a year his passion outstripped his anger, and she was appointed a lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, with apartments allotted to her in Somerset House. It was during a race on the Heath that Philip Rotier, the sculptor, sketched her splendid form and moulded it to the pose of a recumbent Diana ; eventually the *Venabula* was altered to a *trident*, and the whole adapted to the effigy on our coins. This lady died at Newmarket in 1702.

In the Treatise on Government which the Duke of Newcastle wrote for the guidance of Charles II, there is some very excellent advice regarding the King's "Devertisementes," which was probably more palatable to that Merry Monarch than other articles of the said treatise. The Duke gives Newmarket a special recommendation.

Itt maye please your Matie nowe lente growes on and I shoulde wishe your Matie to goe to newe Markett which Is the sweeteste place In the worlde and beste Ayre and no place like itt for Huntinge, Haukinge and Coursinge, and Horse Races. . . . Ande your Royall Father sayde hee did always furnishe him selfe ther with Horses and Houndes for Sumer Huntinge. . . . Ande to thatt purpose your Matie will bee pleased to Invite the Northerne Lordes and Genterye thatt hath the beste Horses and Houndes as also frome other partes. . . . Butt theye must have longe warnings to provide leaste theye make Excuses, Butt sertenlye when Itt Is Knowne your Matie will bee ther and the time greate store off the beste will wayte off you . . . ther Is onlye one thinge att Newe-Markett thatt I wishe mighte bee mended, and thatt Is ther are so manye Hye wayes together and Ruttes made by abundance off wagens and Cartes thatt Coumes thatt waye, thatt when a sente lies cross those wayes Itt Is moste dangerous Ridinge. . . . Indeed a Horse att full speede naye uppon a Gallope Can Nott possiblye holde his feet butt must faule, as the Earl off Hollande did over those wayes most dangerouslye and had much adoe to recover itt, though hee had the beste Petitions and Surgions thatt weare att Courte butt this is Easeleye remedied Sr for Itt Is butt plowinge them Eaven and All Is well, and no danger att all nor no hinderance for the wageners or wagens. Itt weare well iff your Matie made little wagers ; with houndes one agaynste an other, which beste both for sente and vewe and then theye muste bee

markte with severall Coullerde Ribans, or else with Tarr, and oker which are red and black thatt theye maye bee distinguishte this puttes life In the Huntsmen and masters and heates them to greate Mettle, whose Dogges shall Conquer thatt Daye. . . .

Your Matie beinge att Newe-Markett you are so neer Cambridge as the Chanselor and the Universetye will invite your Matie thether wher theye will moste Royalye Entertayne Your Matie Everye waye, besides their orations, and Comodies, and Everye Sundaye sende your Matie moste Exselente Prechers to Newe-Markett. . . .

A Catalogue of Letters and Other Historical Documents exhibited in the Library at Welbeck.

Compiled by S. A. Strong, M.A.

Appendix I, pp. 223 . . . 225.

In 1669 the Abbé Pregnani, the celebrated astrologer, joined the gay crowd. He had been sent over by the astute Louis XIV at the request of Charles, to facilitate the secret negotiations regarding the Triple Alliance, and to be a link in the private correspondence between the King and his sister the Duchess of Orleans; but his presence at Newmarket was otherwise interpreted by the gay crowd, and he was requested on all sides to foretell, by the stars or by any other magic, the results of the horse matches. We might put it that he joined the "Cocoa Press" of the day and became a seventeenth-century "Captain Coe." His finals do not, however, seem to have been a great success, as he gave the Duke of York three losers in one day, all of which His Royal Highness backed. This Duke of York, afterwards James II, was very partial to Newmarket, to judge by his letters to the Countess of Lichfield.¹ In one of these, written in 1683, he gives the number of races held at the October meeting of that year.

London, Octo. 19.

I came yesterday from Newmarkett, from whence I had wrritten to you, but that Mrs. Burnley being gone into the country, I did not know how to send my letters to you; when I came hither I was in hopes to find you here, but that not being I would not faile to write to you. His Maj: is to be here to-morrow, and tho his stay at Newmarkett was not so long as usual, yett there have been more horse-races than I can remember at any meeting, there never having passed a day, at least when I was there, without one, or for the most part two or three, and this day there is to be seven. The weather whilst we were there was

¹ Charlotte Fitzroy, Countess of Lichfield, second daughter of the Duchess of Cleveland by Charles II, born 1664, married at the age of thirteen Sir Edward Henry Lee, Baronet, of Ditchley, Oxford, afterwards Baron Spelsbury, Viscount Quarendon and Earl of Lichfield. She gave him thirteen sons and five daughters. Died 1718.

dry, but very cold, so that there was but very bad hunting. I have been so little in Towne that I can tell you no news of this place, and so for this tyme shall content myself with assuring you that you shall always find me to be your most humble servant.

For my neece the Countesse of Lichfield.¹

J.

It will be remembered that James was banished because of his adherence to the Catholic Faith, first abroad, and then to Scotland for two or three years; in addition to this exile, Charles II had ruled that he must never expect to set foot on English soil till he had conformed to the teaching of the Established Church. He was, however, relieved from this barring decree by the intrigues of his former enemy the Duchess of Portsmouth, who, at the moment, had been readmitted to royal favour. But having once lost her ascendancy to other reigning beauties, she appreciated the brittle tenure of her present greatness, and came to the conclusion that should she survive Charles she could expect nothing from his successor; having no provision for the future, she would thus be penniless. So the lady therefore persuaded her royal lover to secure her an annuity out of the income granted by Parliament to the Duke, and James most unexpectedly received an invitation to meet the King at Newmarket during the Spring Meeting of 1682, in order that the necessary arrangements might be made. To clinch the matter, James was privately assured by the King that he would in future be allowed to live in England. He was welcomed back to Newmarket with an outburst of feasting and rejoicing.

Possibly the most prominent personality at the Court of the Restoration was James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk. He possessed the qualities of soldier, courtier, sportsman and man of business combined in an extraordinary degree, and utilized them with unqualified success. Three times married, first to a daughter of the Earl of Holland, second to the widow of Sir Richard Wentworth, and the third time to Lady Anne Montague, it is a curious coincidence that all three families from which he chose his ladies were importers and breeders of Arabian horses, and well-known patrons of the Turf.

This James Howard was the owner of palatial Audley End, a property subsequently acquired by the King. We find him racing at Newmarket with Monmouth and the "jolly blades" soon after

¹ *Archæologia*, vol. lviii. (1902), p. 183.

the King's re-installation at the palace, and his large house in the town was proverbial for its hospitality, not only to distinguished Turfites, and reckless *Beaux and Belles*, but to all comers. The valiant, the witty, and the wise congregated here, as also the heads of Cambridge University, the clergy, and the persecuted of Non-conformity, among whom Dr. Calamy the younger was conspicuous. Whether from policy or from ordinary good nature, Charles was always pleased to see these sectarians about the court during the race meetings. The royal clerical officials were glad too to find a refuge here from the very racy reunions which took place in other houses. "There is nothing but cursed noise of matches and wagers, boldly asserted with as horrible oaths"; writes Sir Thomas Ross about this time.

It is worthy of note that a Table of Fines imposed for unparliamentary language was in vogue at the City Club. It ran: "an oath, one shilling; a curse, sixpence; above a curse, and under an oath, ninepence; an horrid expression, threepence; any dirty word, twopence. N.B. For three oaths, two shillings, and for all above six, 5 per cent. will be allowed."

It is evident that whether his guests were adepts in the ways of peace or war, were proficient in hunting, hawking, or racing, Suffolk could entertain one and all with equal felicity. He was made First Gentleman of the Bedchamber at a salary of £1,000 a year; he was also Lord Lieutenant of the County of Suffolk; but the culminating moment of his existence was the hazardous time when he practically saved the nation from defeat. The Dutch in 1667 threatened to land a force at Harwich; there was no standing army, the navy was in a state of bankruptcy; Suffolk came to the front, hastily collected a force, chiefly among his own retainers, supplemented by every able-bodied man and boy between Newmarket and Harwich, and manned the forts. The Dutch attacked, four thousand strong, with scaling ladders, but were twice defeated by the followers of the Earl, and peace was declared shortly afterwards. The first official visit of Charles II to Newmarket after the Restoration took place in 1666, but there are no records or details of this sojourn. It seems curious that the King and his set, keen lovers of the Turf as they were, should have thus postponed attendance on the Heath. What was the hindrance? They were enchained by the seductions of those gay Courts of Whitehall, Windsor, Hampton, perhaps. The King's natural

indolence was possibly a factor in the delay, but most probably the lack of lodging and comfort made the prospect of a stay at Newmarket rather dismal. Even after the Palace was rebuilt there are constant references to the want of accommodation, and to the large retinue which always crowded in the wake of the King.

Rockingham, writing from London in 1680, says that the Spring Meeting at Headquarters has emptied London, "everybody else has gone."

The personal staff of the Sovereign was no small party to billet in what was after all only a large village. Those ordered to attend were: "Master of the Robes and three officers of the Privy Purse, one esquire of the Body, two pages of honour, two barbers, pages of the Bedchamber, one gentleman usher of the Privy Chamber, one groom of the Privy Chamber, one gentleman usher daily waiter of the Presence Chamber, one gentleman usher quarter waiter, one page of the Presence, one Physician, one Surgeon, one Apothecary, two sergeants at arms, the groom porter and his men, two chaplains, one closet keeper, Captain Howard lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard, Mr. Sackville Ensign, one yeoman usher, twelve yeomen of the guard, one groom of the Chamber, two messengers and the keeper of the guns, one laundress." (This final item, one laundress, last and least, seems to indicate that there was no undue extravagance in the use of body-linen!) No wonder the officers of the Tents, Hales and Pavilions, a department of the royal household which cost £8,000 a year, were always requisitioned for these visits! The idea of the Lord Chamberlain, the Ushers, officers of the Guard and such-like worthies living under canvas at the Spring Meeting in March, is distinctly amusing to those who know the amenities of the place, and how Boreas and every other wind can blow! A peep of daylight comes through the curtain of silence to reveal the reason why the Court did not always clamour for the move to Newmarket. Can you conceive leaving the more or less comfortable palace of Whitehall and living in a tent, by order? It is not only the crumpled rose-leaf of the Sybarite, but the certainty of cold nights and draughty days.

The probabilities are that before the palace was rebuilt the King lived in the house of the Earl of Thomond in the town, or perhaps came over from Audley End or Euston. He may also

have lain at Saxham, the residence of Lord Crofts, about ten miles from the town.

In 1671 the rebuilding of the palace was completed ; but according to Evelyn " mean enough, and hardly fit for a hunting house." Accommodation was still short and many lodged at the neighbouring country seats and other residences near at hand.

There was now no sham about the Court tendencies. Puritan moods and fancies were tabooed ; the circle was frankly out for pleasure ; there were no limitations, and the old rhyme was justified.

A hound and a hawk no longer shall
Be token of disaffection ;
A cockfight shall cease
To be a breach of the peace,
And a horse race an insurrection. .

Packs of hounds sprang up as if by magic, and scores of hooded hawks seem to have appeared, ready caparisoned for flights from a cloudless sky of restored bliss.

Although Charles did not regain his kingdom until the end of May, 1660, in that July we find Sir Allen Apsley, Knight Keeper of His Majesty's hawks, appointed for life at a salary of £30 a month, with a further grant to him of £800 per annum, of which £200 was for the entertainment of four falconers at a salary of £50 a year each, and £600 for the provision of hawks of all kinds. By the year 1668 this outlay had risen to over £3,000, when a "Geddes" committee sat at Whitehall and promptly reduced the expenses.

In 1663 Colonel Robert Kerr received a warrant for £200 for the cost of bringing hounds to Newmarket, "for the King's disport," and at the same time orders were issued to take care that no person should course with greyhounds within ten miles of the town, and that no hounds but His Majesty's be allowed to hunt within seven miles.

Riding and hawking parties were the rage in the *beau monde*, attended as they often were by the Queen and her Maids of Honour ; these ladies donned a new, most becoming and picturesque dress brought over from the French Court, and known as the Amazonian. This costume consisted of a three-cornered hat with feather, a tight-fitting velvet coat and long voluminous

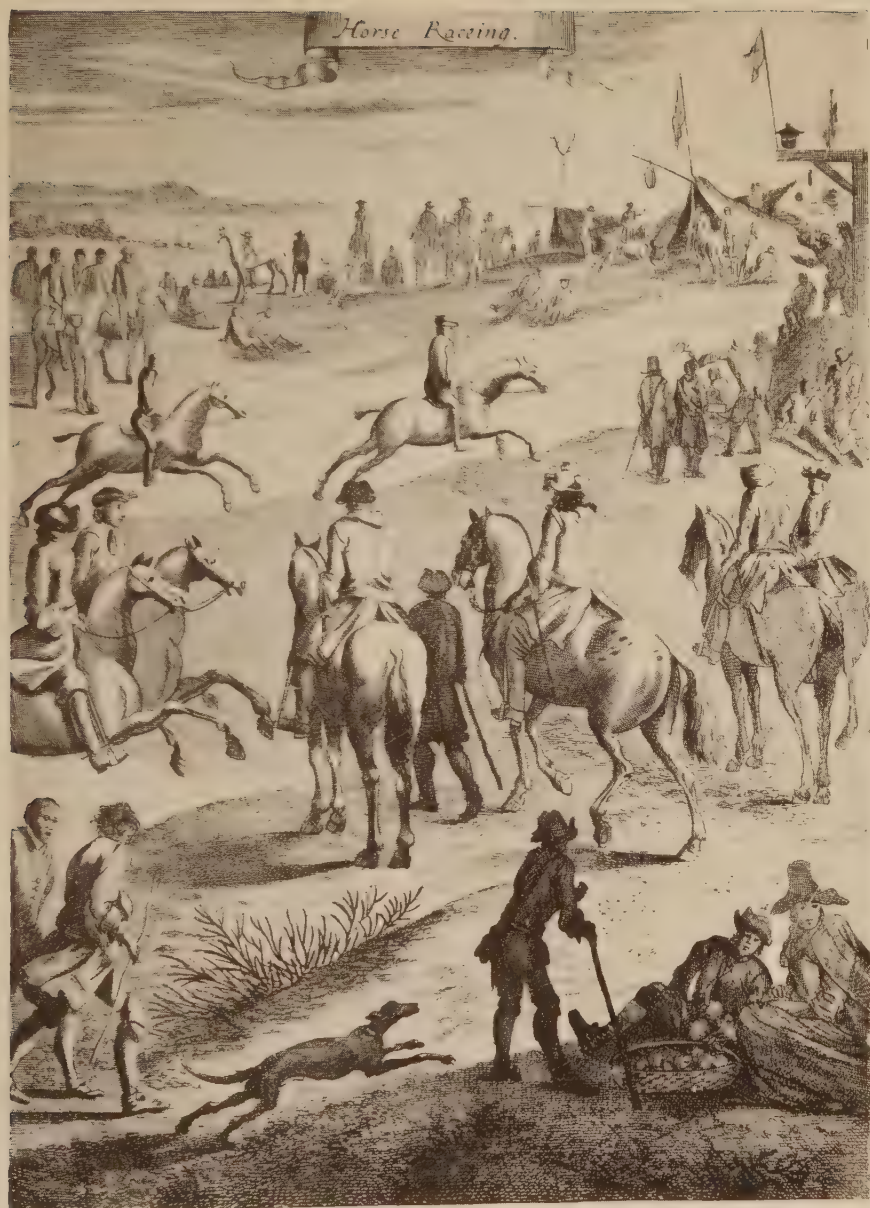
skirt. A woman had to ride well in those days! Miss Stuart was famous for her skill on horseback, while Miss Churchill¹ is said to have risked losing the affection of the Duke of York by her extreme awkwardness in this accomplishment.

The revival of horse-racing was as swift and wondrous as the magic *renaissance* of other sports and diversions. It must be remembered that racing was practically extinct and racehorses few. Such as there were, had been dispersed over many parts of the kingdom, and training had no *raison d'être*. The King's love for things equine was reflected in his *soubriquet* of "Old Rowley," the name of his favourite hack, and the origin of the *Rowley Mile*; the nobility and gentry, no doubt, contributed their share to the movement, but a still more potent factor lay in the support of the general public.

Then, as now, the instinct of the people for the lure of the Turf was inherent and puissant! The virility of the race has always been foreshadowed in the lust of competition and the ardour of contest, combined with that love of excitement which is ingrained in each individual. The gambling spirit is an accessory; it is certainly not the mainspring. Come out from a big prize-fight, that elemental of all fights, where, at your ease, you have watched the scientific combat of man to man and have seen red . . . mix with the crowd who, less fortunate than yourself, have been unable to gain admittance; listen to the man in the street! He has not seen the fight, his knowledge of the men involved is mostly theoretical, but his sympathies have followed the rounds and he has echoed the faintly-heard applause. He wants the best man to win! and his praise is ungrudging, even if he loses his bit of money. What is this after all but a subconscious application of that unalterable law . . . the survival of the fittest, whether man or beast!

To this resuscitation of racing and sport the King lent a powerful patronage and support. He sent abroad the best judges he could discover to select suitable mares from Barbary and other spots where the most fashionable Eastern strains could be obtained,

¹ Miss Churchill was the sister of the great Duke of Marlborough. She was the mistress of the Duke of York, and had four children by him, the eldest being James Fitz-James, afterwards Marechal, Duc de Berwick, one of the greatest military characters of the century. She subsequently married Colonel Godfrey of the Jewel Office, and was much respected for the correctness of her conduct, as for her many virtues. Her death took place in 1730 . . . she had outlived lover, husband, children.



THE HORSE MATCH BETWEEN CHARLES II AND HENRY JERMYN
AT NEWMARKET, 1684

(After Francis Barlow)

and defrayed the large expense of a stud farm, notwithstanding his ample racing establishment, from the Privy Purse. Charles II was a thorough sportsman and could hold his own with the best, while his proficiency in the pigskin dated from early youth. William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, his preceptor in this art, tells us that at the age of ten :

His Majestie's capacity was such that he would ride leaping horses, and such as would overthrow others, and manage them with the greatest skill and dexterity, to the admiration of all who beheld him.

With the exception possibly of Richard II, he is the only sovereign of England who himself rode his horses first past the post, and he is certainly the only one who rode races at Newmarket. Whether at tennis, pall mall, fishing¹ or walking, he was equally and equably in his element. One favourite walk of his was from Whitehall to Hampton Court, and the roads could hardly have been as easy as nowadays. His recommendation to the Prince of Orange when he came to Newmarket to woo the Princess Mary of York, was characteristic : " Walk with me, hunt with my brother, and do justice to my niece."

This paradoxical nature combined remarkable assiduity in certain respects with extreme indolence in others. It is on record how the French and Spanish ambassadors arrived at Newmarket in the hope that Charles would settle their quarrels ; it is also on record how they departed with no verdict, for he was far too busy at sports and recreations. The minister Conway tried hard to transact business with his frivolous Majesty, but only succeeded in waylaying him in his bedroom, or in a still more privy apartment ; or if he were lucky, the minute he awoke from an after-dinner nap. " There is no other time," says Conway.

The Spanish Ambassador, Don Pedro, made a great clamour at the reception accorded to His Excellency Mons. Barillon and the private interview which the King granted him ; but as a matter of fact both ambassadors failed to get any satisfaction from His Majesty, and returned to London feeling that their visit to Newmarket was a complete failure, at any rate from the political point of view, and there is no record to prove that they considered any other aspect.

¹ We have been sadly alarmed with the King's being sick, but he is now well again, and I hope will continue so, if he can be kept from fishing when a dog would not be abroad.

The Mayor and Aldermen of Oxford fared no better when they came to present a humble petition to the King, concerning the town-clerkship of their city. They could find no one to conduct them to their Sovereign, and had to lie in wait for him on the Heath, and present their request in a most unceremonious manner.

The presumption of Oxford citizens trying to press business on the field of pleasure was much resented by the race-course roughs, and they were saluted by shouts of "Presbyterian Petitioners," and "Whiggish Dogs," together with an avalanche of stones and mud. Things were looking rather ugly, when fortunately Nell Gwynn appeared on the scene, and with her ready wit hailed the King. "Charles, I hope I shall have your company at night, shall I not?"

Here was the necessary diversion, and under cover of the interest created by the incident, the luckless petitioners were enabled to make their escape.

To fail in obtaining access to the King was most disconcerting in those days, as many matters had to be submitted to the royal prerogative of consent or dissent, and despotic or fussy monarchs could abuse this privilege to the full.

The Sovereign issued orders concerning the dress of the clergy, and more drastic still, occupied himself with the manner in which they delivered their sermons.

Remonstrating with the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge regarding the length of hair and perukes worn by the preachers, Charles ordered the latter shorter, and dressed in a more becoming fashion. As to their sermons, they were to deliver them both in Latin and English, and "by memory, or without books." Very embarrassing for the poor sky-pilot who had no gift of oratory!

Bishop Stillingfleet seems to have had the temerity to ask the King why he read his speeches in Parliament. The ready rejoinder of His Majesty came from the heart. "I have asked them so often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

The undergraduates had their share of royal regulations. To wit:

We have been informed that of late years many students of . . . our University, not regarding their own birth, degree and quality, have

made divers contracts of marriage with women of mean estate and of no good fame in that town, to their own great disparagement, the discontent of their parents and friends, and to the dishonour of the government of our University: We will and command you that all times hereafter, if any taverner, vitualler, or in-holder, or any other inhabitant of that town, or within the jurisdiction of that University, shall keep any daughter or other woman in his house to whom there shall resort any scholars of that University, of what condition soever, to misspend their time, or otherwise to misbehave themselves, or to engage themselves in marriage without the consent of those that have the guidance and tuition of them; that . . . you command the said woman or women, thus suspected (according to the form of your charter against women *de malo suspectas*), to remove out of the said University and four miles of the same.

To return to the various sports: they included among many others, hunting the fox or bustard, snaring the dottrell,¹ coursing the hare, and hawking.

These pastimes would take up a good portion of the day; for then, as now, the rendezvous might be anything within twenty miles of the town. If, however, it was a question of a riding party, or a morning's hawking, there would be a return to dinner about twelve o'clock; after feasting, hey presto to the cockpit for an hour or so, then about three to the training ground, or to view regular races, as the case might be. A short rest at home, a walk before supper, and the day would conclude with gambling, plays, etc. The King generally rose early and walked till ten o'clock; he would then often go to the cockpit, perhaps twice a day; and finish the evening with a play; supper ended, he might visit the Duchess of Portsmouth till bedtime, and then go back to his own apartments.

Gaming and betting, prohibited under the Commonwealth and revived at the Restoration, were fashionable vices, and those

¹ The dottrell (Latin *morio*, a foolish fellow). A foolish bird which is supposed to imitate the action of the fowler. If he holds up his arm, it raises a wing, all the time keeping its eyes on its pursuer, and is easily lured into the net. It is extraordinary good eating. Drayton, in his *Poly-olbion*, writes:

The Dottrell, which we think a very dainty dish
Whose taking makes such sport as no man more could wish
For as you creep, or cower, or lie, or stop, or go,
So, marking you with care, the apish bird doth do;
And acting everything, doth never mark the net.

It is a migratory bird, and nowadays not often met with. The last pair seen in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, as recorded in Morris' *British Birds*, was on Bottisham Fen in 1851. Judging from the description and drawings of British birds in the several beautifully illustrated books, the present writer believes he saw two dottrells on this same fen in the spring of 1921.

two ladies, Their Graces of Cleveland and Mazarin, both kept gaming tables at Newmarket ; here fortunes were staked nightly to the Goddess of Chance, but there is no evidence that Charles, with all his reputed laxity, ever risked more than £5 at play. It is even recorded that he objected strongly to the colossal gambling of his mistresses, but was too indolent and easy-going to put a stop to it.

A passing reference to the plays performed for the diversion of the Court is of interest. They do not appear to have been of a very high order, but were hastily written and adapted to suit the royal party at Newmarket ; the comedians were quite moderate, and most of the ideas and plots were plagiarisms from standard works. Described as of " Mirth and Drollery," we give the names of three farces played here. " The Merry Milkmaid of Islington, or the Rambling Gallants Defeated " ; " Love Lost in the Dark, or the Drunken Couple " ; " The Politick Whore, or the Conceited Cuck-hold." They were published simultaneously by D. Brown in 1680 under the title of " The Muse of Newmarket."

We may also mention " The Man of Newmarket," licensed April 13, 1678, a comedy by the Hon. Edward Howard, the scene being laid in London. The *dramatis personæ* included Swiftspur, a " gentleman racer " ; Trainstead, " another gentleman of Newmarket " ; Bowser, " their friend and lover of sport " ; five jockeys, and so on.

Bowser returns from racing at Salisbury and Winchester, and finds himself " in that metropolitan wilderness of houses called London " ; he is elated at the idea of starting for " sweet, sweet Newmarket." The jockeys speak freely of their patron Trainstead ; next to the King no one understands racing " so delightfully well." Trainstead next appears with a purse of gold in his hand, ready to start for Newmarket. Swiftspur informs Trainstead that he is resolved to beat his stable every time. " Thou shalt not own mare or horse that have not been o'er run by mine." Trainstead accepts the challenge and expresses willingness to back his two horses Bonyface and Thurster with his purse of gold. Trainstead refers to the Stand at Newmarket and says to Jocclin, the beautiful leading lady : " Such a sight in the stand at Newmarket as we lean over were taking indeed," and he urges her to visit Headquarters. " Where a flat would invite your beams to play on like sunshine, where you may see our gracious King

exceed (if possible) his most gracious and constant serenity. Nothing is to be found there but much mirth, pleasant things, and their business, which some call happiness." In another act a jockey speaking to his fellow remarks: "This racing is a most noble sort of recreation, since it undoes gentlemen to raise grooms, blessings on their hearts for it."

There is a good deal of practical philosophy in the play, and we are told that the King laughed immoderately, so we may conclude that it was supposed to be very droll—an example of the distance which separates one century from another, even, or perhaps above all, in the appreciation of humour!

The chief and popular inns on the road from London to Newmarket are named in this comedy; they were probably well known to the actors as halts on their journey . . . the Green Man at Wanstead, the Cock at Epping, the Reindeer at Bishops Stortford, and the Star at Newmarket.

In 1671 Charles had a curious and unexpected meeting with Henry Cromwell, fourth son of the Protector, who had been successively major-general, lord-deputy, commander-in-chief in Ireland, and who had finally relinquished the sword for the plough-share and was practising the peaceful arts of husbandry at his estate of Spinney Abbey, near Soham, three miles from Newmarket. In the month of September of that year, Charles II was leaving the town after racing, and expressed his wish to call at some neighbouring house for refreshment. Lord Inchiquin, Henry's brother-in-law, told His Majesty that there was a very honest gentleman in the vicinity who would think it an honour to entertain his King, and was accordingly told to lead the way. They came to a farmyard leading up to a house, and Lord Inchiquin took up a muck fork which he threw over his shoulder; in this guise the royal party stepped before Mr. Cromwell who was working in the yard and who wondered whence the unexpected guests had come. He was intrigued too at the *ceremony* of the *muck fork*, the King also wanted to know the joke. "Sire," said the bearer of the muck fork, "the gentleman before whom I carry this implement of industry is Mr. Henry Cromwell, to whom I had the honour of being mace-bearer when he was in Ireland." Charles could afford to laugh at the joke at that stage of his career, and was generous enough to set Mr. Cromwell at ease by partaking of his hospitality.

During the October Meeting, 1677, the marriage of William Prince of Orange with the Princess Mary of York was finally settled. The idea of his alliance had been on the *tapis* for some time, since 1674 to be precise ; but William had then refused, in a most unceremonious manner, the hand of the Princess. In the meantime, however, the trend of European politics had convinced him that union with England was his only chance of either successfully continuing the war between the Netherlands and France, or of concluding an honourable peace with the latter ; so through the intermediary of the Lord High Treasurer Danby he approached Charles, and himself solicited the favour of this alliance. The King, who at first withheld his consent, with a natural resentment at what had occurred only three years previously, eventually took the line of least resistance, which he was oft-times wont to do, and declared that the marriage should be solemnized unconditionally and immediately. The Duke of York, with whom it had previously been arranged that this union should not take place unless there was complete accord in views concerning the peace of the Continent, was much mortified, but considered it his duty to bow to the wishes of the Sovereign.

Miss Strickland gives the following account of the negotiations for the royal betrothal at Newmarket :

The campaign of 1677 being concluded, the Orange hero having nothing better to do, condescended to go in person to seek the hand of one of the finest girls in Europe, and the presumptive heiress of Great Britain. For this purpose he set sail from Holland, arrived at Harwich after a stormy passage, and having disposed himself to act the wooer "He came," says Sir William Temple, "like a trusty lover, post-haste from Harwich to Newmarket, where his uncles Charles II and James, Duke of York, were enjoying the October Meeting." Charles was residing in a shabby palace there, to which his nephew instantly repaired ; Lord Arlington the Prime Minister, waited on him at the alighting. "My Lord Treasurer Danby and I," continues Sir William Temple, "went together to wait on the Prince, but met him on the middle of the stairs, involved in a great crowd, coming *down* to the King. He whispered to us both, that he desired me to 'answer for him'¹ and for my Lord Treasurer Danby, so that they might from that time enter into business and conversation, as if they were of longer acquaintance ; which was a wise saying considering his lordship's credit at Court at that time. It much shocked my Lord Arlington."

This means that William demanded of Temple an introduction to Danby, with whom he was not personally acquainted ; but with such

¹ Term for an introduction.

kindred souls a deep and lasting intimacy was soon established. The Prince of Orange was very kindly received by King Charles and the Duke of York, who both soon strove to enter into discussions of business which they were both surprised and diverted to observe how dexterously he avoided. "So King Charles," says Temple, "bade me to find out the reason of it." The Prince of Orange told me "he was resolved to see the young Princess before he entered into affairs, and to proceed in that before the other affairs of the Peace." The fact was, he did not mean to make peace, but to play the impassioned lover as well as he could, and obtain her from the good nature of his uncle Charles, and then trust to his alliance with the Protestant heiress of England to force the continuation of the war with France. He could not affect being in love with his cousin before he saw her, and for this happiness he showed so much impatience, that his uncle Charles said laughing (like a good-for-nothing person as he was, at delicacy which would have been most respectable if it had been real), "he supposed his whims must be honoured"; and leaving Newmarket some days before his inclination, he escorted William to Whitehall, and presented him as a suitor to his niece.¹

In the spring of 1681 the glory of Newmarket received a minor setback, as the Spring Meeting was scrapped in favour of racing at Burford, under the following circumstances. The Commons had refused to grant supplies to the King, so Charles dissolved Parliament, but as he had managed to obtain a large subsidy through a secret treaty with Louis XIV, he summoned another Parliament at Oxford. Popular feeling was running strongly against him at the time, so to divert attention from the political crisis, he conceived the idea of a race meeting at Burford, and worked hard to make the gathering the most popular on record. To secure the success of this plan the Newmarket Meeting had to be given up. All the best horses from the royal racing establishment at Headquarters were brought to Burford, and all the principal Turfites were induced to attend, and arrived with elaborate retinues and grooms, etc., so much so that the neighbouring city of Oxford was full to overflowing.

It was about Burford that Baskerville wrote the following doggerel, which seems to indicate that the Duke of Monmouth would have done well to change his trainer.

Next for the glory of the place,
Here has been rode many a race,
King Charles the Second I saw here,
But I've forgotten in what year.
The Duke of Monmouth here also,
Made his horse to sweat and blow. . . .

¹ *Lives of the Queens of England.*

In March, 1683, there was a most serious outbreak of fire in the town of Newmarket . . . mention is made of this elsewhere, but the results of the conflagration were so grave, and the tumult amongst a frightened populace so great, that Charles arrived at the next October Meeting "without the ladies, to their great disappointment," for the accommodation was limited, and the King feared that there might be another fire to which he would in no case expose these frail beauties. The condition of things must have been most uncomfortable for the royal guests, as the town was far from reconstruction.

The last visit of Charles II to the town took place in 1684, the year before his death.

With the passing of this King, passed undoubtedly some of the glory of Newmarket.

After all said and done, conceding much to censors and moralists, there was a good deal of quiet happiness, of virtue and religion, sound and unostentatious, in "Charles the Second's golden days, When loyalty no harm meant."

J. W. Ebsworth, *Notes to the Bagford Ballads*, 1878.

The Duke of York had shown great enthusiasm for the Metropolis of Sport, but after his accession to the throne as James II we have no record of any visit there. His short reign of three years was full of contention and strife, plot and counter-plot. He started with a declaration that he would in no way interfere with the Established Church, and would at once institute a more legal form of government, but his acts did not fulfil his promises, and his opponents, who in the last years of his brother's reign, had lain low in Holland, at once began to concert measures for an invasion. Monmouth landed in England, and the Earl of Argyll in Scotland, but both were defeated. Emboldened by this success, James determined to restore the old Faith to the country; this, of course, sent his opponents straight to William of Orange, who was requested to come over and secure his wife's right to the throne, and at the same time to show himself the protector of the liberties of the people. With such a stirring sequence of events, little wonder that the Royal village should have again fallen into decay, all its importance vanished. But this interval in the shade, this diminuendo, was too short to hinder the speedy revival of its popularity under Dutch William. Here was a man of somewhat poor education, who just missed being a sportsman. Fond of

sport from his childhood, he had not that unalloyed enthusiasm which possesses the real, genuine man of sport. He could not resist introducing the prevailing political-religious views of the day into matters equine; with a blend of sentiments he put into execution an Act of Parliament for seizing the horses of Papists, when they were worth more than five pounds. But with all his faults and his un-English ways, he restored the glories of Newmarket, where he hunted and raced, devoting the evenings to gambling . . . losing, it is said, as much as four thousand guineas at a sitting at basset.¹ He seems to have been a bad loser, and on one occasion, the morning after an evening of reverses, he was in such a state of exasperation that he hit a gentleman with his whip for riding before him on the Heath, an incident which gave rise to the *bon mot* "that it was the only blow he struck for supremacy in his kingdom." Hopes were, however, entertained of improving his foreign ways, and in a letter to Henry Herbert, Esq., in 1689, Lord Coote says:

I am told the Duke of Somerset (who is at Newmarket) has invited the King to visit Cambridge, of which University the Duke is Chancellor. The King has also promised my Lord North and Gray to dine with him at his house, so that I hope his Majestie, by degrees, will become a true Englishman.

William went to Newmarket for the first time as King of England for the Spring Meeting of 1689, and there was much excitement over the wonderful record of his having made the journey from Hampton Court in one day.

The streets of the little town regained their pristine gaiety, and the old High Street must have presented great attraction, as all kinds and conditions of people lent colour to the scene: the men with their cocked hats, velvet or cloth coats of varied hues, with parti-coloured bows of riband worn on their shoulders, breasts, or knees, their sword-hilts likewise bedecked; wits and beauties from St. James's or Soho, peers and commoners, fox-hunting squires, and officers of the Life Guards all plumes and gold lace, mingling in the throng with the more soberly attired academic dignitaries from Cambridge University. Many of the handsome old family coaches of the period, frequently horsed with six, and filled with fair occupants might rumble slowly along

¹ A French game of cards, a species of *lansquenet*, of Venetian origin, played by five persons with a pack of fifty-two cards. One of these kept the bank, the punters winning or losing according as the cards turned up matched those exposed or not.

to complete the picture. A gipsy camp of vast extent surrounded the Heath at race times, giving a holiday-making appearance to the scene. On Sundays, William, who was always escorted by a detachment of the Guards, attended church in state, keeping up his self-imposed rôle of defender of the faith. Cock-fighting again became a great feature of the diversions of the place.

It is here that Mr. Tregonwell Frampton, afterwards called the "Father of the Turf," first makes his appearance as an enthusiast at cocking, having twenty-five matches with Lord Ross, for five guineas a match and £500 on the main.

Queen Anne carried on the sporting traditions of the place; both she and her consort, Prince George of Denmark, kept fine studs of racehorses, and when the Prince died, much regretted, in 1708, Newmarket lost a good patron and a valuable supporter. Her Majesty frequently ran horses in her own name, but occasionally also in the name of Mr. Frampton, the Keeper of her Running Horses, Thomas Spedding being groom to her racehorses at Newmarket.

Frampton once issued a challenge to the three Dukes of Devonshire, Rutland and Somerset, allowing them to combine their stables, and name six horses (the horse called Windham excepted) to run against six of his, the challenge being probably on behalf of Queen Anne. These were to run six or four miles at Newmarket, and to carry eight and a half, or ten stone, as Frampton should choose; they were to run for £100 each horse, every seventh day, till the six had run. "If either of Mr. Frampton's horses happen to be out of order, he shall be at liberty to run one horse twice."

Mr. J. B. Muir in his book *Frampton and the Dragon*, tells an interesting story of Queen Anne when she followed the chase in Windsor Park in her chaise. Thomas Day, an opulent farmer of Ockwell, Herts, was a very strong man and an excellent hunter; he was always on the look-out for the Queen, and when he saw her approaching a gate he instantly opened it, or removed the hedge to make a passage for his Sovereign. Pleased with his assiduity, she desired to know his name. "Thomas Day, happy to serve your Majesty," was the answer. "Well, Sir, I will make you a Knight to show my gratitude," rejoined the Queen. A sword was borrowed, he knelt, and was saluted . . . "Rise up,

Sir Thomas." The country laughed at this knighthood and he laughed too, as he never paid the office fees, but was as jolly a knight as any in the British Dominions. He seems to have been one of the *good old sort*, rose at five every morning, and drank a bottle of his fine seven-year-old home-brewed strong beer, and lived to be a hundred. A friend of his, who rose at four and followed the same rule with regard to beer, completed his hundred and fifth year.

But these facts are not quoted by the Pussyfoot enthusiasts !

From her early youth Queen Anne's inclinations turned towards sport. The tale is told that while she was still Princess she wandered to the Cockpit at Westminster, whence she was summarily ejected. This freak excited so much royal displeasure that the courtiers were forbidden to countenance any such whims. It was then that the sixth Duke of Somerset, who subsequently owned Cheveley, befriended her, and gave her a warm welcome at Sion House. His kindness was not forgotten, and in 1702 he was made Master of the Horse.

The founding of Royal Ascot was mainly due to the influence of Queen Anne, in the latter years of her reign.

As benefactress to the sporting community the Queen gave a sum of £1,000 towards paving the streets of Newmarket ; in 1705 she also gave orders that the royal residence in that town should be rebuilt, while she further endowed two charity schools, one for twenty boys, the other for the same number of girls, giving each institution an annuity of £50.

It is interesting to know that the racing man of the period, on occasions connected with the Turf, wore a small black riding-wig with black, low cocked hat, and a brilliant scarlet cloak in rainy weather. (The big dress wig of the day was made of woman's hair and cost three pounds.) Some of the dandies carried little muffs, and Newmarket modes demanded that the really complete outfit should include perspective glasses, and clouded canes with amber tops. And to a regretful sigh for past and present incumbrances of the picturesque, we add a devout thanks that the times have indeed changed !

It was on a Friday in 1714 that Queen Anne's bay horse Star won a ten guinea sweepstake with a plate of £40 added at York, and the following week during the race for a gold cup of £60 the news was brought of her death.

Most of the nobility and gentry left the Course, and attended the Lord Mayor of York and Archbishop Dawes, who proclaimed His Majesty King George I as Sovereign of the Realm.

Queen Anne, the last of her dynasty, retained a strong hold on the sympathies of her people and died much lamented, especially by the sporting coterie.

If ever men had fidelity, 'twas they (the Stuarts); if ever men squandered opportunity, 'twas they; and of all the enemies they had, they themselves were the most fatal.

Thackeray, *Esmond*.

CHAPTER III

THE HEATH

I am a friend, Sir, to public amusements; for they keep people from vice.

DR. JOHNSON TO SIR ADAM FERGUSON.

SECRETARY COVENTRY, writing in the spring of 1675, says about Newmarket Heath: "We are here hot in our wagers but cold in our carcasses: I will assure you I have felt, since my being here, as much cold in an English spring as an Italian winter."

But the sun does not always set in chill and cold o'er the Ditch Mound. To stand in the early morning, say in June, by the Devil's Dyke and look right, left and centre over this fine expanse of verdant pasture is to banish effectively the cheerless picture of dull and bitter April days, so wonderful is the feeling of health and unbounded space which the champagne-like atmosphere imparts to faculties seething with pleasant recollections lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain.

There is nothing quite like Newmarket with its peerless plains and emerald uplands; the nearest approach to anything in common with it is possibly found at the Curragh of Kildare, or at the Association of Training Stables at Chantilly; and the real lover of this place looks upon it as a household landscape, his thoughts linked to it by many a hidden chain of past glories, as he views the scene and ponders on the chivalrous company of great men and valiant steeds who have trodden the Heath in battle, joy, triumph or failure.

Each generation communes with its own early youth and bewails the decline of ancient customs and delights. Looking back thirty years we can see that the meetings on the Heath must have been cheerless indeed to the non-professional man. Everyone present, including a very small coterie of ladies, mostly wives of members of the Jockey Club, was bent on the business of the Turf, and imbued with a love of horseflesh and racing. Absent were the bustle and show which characterize the races of to-day, where on the Private Stand the female element practically predominates.

There is now a "fun of the fayre," "How did she look?" "What was she wearing?" element, somewhat approaching that seen at the meetings round London; and we have to count too with the thousands of motor-cars and their contingent dust, dirt, and scrimmage, which throng and rattle on the roads. But thirty years hence, others will be looking backwards and deploring the lost delights of to-day. It is ever so.

An old-fashioned writer (the author of *Newmarket: an Essay on the Turf*) describes the Heath:

Here Nature, undebauched by art, spreads her ample bosom to receive her sons, ambitious of renown; here no pillars of marble, no narrow and contracted limits, cramp the spirit of an Englishman. A wide and extensive carpet is spread indeed, but it is spread by the hand of Nature, as if on purpose to form a stage every way fit for the scenes that are acted upon it.

Yes, the stage lends itself to the parts played upon it. Stand by the Ditch at the Well Gap on a clear day and scan this paradise for racing. Go any time about midday, when exercising hours are over, and you will be struck by the lull, the silence dominating this ground, at other hours the scene of so much animation, where now hardly a man or beast stirs. In the foreground is the Rowley Mile Stand, practical, but not beautiful; a little cluster of bushes enclosed in white pailings seeming to be part and parcel of it, though in reality some furlongs away. To your left are farms of rich arable land, where in season golden corn meets crops of variegated green hues all spread over a flat country as far as the eye can see, and when it is quite clear you descry in the far distance the tower of the great cathedral, cold and grey against the warm blue sky or one with the greyness of a winter day. As background, skirting the Exning side of the Heath, is a long stretch of rising ground with its belts of fir sheltering neat square paddocks, where many a well-known mare grazes peacefully, her foal at her side; one of the old windmills is still retained in the picture, and glancing further east several red brick buildings, 19th or 20th century, *pieds à terre* of the fortunate ones of the Turf, mark the boundary to which the town of Newmarket has now extended. The historic Warren Hill looms remote against the sky-line, crowned by its plantation.

Nature seems to have spread the celebrated Heath to the best of her handicraft, and for a set purpose!

The ancient Dyke appears to be designed for the services of racing, the ground being otherwise without shelter. It affords great protection for the training grounds, and wards off the keen biting winds in the early spring and autumnal days, stretching, as it does, fully across the Heath, above which it rises twenty to thirty feet. The porous elasticity of the beautiful turf is not completely the work of nature ; the fourth Duke of Portland, to whose public-spirited care Newmarket owes a great debt, started improving it about the year 1820, making use of all agricultural arts known at the time, and in which we seem to have made small progress ; the penning of sheep, importation of new grasses and such like devices ; a conservative policy which has been judiciously continued by the Jockey Club. His Grace also undertook the paring, burning and breaking up of that part of the Heath intersected by roads which dated back to the days of the Romans, and it is a curious coincidence that the wheel ruts of these Roman chariots lay the same distance apart as those of the coaches of 1825.

The ownership of this fine racing ground was, up to the year 1808, vested in various holders including the Crown, but about that date the Jockey Club started to acquire certain portions of it. This institution bought from Mr. Allix of Swaffham, from Mr. Salisbury Dunn, from a Mr. C. Pemberton, and from the Crown ; it also exchanged land with the representatives of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and thus, by the year 1819, practically became master of the Heath. The sale of the Exning estate in 1882, of Cheveley in 1919, has fortunately permitted the rounding-off of the purchase.

It is very difficult to decide definitely at what date the various courses were measured out ; but it is probable that two of them, the Long Course and the Round Course (we know that the latter was laid out in 1666) are of very early origin. The former measured six miles and commenced on the Bottisham side of the Heath, and in later times was rarely used, but the course of which most mention is made is the famous Beacon Course, 4 m. 1 fur. 168 yds. Not that these held the record for length at Newmarket ; the site of an eight-mile course has been traced, the starting-post being at the Fleam Dyke.

There was a six-mile course in Six-Mile Bottom, and part of the old saddling stables for the same were still existent when Queen

Victoria came to the throne. We hold records of the following lengthy matches: "April 1719, the Duke of Wharton's Chanter against Lord Bridgewater's Nutmeg, 8 st. each, 300 guineas, six miles"; or, out-Heroding Herod, "in 1720, the Duke of Wharton's Coneyskins, 11 st. 10 lb. against Lord Hillsborough's Speedwell, 12 st., *heats twelve miles!* one thousand guineas."¹ Speedwell was a Galloway of 13 hands 3 inches in height, which in 1721 (when the property of the Duke of Bolton) opposed the great Flying Childers in a four mile match; the latter, of course, winning, as he was never beaten.

Here is a list of the courses existing in 1822:

	M.	f.	y.
The Yearling Course for colts a year old	2		147
Two-Year-Old Course (T.Y.C.) on the flat	5		13
The Bunbury Mile (B.M.) for matches	7		20
New Two-Year-Old Course (N.T.C.) part of the preceding .	5		136
The Ancaster Mile (A.M.)	1	0	18
Rowley Mile (R.M.) for three-year-olds	1	0	1
The Ditch-in Course (D.I.) for four-year-olds	2	0	97
The Beacon Course (B.C.) for five-year-olds	4	1	168
The Round Course (R.C.)	3	6	49
Last three miles of B. C.	3	6	45
Last mile and a distance of B. C.	1	1	156
From the Turn of the Lands <i>in</i>	5		184
Clermont Course; from the Ditch to the Duke's Stand .	1	5	217
Audley-End Course, from the starting-post of the T.Y.C. to the end of the B.C.	1	6	0
Across the Flat (A.F.)	1	2	24
Ditch Mile (D.M.)	7		178
Abingdon Mile (Ab.M.)	7		211
Two middle miles of B.C.	1	7	125

Space will not permit me to enlarge upon what would be a most interesting survey of these courses. Many are now obsolete, including the old Cambridgeshire or Beacon Course, which terminated at the Duke of Portland's Stand at the top of the town, the ancient historic goal where so many renowned contests finished.

The view of Newmarket Heath published in 1787, which we have reproduced, will show this course, which is yet fresh in the memory of many racegoers, as it has only fallen into disuse since 1904, except when there is a race for the Whip or the Challenge Cup. Most of the old prints of Newmarket racing depict the

¹ *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xc, p. 366.

finishes at this Stand, which must not be confused with the Duke's Stand, built by the sporting Duke of Cumberland, also on the Beacon Course, which is likewise shown on the map. At the winning-post of the Beacon Course the King's Stand is seen on one side, and opposite to it that of the Duke of Portland; the difference between the two is clearly depicted on several old prints of the period, about 1790.

The King's Stand had a conical tiled roof, and the occupants enjoyed the racing from two or three large oblong windows; whereas the Duke's Stand had a flat roof, and the spectators are always shown viewing the race from this platform. One bow-window of this Stand looked down the course, and another one, large and square, faced the winning-post, but these are generally seen as untenanted, the reason not being apparent.

Among the obsolete courses are the Clermont Course, mentioned in the foregoing list, the Duke's Course, and the Dutton Course, which last derived its name from the great Turfite family of Dutton, subsequently Lords Sherborne. The old Rubbing House, figuring in many a picture of celebrated racehorses, stood near the starting-post of the Beacon Course, and is said to date back to the days of Charles II.

Nature and time, the inexorable, had wreaked their utmost on it, and it is now no more. But what of the Red Post? Situated also on the Beacon Course, between the "Turn of the Lands" and the old Duke's Stand, it was a betting-post, and a very familiar accessory to race-courses in the eighteenth century, as an inspection of Rowlandson's caricatures will show. There were several of these on the Heath, and in modern times this Red Post remained an eloquent landmark for the scribe when he recorded some great race on this course; just as he makes up-to-date mention of the *Bushes* when discussing the Rowley Mile. To this old friend, many, on their way to the races, extended a kindly pat for "good luck" to come.

It was one of the very few relics of the past, a reminder of the historic multitude of men and horses who have defiled in brave procession before it . . . almost an heirloom in the great family of the Turf.

Only a bit of useless timber! But there is sentiment, superstition if you will, attending the removal of the old oak stump from your park or the Stuart chimney stack from your manor

house. Why was not the same sympathy extended to an ancient memorial of racing days on the great Heath?

Tokens of the past, the distinction of age, make no appeal to the majority amongst us. As my friend, the owner of Abbots Trace, recently put it in a witty after-dinner speech: "The only occasion on which we really respect age is when it is bottled!" The ostracized post has found a resting-place in the yard of Mr. Felix Leach, who cherishes the old associations spurned by the modernizing tendency to iconoclasm.

The earliest stand on record is in the time of Charles I. An engraving in a book published in 1845, called "Old England," shows it as a substantial building, with seven high windows in front, and four at each end, while its position, judging from the windmill and the church steeple in the picture, seems to have been approximately that of the Duke of Portland's Stand. But it was always a distinctive feature of racing on the Heath that a Judge's box should be dragged about on wheels, from station to station, so that the question of the exact location of stands becomes of small importance. We find the Duke of Somerset in 1715 ordering a chair for the use of the Judges of the Course. "William Sandiver, carpenter, for making a chair for the Judges of the Course at Newmarket in the month of September, 1715, £5; Richard Brightman, for painting the chair steps, etc., at Newmarket, in the month of September, 1715, £1 8s."¹

There was a stand at the Rowley Mile winning-post, built some time in the early part of the nineteenth century, which, by the year 1876, had become not only useless but dangerous. Sir John Astley, in his Memoirs, tells us how cramped and uncomfortable it was, and that no one could use the upper portion, which had been condemned, and that this being the only part from which a good view of the racing could be obtained, it was thoroughly inadequate. Moreover, when the miserable old structure was pulled down it was found that the walls had been built of bricks laid lengthways, with a wide hollow between the inside and outside shell, which was filled in with rubble and chalk; so it was miraculous that no serious accident had occurred.

The building of the new Rowley Mile Stand, or Private Stand, as it is now called, was commenced in 1876, Mr. Holland being the architect; additions have been made to it at various times,

¹ *Records of the Cheveley Estate*, 1899, p. 68.

right up to date. It was built of cement concrete, quarried stone or granite not being available, and the gradation is a marvel of architectural calculation. I have watched racing from many stands, both at home and on the Continent, and I know of no other where you can take your station on any part and obtain an equally good view of the race. The ultra-conservatives of the old school for some time raised objections to it, being unable to forgo their habit of riding to the old ring opposite the *Bushes* to make their bets.

The original stand was built at a cost of £20,000, and by 1894 the income from the same and the paddock already totalled £25,000 per annum ; so it was a good investment !

Early racing was completely confined to matches, and races run in heats. There were, in those days, no professional jockeys of the type with which we are now familiar ; there were men called grooms, and boys called riders, who both rode the horses, but only for training purposes, races being usually ridden by gentlemen, including, in the reign of Charles II, the King himself. So many names are connected with match-making in the seventeenth century that it is difficult to specialize ; but, to name a few . . . the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Suffolk, Lords Exeter, Oxford, Mountgarret, Thomond, the Hon. Bernard Howard, the great mentor of the Turf of his day ; then we have the Duke of Albemarle (better known as General Monk), and the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton, the illegitimate sons of Charles II. Later on, in the reign of William III, we hear of Thomas, Lord Wharton, known as " Honest Tom," a famous Whig nobleman ; who was the father of Philip, Duke of Wharton (the last of the male line), who ran many horses at Newmarket at a later date, but was eventually exiled on account of his Jacobite tendencies. Mention is made too of Sir Roger Mostyn. It is difficult to assign a date to the first racing at Newmarket. It is possible that a match may have been run there between the Earl of Arundel and Richard II, but this rests on very slender evidence. We can only say with certainty that racing took place on the Heath in the reign of James I, and that either in this reign or in that of Charles II, two regular meetings were established, one in the spring the other in the autumn. These meetings varied in the number of days, but towards the year 1731 the Spring Meeting occupied fifteen days, and that of the Autumn ten days. By 1781 the fashions had changed, and seven meetings

were the vogue; one in the early spring of two days' duration only, followed by the First Spring, 6 days; the Second Spring, 6 days; the July, 3 days; the First October, 6 days; the Second October, 6 days; and the Houghton, with nineteen different events.

More recently the number of days on which racing takes place in any one meeting is a maximum of four. An exception to this rule was the Houghton Meeting of 1897, when there were five days' racing, an extra day being added on the Monday, on which all the races were started by the "gate," a system which soon became general.

It will be noted that, except for the number of racing days, these meetings are much the same as those of our own time. We now hold an extra July Meeting, totalling eight for the year.

We must not forget the feats of Charles II on the Heath, for, putting aside the uncertain story of the race of Richard II, he was the only one of our kings who rode at Newmarket. There are definite records of His Majesty riding his horse Woodcock on Oct. 12th, 1671, in a match against Mr. Elliot (of the Bedchamber) on Flatfoot, which the latter won, but two days later the King rode the winner of *The Plate* (being a flagon of 32 price), the other competitors being the Duke of Monmouth, Mr. Elliot and Mr. Thomas Thin (short for "at the Inn" afterwards written Thynne), an ancestor of the Marquis of Bath. In March, 1674, the King again won *The Plate*, and Sir Robert Carr writing to his colleagues at Whitehall says: "Yesterday His Majesty rode himself three heates and a course, and won the Plate—all fower were hard and ne'er ridden, and I doe assure you the King wonn by good horsemanship."

In April of the same year there was a match between His Majesty's "topping horse, Blew Capp," and Lord Suffolk's Cripple, which the latter won, but it is uncertain whether it was "owners up"; as also in 1675, between Blew Capp and Mr. May's Thumper, result and riders not known. Then there was the match, which has been portrayed in the drawing attributed to Francis Barlow, of Henry Jermyn, afterwards Lord Dover, beating Charles II on the old Cambridgeshire course. We are indebted for these rather scant details to Mr. J. B. Muir, who must have taken an infinite amount of trouble in compiling *Ye Olde New Markitt Calendar*.

The racing of olden days on the Heath has been described in poem, prose and song, and one cannot do better than record the impressions of those who were, in person, witnesses of the sport.

Cosmo the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who came to Newmarket in 1669 to visit Charles II, has left his Memoirs in manuscript in the Laurentian Library at Florence. He writes about the racing :

The racecourse is a tract of ground in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, which extending to the distance of four miles over a spacious and level meadow, covered with very short grass, is marked out by tall wooden posts, painted white. These point out the road that leads directly to the goal, to which they are continued the whole way ; they are placed at regular distances from one another, and the last is distinguished by a flag mounted upon it, to designate the termination of the course. The horses intended for this exercise, in order to render them more swift, are kept always girt, that their bellies may not drop, and thereby interfere with the agility of their movements ; and when the time of the races draws near, they feed them with the greatest care, and very sparingly, giving them for the most part, in order to keep them in full vigour, beverages composed of soaked bread and fresh eggs. Two horses only started on this occasion, one belonging to Bernard Howard, of Norfolk, and the other to Sir — Elliot (*sic*). They left Newmarket saddled in a very simple and light manner after the English fashion, led by the hand, and at a slow pace by the men who were to ride them, dressed in taffeta of different colours, that of Howard being white ; and that of Elliot green. When they reached the place where they were to start, they mounted, and loosening the reins, let the horses go ; keeping them in at the beginning that they might not be too eager at first setting off, and their strength fail them in consequence at the more important part of the race ; and the farther they advanced in the course, the more they urged them, forcing them to continue it at full speed. When they came to the station where the King and the Duke of York, with some lords and gentlemen of His Majesty's court were waiting on horseback till they should pass, the latter set off after them at the utmost speed, which was scarcely inferior to that of the racehorses ; for the English horses, being accustomed to run, can keep up with the racers without difficulty ; and they are frequently trained for this purpose in another race ground, out of London,¹ situated on a hill which swells from the plain with so gradual and gentle a rise that at a distance it cannot be distinguished from a plain ; and there is always a numerous concourse of carriages there to see the races, upon which considerable bets are made. Meanwhile His Highness, with his attendants and others of his court, stopping on horseback at a little distance from the goal, rode along the meadows waiting the arrival of the horses, and of His Majesty, who came up close after them with a numerous

¹ This is rather unintelligible and may be a misprint for "out of town," i.e. possibly the Warren Hill.

train of gentlemen and ladies, who stood so thick on horseback, and galloped so freely, that they were no way inferior to those who had been for years accustomed to the *manège*. As the King passed, His Highness bowed, and immediately turned and followed His Majesty to the goal, where trumpets and drums which were in readiness for that purpose, sounded in applause of the conqueror, which was the horse of Sir — Elliot.

This somewhat curious narrative gives one a good idea of the matches of that period ; but there were, no doubt, wags at Newmarket then as now, and I wonder if any of them had gently tugged at one of the Grand Duke's locomotive members as to the soaked bread and fresh eggs ?

Again in 1753 the Earl of Bath gave his version : ¹

When the horses are in sight, and come near Choak Jade,² immediately the company all disperse, as if the devil rose out of his ditch and drove them, to get to the turning of the lands, or some other station, for seeing the push made. Now the contention becomes animating ; 'tis delightful to see two, or sometimes more, of the most beautiful animals of creation struggling for superiority, stretching every muscle and sinew to obtain the prize and reach the goal ! To observe the skill and address of the riders, who are all distinguished by different colours of white, blue, green, red, or yellow, sometimes spurring and whipping, sometimes checking or pulling, to give fresh breath and courage ! And it is often observed that the race is won as much by the dexterity of the rider, as by the vigour and fleetness of the animal.

It was the custom in these days for owners and other amateurs to ride in the last half mile with the leading horses, which was quite feasible, as it must be remembered that the racehorses had probably already run four miles and carried a welter-weight. It was, however, a most objectionable practice, seriously interfering with the race and also proving a fruitful source of accidents. When Moses won the Claret Stakes, Morisco, the second horse, was badly interfered with by these horsemen ; on another occasion, at the finish of a race in 1802, a countryman and his horse fell, bringing down Mr. Heathcote who rode immediately in his rear. Mr. Heathcote's horse broke its neck, and its rider was picked up for dead, but afterwards recovered, though several horsemen had ridden over him. The whole affair was a regular shambles, easily to be imagined, as there were sometimes a thou-

¹ *The World*, vol. I, No. 17.

² Choak Jade was that part of the Heath adjoining the Beacon Course before the *running gap* was reached. It will be seen from the map that the horsemen could take a short cut to the *turn of the lands*.

NEWMARKET RACES

(From the print after James Pollard)



sand horsemen on the Heath; the state of the ground in wet weather, after this peace-time cavalry charge had taken place must have been indescribable. So in 1838 the Jockey Club resolved "that any member of a racing club riding with the leading horses in a race shall be fined to the amount of 25 sovs., and all other persons to the amount of 5 sovs."

Not only did these horsemen cause accidents, but for many years the courses were never kept clear, and in old pictures and caricatures there is generally someone on horse or afoot playing the part of a ninepin. In the *Sporting Magazine* of 1816 a man writes a letter to the editor of the wonderful novelty at Oxford races never before witnessed in the memory of the oldest man living, which was that, during the three days' racing, "the course was kept clear." This marvellous feat was accomplished by the Mayor of the City swearing in twenty foot and two horse constables for the purposes, stout young men specially selected, who were charged to do their duty and offend no one. At Newmarket, before the day of the whipper and the rural constable, eighteen pole men officiated and endeavoured to keep the course clear.

I here append the song contributed by a Mr. Whitley to the *Sporting Magazine* of 1793, in which he likens the thread of life to races over various courses on the Heath :

Sure life's but a race, where each man runs his best,
If distanc'd or thrown, a bad match is the jest ;
Each strives to be foremost, and get the first in,
For he's but a bubble who don't wish to win.

A statesman starts eager to get to the post,
Where he who can jockey his rival gains most ;
Each crosses and jostles to get the whip-hand,
And he's the best rider who wins the most land.

Great men at preferment and perquisite catch,
He who obtains both has the best of the match ;
To keep his seat steady, his aim's to be rich,
Whips hard to take lead, and be first at the *Ditch*.

The world may be properly call'd the *Round Course*,
Where fleetness and management often beat force ;
A match that's well made here makes noblemen smile,
When a *feather* beats *weight* over *Abingdon Mile*.

Sly lawyers but *Jockey* us out of a cause,
 Whene'er they nonsuit us for blunders or flaws :
 And doctors mistaking the method to save,
 Do oftentimes jostle men into the grave.

The parson who gives us a very bad wife,
 Had much better jostle us out of our life ;
 For that wretched *groom* who dares marry a flirt,
 Is quite beaten hollow, and flung in the dirt.

The deep one or flat plays catch as catch can,
 And he who outshines us is held the best man ;
 From palaces down to the poor pedlar's stall,
 The placeman and pensioner, *Jockies* are all.

Ye spirited mortals, who love manly sport,
 To Newmarket meeting but yearly resort ;
 Well mounted you'll see, or else view from the stand,
 Mares, horses, and riders, the best in the land.

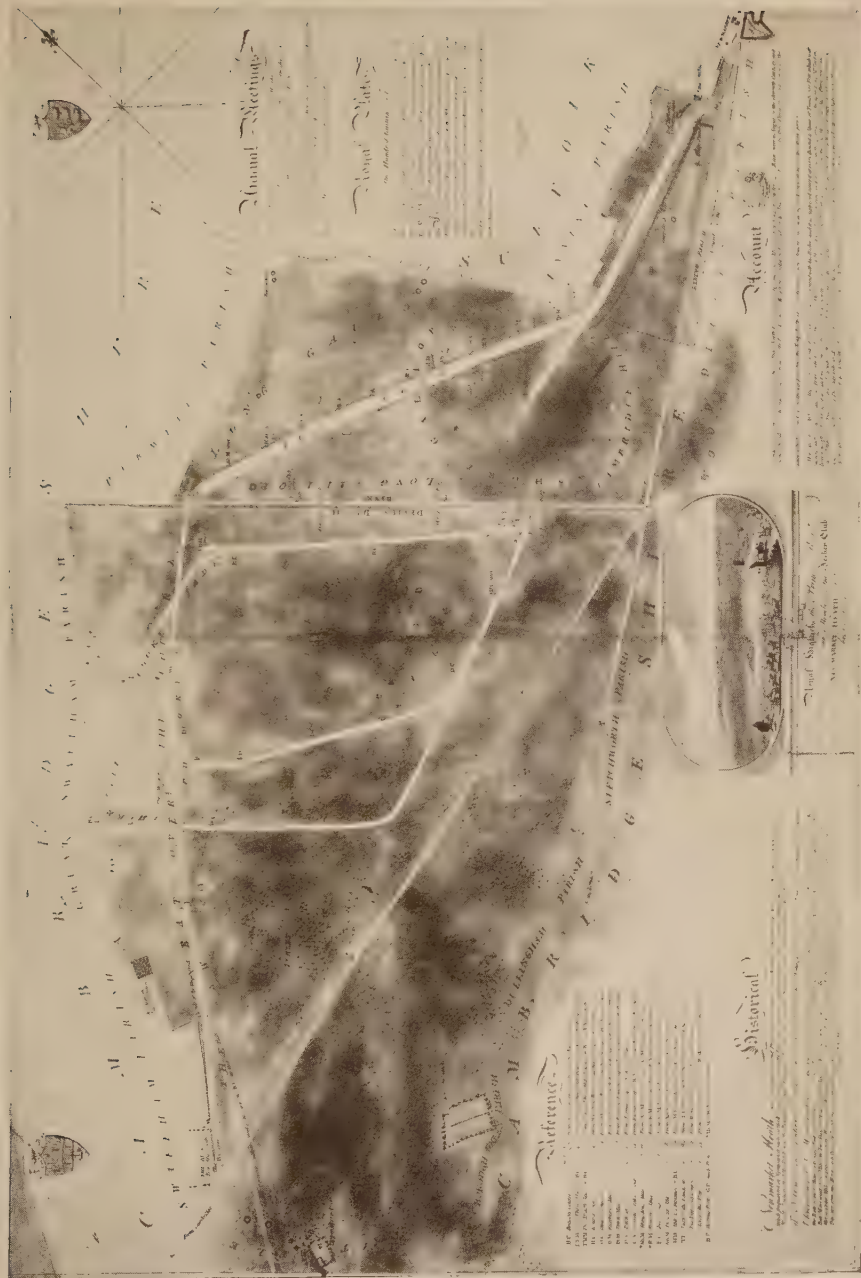
Since the globular earth but resembles a race,
 When mankind all start to get Fortune's embrace,
 In Europe no place like Newmarket for play,
 Haste *away* to NEWMARKET ! huzza ! boys, huzza !

Of important races and matches at Newmarket there are many ; we must mention a few.

The earliest authenticated match ¹ was March 8th, 1622, for £100, which would mean about £300 to-day. All we know about it is, that Lord Salisbury's horse beat the Duke of Buckingham's sorrel horse Prince, and that Thomas Francklin was the name of the Duke's groom, or presiding genius of his stable, which consisted of eight horses kept for what was then called summer and winter hunting. Then there is an interesting match ² 12th March, 1683 (probably a pony match), one mile for 20 guineas between a pony the property of the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton, ridden by " Jack " of Burford and Bob Killigrew. " Jack " won and received a guinea from the King, the termination of the race being acclaimed with the beating of drums. Though styled " Bob," this is probably Tom Killigrew, a notable Turfite in the days of the Merry Monarch, and second son of Sir Robert Killigrew, Chamberlain to Queen Henrietta Maria. He was Groom of the Bedchamber and Master of the Revels to Charles II, and a great character of the day. His dramatic writings, albeit coarse, show

¹ *Ye Olde New Markitt Calendar.* J. B. Muir.

² *Ibid.*



NEWMARKET HEATH IN 1787

originality, keen satire and literary ability. A good yarn about him is told in Isham Diary. Charles, in the midst of his gaiety, and surrounded by his mistresses, had been refraining from attending the Council Chamber, though pressing business was on hand. The Council having assembled, and the King not making his appearance, the Duke of Lauderdale, a man of hasty temper, not at all in the King's favour, hurried personally to remonstrate with his Sovereign; but to no avail. On quitting the royal presence he met Tom Killigrew who, desiring to appease the minister, offered to lay him a wager of £100 that the King would attend the Council in less than half an hour. Lauderdale accepted the bet and rejoined his colleagues, whereupon Killigrew entered the King's apartment and related to His Majesty all that had taken place. "I know," he said, "that Your Majesty hates Lauderdale, and it is only the necessity of your affairs which induces you to be civil to him. Now, if you choose to get rid of him you have only to go this once to the Council; I know his covetous disposition so well, that, rather than pay this £100, I am satisfied he would hang himself in spite, and never plague Your Majesty again." "Well, then, Killigrew," the King replied, "I positively will go." He kept his word and the wager was won.

Charles the Second established the Town Plate in 1664.¹ The King at this time assumed the office of General Arbitrator and Steward of the Jockey Club, and if these conditions which I append are genuine, as to which there is no evidence to the contrary, they are in all probability the first written and published regulations for the conduct of racing.

"Articles" copied from the original of this ancient Royal Gift, derivable from land in the occupation of Mr. Bryant, yielding an annual rent of £14, from which £4 18s. is deducted for rates and taxes. The winner also pays twenty shillings to the "Clerk of the race," in consideration of his keeping the course "plain and free from holes and cart ruts"; and twenty shillings to be distributed to the poor "on both sides of Newmarket," 13s. 4d. of which is given to St. Mary's parish, and 6s. 8d. to All Saints.

I notice that rates and taxes seem to have been no negligible quantity, even in those days.

¹ The Town Plate was left in perpetuity. It is still run for in a different form. Four miles for hacks regularly stabled in the town and ridden by Newmarket tradesmen. In 1922 it was worth £7. This race is not run under the ægis of the Jockey Club, but they allow the use of the ground.

ARTICLES ordered by His Majestie to be observed by all Persons that put in Horses to ride for the Plate, the New-Round-Heat, at Newmarket, set out the 16th Day of October (1664), in the 16th Year of our Sovereign Lord King Charles II.¹ which Plate is to be rid for yearly, the second Thursday in October for ever.

Imprimis, That every horse, mare or gelding that rideth for this prize shall be led out between eleven and twelve of the clock in the forenoon, and shall be ready to start by one of the same day.

Item, Every horse that rideth shall be bridled, saddled, and shod, and his rider shall weigh twelve stone, fourteen pounds to the stone; and every rider that wanteth above one pound and a half after he hath rid the heat, shall win no plate or prize.

Item, Every horse that rides the New Round Course three times over to set out the 16th day of October, in the 17th year of King Charles II, on the outside of the ditch from Newmarket, leaving all the posts and flags the first and last heats on the right hand, and the second on the left hand, starting and ending at the weighing-post, by Cambridge-gap, called Thomond's Post.

Item, Whatsoever horse rideth wittingly, or for advantage, within any of the said flags, shall win no plate or prize, but lose his stakes, and ride no more; but if he be thrust by any horse against his will, then he shall lose only the heat, provided he keeps all the rest of the flags, and come within distance.

Item, It is allowed for any horse to be relieved at the discretion of the owner at the end of each heat, and every horse shall have half-an-hour's time to rub between each heat.

Item, Whosoever doth stop or stay any of the horses that rideth for this plate or prize, if he be either owner, servant, party, or bettor, and it appears to be wittingly done, he shall win no plate, prize, or bets.

Item, Every rider that layeth hold on, or striketh any of the riders, shall win no plate or prize.

Item, If any horse, etc., shall fall by any mischance, so that the rider be dismounted, and if he does his best afterwards to get in within distance, and ride fair (which shall be determined by the judges of the field), he shall only lose one heat.

Item, Any of the judges may weigh any of the riders at the end of any of the heats; and if he be found to have fraudulently cast away any of his weight, and want any more than his pound and half, he shall lose the plate, prize and stakes.

¹ The year 1664 was the fourth since the accession of Charles II, not the sixteenth. The correct date was probably 1676.

Item, If any difference shall be about riding for this plate which is not expressed in these articles, it shall be referred to the noblemen and gentlemen which are there present, and being contributors to the said plate but more especially by the judges, the judges being to be chosen every time the plate or prize is to be run for by the major part of the contributors that are there present.

Item, Every horse that winneth three heats shall win the plate or prize, without running the course.

Item, Every horse that runneth for the plate or prize shall put in three pounds, except it be a contributor's horse and then he shall put in forty shillings.

Item, Whosoever winneth the plate or prize shall give to the clerk of the course twenty shillings, to be distributed to the poor on both sides of Newmarket, and twenty shillings to the clerk of the race, for which he is to keep the course plain and free from holes and cart ruts.

Item, The Clerk of the race is to receive the stakes before any horse starts, and is to deliver it to the tenant for the time being, who is to give sufficient security, not only for his rent, but likewise to add such stakes to the ensuing plate or prize the next year.

Item, Every horse, mare, or gelding, that rideth for this plate or prize shall likewise deposit twenty shillings for every heat, which the winning horse shall have ; and the last horse of every heat shall pay the second horse's stakes, and his own, which stakes are likewise to be deposited into the clerk of the race's hands before the horses start, to pay the winning horse his stakes every heat, and likewise twenty shillings to the second horse, to save his stakes ; but if there runneth but two horses, then no stakes to be run for but what is to add to the next year's plate.

Item, No horse that winneth not one of the three heats shall be permitted to come in to run the course.

Item, The Plate or prize is to be run for the second Thursday in October, every rider carrying twelve stone weight at fourteen pounds to the stone, besides bridle and saddle ; and if any gentleman that rides shall desire to carry weight in his saddle, he shall have the liberty, provided he allows two pounds to the rest for the weight of their saddle.

Item, The clerk of the race is to summon the riders to start again at the end of half-an-hour, by the signal of drum, trumpet, or any other way, setting up an hour-glass for that purpose.

Item, No man is admitted to ride for this plate or prize that is either serving man or groom.

Item, Those horses that after the running of the three heats shall run the four-mile course shall lead away and start within an hour and half, or else to win no plate or prize. (*Sporting Magazine*, Vol. 2, Second Series, p. 144.)

King's Plates of 100 guineas were run for at a very early date. There is in existence an order to the Jewell office in 1709 for the Queen's Plate.

Newmarket
Gold Cup
100

{ These are to signify Her Maj^{ty}. Pleasure that you prepare a Gold Cup of the Value of one hundred pounds for her Majesty's Plate at ye next meeting at New Market and that you carry it down with you to New Market, and for so doing this shall be your Warr^t. given under my hand this 29th. day of Sep^r., 1709, in ye eighth year of Her Majesty's Reign.

KENT.

To Jn^o. Charlton, Esq., Master of } Let this Warr^t. be executed.
Her Maj^{ty}. Jewell Office and in his } Whitehall Treasury Chambers,
Absence to ye rest of ye officers. } 29th. Sep^t., 1709.

GODOLPHIN.

This Plate was a Gold Cup and Cover weighing 24 ounces, which at £5 5s. per ounce cost the Treasury £126.

The signature "Godolphin" is interesting, being that of Sydney, Earl of Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer to Queen Anne, and a well-known Turfite who owned land and was a permanent resident at Newmarket for fully thirty years.

I quote the Hon. Roger North in his life of Lord Keeper Guilford:

Mr. Godolphin was a courtier at large, bred a page of honour; he had by his study and diligence mastered, not only all the classical learning, but all the arts and entertainments of the court; and, being naturally dark and reserved, he became an adept in court politics. But his talents of unravelling intricate matters, and exposing them to an easy view, was incomparable. He was an expert gamester, and capable of all business in which a courtier might be employed. All which, joined with a felicity of wit, and the communicative part of business, made him be always accounted, as he really was, a rising man at Court.

Burnet says he loved gaming the most of any man he ever knew, and Pope has written a poem confirming this.

There appear to be no particulars of the Whip before 1756, and its antiquity and the date of the first challenge or match are matters of mere guesswork. It is a challenge race which was run over the Beacon Course,¹ weights 10 stone. Then there was the Newmarket Challenge Cup, originally run over the Beacon Course but since 1903 over D.I. It was inaugurated in 1768, and its conditions are similar to those of the Whip. Another race claiming the closest association with the Heath is the Cesarewitch. When

¹ From 1903 the course was altered to D.I.

the Grand Duke Tsarewitch was at Newmarket in 1839 he left in the hands of the Stewards of the Jockey Club the munificent annuity of 300 sovereigns to be utilized as these gentlemen thought proper. It was decided to initiate Handicap Stakes called the Cesarewitch Stakes to which was to be added the whole amount of the Grand Duke's liberal gift. By the year 1841 there were already fifty acceptances, twenty-seven of which actually came under the Starters' orders, and in a fine race Lord Palmerston's Iliona, 4 yrs., by Priam out of Galopade's dam, 6 st. 11 lb., ridden by R. West, won. This race in 1857 was one to be remembered. After the two miles and a quarter had been traversed the result was a dead heat between three: Mr. R. Ten Broeck's, b.f. Prioress, 4 yrs., 6 st. 9 lb.; Captain Smith's b.c. El Hakim, 3 yrs., 6 st. 9 lb., and Mr. Saxon's, b.f. Queen Bess, 3 yrs., 4 st. 10 lb. When the dead heat was run off, Mr. Ten Broeck substituted Fordham for Tankerley, the boy who had previously ridden his filly, and Prioress won by a length and a half, which is not surprising as Fordham¹ was one of the greatest exponents of Jockeyship of all ages. As this is not a history of racing, it is inopportune to give anything like a complete list of the many great races which have been and are run over the celebrated arena of Newmarket, but I cannot refrain from mentioning a few others.

In 1773 a Sweepstake of 100 guineas each, and one hogshead of claret each, colts 8 st. 7 lb, fillies 8 st. 4 lb. (rising four), was run over the Beacon Course; so the winner not only netted, with eight starters, £840, but had eight hogsheads of claret with which to regale his friends, and I am sure that the parting with a hogshead of good claret was much more keenly felt by the losers than the loss of the guineas. Wagers of every sort and kind were a great feature of the 18th and early 19th centuries. Ancient betting books in several of the older clubs are full of them, many most weird and curious; and the classic Heath saw its full share of these

¹ John Osborne, to whom no reader of racing matter requires an introduction, was once asked: "Who was the best jockey he ever rode against?"

"Well," musingly replied John, "there's been a lot of good jockeys. Jim Robinson was a good jockey, and so was Fred Archer."

Still further pressing the veteran—"Now, John, let us have it out."

"Well," after a pause, Osborne said, "I am inclined to think Fordham was the best; you never quite knew where you had him."

And this from one of his greatest rivals over a long period of years.

A curious circumstance was the fact that Fordham gave up riding for six years, but when he returned to the pigskin, he rode as well as ever.

remarkable events. Perhaps one which caused the greatest sensation in its time was the celebrated match over the Beacon Course in 1799 between Sir Harry Tempest Vane's bay horse Hambletonian, 6 yrs., and Mr. Cookson's Diamond, 6 yrs.

The stakes were 3,000 guineas, and in addition the owners had a side bet of 800 guineas. Prodigious sums were betted on the match. Hambletonian being a Yorkshire horse, and Diamond well known at Newmarket, it was viewed as a contest between north and south, there being always keen competition between northern and southern stables. Buckle, one of the best jockeys of the day, to whose career we shall have cause to refer later, rode Hambletonian, carrying 8 st. 3 lb., and Dennis Fitzpatrick, the Irish Jockey, carrying 8 st., rode Diamond. It was a great struggle. Hambletonian led till the last half mile when Diamond got up to him, and then it was neck and neck to the winning-post, Hambletonian winning by what was then called *half a neck*. It casts a gloom over such a race to read that both horses were terribly lacerated by whip and spur, an occurrence, I fear, too common in those days. Sir Harry Vane had brought up two jockeys from Yorkshire, but eventually decided to make use of the services of Buckle, a Newmarket man, and this decision may very likely have accounted for the narrow margin of victory. The event drew together the largest concourse of people recorded on the Heath at the time. Not only had the Metropolis emptied itself of its sporting world, but all the gentlemen of the Turf from the neighbouring counties were assembled there. Every bed in Newmarket was bespoken three weeks before the race, and Cambridge, and every town and village within twenty miles of the course, was thronged with visitors. It was impossible to get stabling, and horses and grooms camped out or slept in the vehicles which had brought their masters to the scene. The result was anxiously awaited in London. A Mr. Hull, of Moorfields, who had three horses on the road (no tape in those days), was the first to convey the news; and in the evening Sir Harry Vane, who travelled up in a post-chaise and four, personally announced his horse's victory to the throng at the Cocoa Tree. It is of interest to record that Hambletonian was only once beaten, that being at York in 1797 when he opposed Deserter and Spread Eagle, on which occasion he ran out of the course just after the start; he also paid forfeit once to Sterling at Newmarket in 1792.

This match quite caught the public fancy. In the same year many people turned out to see a foot race in St. James's Park between two sergeants of the Guards who assumed the titles respectively of Hambletonian and Diamond ; the distance was 250 yards, and the wager was only for one guinea and a quarter of lamb ; Hambletonian again was the winner.

The Beacon Course was a most favourite *venue* for these events. In 1754 a brown mare only 13 hds. 3 ins. high, the property of Mr. Daniel Croker, was backed for 100 guineas, p.p. to do 300 miles on the Heath in 72 successive hours, which she completed in 64 hours and 20 minutes.

The mare was ridden by a boy weighing 4 st. 11 lb., without his saddle or bridle, and the course was backwards and forwards from the six mile house to the ending post of the Beacon Course. The performance was in the following sequence :

	<i>Miles.</i>
Monday, April 22, twenty-four miles and baited, twenty-four miles and baited, forty-eight and baited.	96
Tuesday, April 23, twenty-four miles and baited, twenty-four miles and baited, twenty-four and baited, thirty-six without baiting.	108
Wednesday, April 24, twenty-four miles and baited, twenty-four and baited, and forty-eight without baiting.	96
	Total 300

Several matches with foxhounds were run over the Beacon Course, and such contests became very fashionable, being run on a drag or train scent.

In a match for £500 between a couple of Mr. Meynell's hounds and a couple of Mr. Barry's, the pace was so severe that out of sixty horses starting only twelve got to the end. Mr. Meynell's hounds were badly beaten. The course extended from the rubbing house at the town end, to the starting-post of the Beacon Course, and the distance was covered in a little over eight minutes.

In 1797 Colonel Hopkins and a Mr. C. Robinson made a match for £500, the former running his foxhound Squib, which was to carry weight for size, and the latter, a rabbit beagle, which was to be given 50 yards.

Again, in 1804, we have the record of a foot race over these four miles, in which Mr. Mellish beat Lord F. Bentinck by about

50 yards, taking 38 minutes and 10 seconds to complete the course ; hardly a record performance !

An achievement of quite another class was the feat of the gentleman-commoner Cantab, who, in 1825, undertook to walk fifty miles, ride fifty and drive fifty, within twenty-five hours, which he did with two hours to spare ; and no mean record either !

The most remarkable feat in the annals of pedestrianism is said to have been performed on Newmarket Heath by a certain Captain Robert Barclay, who is reputed to have walked "one thousand miles in one thousand successive hours, at the rate of one mile in each hour." This extraordinary performance began on Wednesday, May 31st, 1809, at night, when Captain Barclay started his walk half a mile out from the Horse and Jockey, across the Norwich Road over the Heath, and returned. He completed the distance on Wednesday, July 12th, at 3.37 P.M., in the presence of ten thousand spectators.

N.B.—The bet was for 1,000 guineas a side, and it is supposed that there was no less than 100,000 guineas depending on the event.

Doctor Johnson tells of a Miss Pond, daughter of John Pond of racing calendar renown, who in 1758 rode one thousand miles on the Heath in one thousand successive hours, but mark this ! *on the same horse !*

With all due respect to the shades of Miss Pond and the Doctor, I feel constrained to say, in most un-Johnsonian English, "I don't think !"

Of more reasonable authenticity is the performance of Captain Jenison Shafto, who, in 1759, is said to have won £16,000 by riding fifty miles on Newmarket Heath in one hour, 49 minutes, 17 seconds, having betted that he would complete this feat in less than two hours. He was allowed to make use of as many horses as he pleased ; the number he actually rode being ten, all thoroughbred.

In 1761 Captain Jenison Shafto wagered with Mr. Hugo Meynell of fox-hunting fame, betting him an even 1,000 guineas that he would find a man to ride 2,900 miles in twenty-nine successive days ; that is, 100 miles a day on any one horse each day. This was accomplished by John Woodcock, a professional jockey, who started at one o'clock A.M. on May 4th, and finished at six P.M. on June 1st, having used only fourteen different horses ; he nearly failed through a mishap, for after riding sixty miles on a horse called

Quidnunc, it gave out, and he had to start that day's 100 miles all over again, this too, at ten o'clock in the morning when the sun was getting hot. His course was from Hare Park to the Ditch, three miles, and then another three miles round the Flat, on the Newmarket side of the Ditch, the arena being marked out by posts having lamps attached to them, as he did most of his riding at night to avoid the heat of the day.

In 1759 according to Hazlitt's edition of Holcroft's Memoirs, Mr. Holcroft witnessed a match (four miles B.C.) between Captain "Jockey" Vernon's Forester, and Captain Jenison Shafto's Elephant, in which, as the horses drew near to the winning-post, Elephant leading, Forester made one sudden dash and caught his opponent by the under jaw, which he gripped so violently as to hold him back. Forester lost, but seems to have tried his very best to win by fair means or foul. It is recorded that at the time, this was supposed, by "every experienced groom," and by John Watson, the rider of Forester, to be a "miraculously rare occurrence"; but as a matter of fact it is no such thing. Horses have often been known to savage one another in a race, Surefoot in the Derby of 1890, for instance.

These are a few of the incidents which gave an extra touch of colour to sport on the Heath in the 18th and early 19th centuries. With the exception of a very few races the *match* is now but a gleam of the past, or the accidental starting of only two of the competitors, generally running for first and second money.

Racing is now more or less stereotyped from the fall of the flag to the hoisting of the winning numbers; it is possibly none the worse for that, but it must be admitted that some of these curious wagers and contests added to the picturesque, and give us much enjoyment as we scan the sporting lore of bygone days.

Oftentimes pictured has been the race over the Rowley Mile for 1,000 guineas a side between Sir Joshua, belonging to Mr. Ralph Neville (afterwards Lord Braybrooke, editor of *Pepys's Diary*) and the inelegantly named Filho da Puta, the property of Mr. Houldsworth. The previous year, in 1815, the former had beaten Whisker, winner of that year's Derby, A.F. at Newmarket, and the latter had won this same year's St. Leger; neither having run in the Derby. Sir Joshua ridden by W. Arnull, carried 8 st. 2 lb., and Filho, with T. Goodison up, carried 8 st. 9 lb. They were both rising four, and one of the best races

ever known ensued, witnessed by an enormous crowd of spectators ; very large sums being bet on the event.

When Lord George Cavendish arrived at his lodgings at Mr. Boyce's for this meeting, he was met by the Hon. George Watson (one of his most intimate friends), and was immediately told that the Yorkshire gentlemen had mustered in great force to back Filho, whom they thought invincible. "I am glad to hear it," rejoined Lord George, "as I have brought my strong box with me." On repairing to the betting rooms he was received with cheers by the north-country sportsmen, and offers on all sides to bet 500 to 400 on Filho ; so taking out his betting book he wrote down all the bets he could obtain on those terms. He next offered to bet 500 even that Sir Joshua would win, and having got all the money he could on at evens, he was willing to lay 500 to 400 on Sir Joshua, as long as there were takers. How much money this one man had on Sir Joshua will never be known, but it was always said to be very near £50,000.

Filho got a bad start, as he reared at the post ; but the verdict was only a neck for Sir Joshua.

On Saturday of the Houghton Meeting of 1831 excitement again rose to fever pitch over Mr. Osbaldeston's undertaking to ride 200 miles in ten hours on the Heath for a wager of 1,000 guineas a side with Mr. Charité. In addition to this, on the Friday night Mr. Osbaldeston took a bet that he would accomplish this feat in nine hours. He was, on the whole, a favourite, though backers of Time were by no means wanting. The morning broke raw and wet, and Time then became a rising favourite. Seven o'clock saw Mr. Osbaldeston, Mr. Charité and their two umpires at the Ditch Stand, where only a few spectators had as yet gathered together, the watches of the umpires were set and locked up, and at thirteen minutes past seven "the Squire," as he was called, started on his journey. For some reason or other he failed to don his own racing colours, Lincoln Green, but rode in a black velvet cap, purple silk jacket and doeskins, his waist encircled with a whalebone riding belt. His saddles were covered with lambskin, and he rode with very short stirrup leathers. The course was four miles, mostly over the Round Course, and he changed horses on completing each four miles, taking no refreshment till after the 14th round, and then only a mouthful of bread and a little brandy and water. After the

THE EXTRAORDINARY MATCH OF TWO-HUNDRED MILES
AGAINST TIME BY G. OSBALDESTON

(Print by James Pollard, 1831)



THE RACE AT THE RACES

25th round he again had a snack, and the 26th was his fastest round, covering the four miles in eight minutes, which is remarkable galloping carrying 11 st. 2 lbs. After 120 miles in five hours, eight minutes, and wet to the skin, he dismounted for six minutes, during which he partook of cold partridge and weak brandy and water; and in spite of driving wind and rain, at nine minutes to four he had won his bets, having ridden the 200 miles in eight hours, thirty-nine minutes including stoppages.

In Rice's *History of the British Turf* we read that it required much exertion on the part of his supporters at the stand to make room for him to dismount, so great was the crush and enthusiasm. Those two beautiful women, Lady Chesterfield and her sister, Mrs. Anson, were among the first to offer their congratulations. The Squire seems to have been marvellously tough and fit, as, at the finish, there was no question of a post-chaise, smelling-salts, or restoratives of any kind; he just mounted his favourite hack Cannon Ball and, followed by every horseman on the ground, galloped back at a slashing pace to his lodgings at Perrin's in the town, where, after a hot bath and a couple of hours' rest, he was up again and enjoying a good dinner.

As usual in these times the Sporting Press jubilated in verse: one of the ditties ran:

TIME AND THE SQUIRE

A MATCH

Time " 'gainst the field," the parsons cry,
And add, by way of commentry
To warn each racing sinner,
Whatever length life's course may be,
" A.F., M.M., or T.Y.C.
" Time's sure to be the winner."

" Out upon their authority ! "
The Squire exclaims : " What's Time to me
" That I his steps should follow ?
" To challenge him I'm not afraid."
" Done," replies Time ; a match was made,
And Time was beaten hollow.

I think it was in 1862, at the Houghton meeting, that one of the best known bookies of the day, Jackson, commonly called " Jock of Oran," elected to get up and ride a match, catch weights,

last half of the Rowley Mile, against a well-known professional; no other than the celebrated George Fordham, who matched his hack Levity, aged, for £500, p.p., against Jackson's Neptuneus, three years. The result was, as anyone acquainted with the art of race riding would anticipate: Fordham won by twenty lengths.

It is possible that readers of this book will have seen pacing matches on the far side of the Atlantic, a form of sport not unknown on the Heath, and quite in vogue for some three years about 1720, when matches were made over distances up to twelve miles; Sir Robert Fagg, Colonel Pitt, Mr. Pelham, and many other well-known men of the day, taking a leading part in this now defunct sport.

Early matches on the Heath have been recorded, but it is difficult to appreciate the intrinsic merits of the horses that took part in them; though as it is a matter of history that many good mares were imported from Tangier, which was part of Queen Catherine of Braganza's dowry, it is probable that some of these were of quality. William III, between the year 1695 and his death, is said to have run some good horses, including Turk, Cricket, Cupid and Stiff Dick; the last named appears to have been of some merit, as he beat the Marquis of Wharton's Careless, which was certainly, *par excellence*, of the best; although there was a great difference in the weights in this race, Careless carrying 9 st., and Stiff Dick a feather weight. Mr. J. B. Muir in his book *Frampton and the Dragon*, speaking of Careless writes: "It is said of this distinguished Racer that he was so good no owner of racehorses at Newmarket would make a match with him upon ordinary terms." This would account for the disparity in weights in the match with Stiff Dick. Other good horses of those days were Dimple, the property of the Duke of Devonshire, the first horse mentioned as having won the Whip, the same owner's fabulous Flying Childers so often portrayed, and Bonny Black, a famous mare in 1713, belonging to the Duke of Rutland.

As for tracing the pedigrees of some of these horses . . . well, I could shout for joy that I am not writing a history of racing; the theme being one of confusion and intricacy. Whenever there was a super-horse, his or her name descended to many of their offspring, and even to subsequent horses in the same ownership.

The Duke of Bolton's Bay Bolton of 1712, for instance, was followed by a Bay Bolton of 1724 to 1726.

In like manner the Duke of Somerset's Windham of 1712 was succeeded by Young Windham of 1724-6, in the same ownership.

There were at least four horses called Dragon mentioned previously to 1728! What was styled a "Top Horse" at that time perpetuated his or her fame, by name, to worthy or unworthy successors. At a later date, what about Eclipse by Marske out of Spiletta, bred by the Duke of Cumberland in the paddocks of Windsor Great Park? Well! good, excellent, super-excellent! of Eclipse first, and-the-rest-nowhere renown; he has had a whole book written about his equine self, and it only remains for me to say that his first race at Newmarket was at the Spring Meeting of 1770, when he was matched, over the Beacon Course, against Mr. Wentworth's chestnut horse Bucephalus, a very fine racer; both being six year olds, and some of the records say that this was the only horse that made Eclipse gallop for even part of a race. His last race here, moreover his last appearance on the Turf, was at the October Meeting of 1770, when, with odds of 70 to 1 betted on him, he beat Sir Charles Bunbury's Corsican over the Beacon Course. The high opinion held of this horse by his subsequent owner, Colonel O'Kelly, is worth recording. When an offer to purchase him was made, O'Kelly stated his terms to be as follows: £20,000 down, an annuity of £500 for his (O'Kelly's) life, and the right of having three mares every year stinted to Eclipse, as long as he lived.

Plenipotentiary, Highflyer, Bay Middleton, St. Simon, Ormonde; so many great names present themselves to the mind. Suggest ten super-horses which have galloped on this classic ground and you will straightway remember a further ten of equal merit. And as to their mettle—well, in these cases, comparisons are not only odious, but futile; *autre temps, autre mœurs*; and all clocking and the studying of weights, distances and racing calendars will not create a just idea of the merits and prowess of the horses of one generation, as compared with those of a distant date. Practically all the equine celebrities have, at some time or another, stretched stride on this Heath, and long may they continue to do so.

For many years Newmarket could boast a proud supremacy in horse-flesh. To say that a horse came from Newmarket was to bestow the hall-mark of perfection, and was a practical guarantee that it would carry off the honours of the day at any country meeting. However, early in the 19th century the favours were divided with or lost to new training centres. The great sporting families of the north, the FitzWilliams, Scarbroughs, Lambtons, made use of the racing stables in closer proximity to their country seats, and this fact, in conjunction with the growing importance of the meetings at York and Doncaster, inaugurated a new era—the divine right of Newmarket was no longer absolute.

The rivalry between north and south extended equally to owners, trainers and jockeys, who were all under the influence of this *jalousie de métier*, which was perhaps at its climax in 1827, when the Hon. Edward Petre's Matilda, trained by Scott at Langton Wold, beat the Derby winner, Mr. Gully's Mameluke, trained by Edwards at Newmarket, for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster.

In Kent's *Racing Life of Lord George Cavendish Bentinck*, we get a clear appreciation of the case :

At the beginning of this century Frank Buckle was the crack jockey at Newmarket, which was always regarded as being in the south of England, and simultaneously John Shepherd held a similar position among his northern congeners. Buckle and Shepherd were frequently in the habit of meeting in races and matches, and no slight jealousy existed between them, although Buckle was naturally too kind hearted and easy going to harbour an unkind thought about anybody. He was sometimes forced, however, to ride with suspicion, because Shepherd was by no means scrupulous, and would take every unfair advantage that came his way, which, indeed, was at that time a characteristic of most of the north-country jockeys. Frequently there was a great deal of money belted upon matches in which Buckle and Shepherd met, and in those days it was generally impossible to draw a line, or form an estimate as to the comparative merits of the two opposing horses. As a rule, it was Shepherd's policy to make running, while Buckle waited, following immediately in his antagonist's track. It once occurred that in a match over the four-mile course at York, Buckle had his enemy dead-beat about a hundred yards from home, and came up between Shepherd and the rails. Even then the north-country jockey would not allow himself to be beaten ; as he drove Buckle, who would otherwise have won in a canter, upon the rails and kept his own knee in advance of Buckle's knee, so that the latter found it impossible to extricate himself from the position in which his old antagonist held him as

in a vice. In those days there was no such thing as disqualification for foul riding, and Buckle knew full well that no complaint made by him would be listened to for a moment on a Yorkshire course. He contented himself, therefore, by saying to Shepherd : " It will not be long, I reckon, before you and I meet again at Newmarket, where you cannot drive me on the rails ; and then I warn you that I will have my revenge." He had his revenge, as in the course of a few weeks the two jockeys met in an important match over the Beacon Course. Shepherd, who was generally regarded as a wonderful judge of pace, made the running, and Buckle, whose forte was his great skill in the *finesse* of a finish, was content to lie immediately in the wake of his rival. Shepherd turned right round several times and assured himself that he was making the pace so good that he would gallop his opponent to a standstill long before the finish. When they were about 100 yards from the chair, the north countryman became aware that he had not yet done with Buckle, who showed signs of coming up on his whip hand, so fixing his eye on the winning post he rode on his best ; but Buckle, perceiving the exact situation, pulled round to the near side and getting the first run in, he just scored by half a length. Great shouts of delight and cheering arose from the onlookers when they witnessed the merited success of their jockey, and Buckle is said to have curtly remarked to his beaten adversary—" I told you when you came to Newmarket that I would pay you off, as I have done to-day."

Frank Buckle, the son of a saddler, to which trade he was first apprenticed, was born at Newmarket in 1766, and soon came to the conclusion that the fashioning of pigskin was not to be compared to its subsequent utility as a conveyance, so he declared for stables and horses, and is first heard of when a boy of nine, riding at exercise for Earl Grosvenor. A natural horseman, he soon worked himself up to the profession of a jockey, and made his first regular appearance on the Heath in 1783.

Early in life he took a leaf from the book of the elder Sam Chifney, adopting most of the ingenious points of that celebrated rider and discarding others which appeared to him to savour merely of display and ornament. His chief patrons were Mr. Udney, the Duke of Grafton, Earl Grosvenor and Mr. Wilson, but he also frequently rode for Colonel Mellish, and I have reproduced a sketch by Dighton in 1806 showing that celebrated racing dandy of the period giving his final instructions to Buckle. In a sporting work of that day this drawing is referred to as an excellent likeness, both of this great " knight of the pigskin " and of his well-known patron. In a period when jockeys were very slovenly in their attire, Buckle's turn-out ever showed the

greatest neatness, boots and breeches fitting to perfection. He was an agreeable companion, always ready to help others, and never grudging any hints or advice on riding by which he could assist the younger generation. Frugal in his habits, it was his delight to celebrate the close of every racing season by a supper which consisted mainly of roast goose and old ale : such a contrast with the knights of the Hotels Cecil and Savoy of our time, such as Tod Sloan and others, and it is greatly to his credit that at an age when laxity of Turf morals was at a climax, he continued to follow an honourable and spotless course. His honesty was sometimes his own undoing, but withal he made a good income, and put by a large sum of money for his old age, leaving an example to those who succeeded him which bore out the good old saying that *honesty is the best policy*.

On one occasion he had backed a horse of Mr. Durand's for a considerable sum at Lewes ; but was obliged to ride another horse in the same race. He won the race, *out of the fire*, for his employer, and thereby lost his own money. In another race at Headquarters in 1811 he rode a horse called Wizard against Arnall, who was riding Middlethorpe ; the latter, a son of Shuttle, a bad-tempered breed, stopped so short that Arnall was pitched off and Buckle finished alone. Much to his astonishment he had the greatest difficulty in keeping Wizard on his legs till the winning-post was passed. The horse reeled and staggered and could barely stand. "I don't know what you have done to this horse!" exclaimed Buckle to the trainer. No reply was made by the dishonest trainer, who had lost a packet by backing Middlethorpe.

Buckle was one of the few jockeys who won the Derby and Oaks in the same year. His performance is worth a reference. He had in 1802 taken long odds that he would win both these races. His horse for the Derby was the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, a very middling beast and 7 to 1 was the price against him for the race ; the favourite being Mr. Wilson's colt by Young Eclipse, the best horse of his year at a mile ; 11 to 8 against him being his price. The favourite made the running and was opposed by Sir Charles Bunbury's Orlando, who stuck to him hard for the first mile. Buckle's fine judgment of pace told him that they must both stop and come back to him, so following and watching them, he eventually came up with Tyrant, and to the

COLONEL MELLISH AND BUCKLE

(From the drawing by Dighton, 1806)



A HERO of the TURF & his AGENT.

surprise of everyone won the greatest of prizes with a very mediocre horse. He fancied the chance of Mr. Wastell's Scotia for the Oaks, and obtained permission to have the mount—she was beaten three times between Tattenham Corner and home; but he got her up again in front and won by a head.

For some time Buckle lived at Peterborough and thought nothing of galloping his hacks to Newmarket, riding his trials and returning to Peterborough in time for tea, covering 92 miles, besides his work on the Heath. His last race was in 1831, just 50 years from the beginning of his public life. In his time he was a master of hounds, a breeder of greyhounds, fighting cocks and bull dogs; and was celebrated for his excellent hacks. He also, at one period, went in largely for farming and was famous for his good butter. Late in life he transferred his headquarters to Bury St. Edmunds, so as to give his sons a better education. His whip went to Germany for a challenge whip for the German Turf. It is thus described by "Nimrod" in his *German Tour*.

It was the Whip of the very, very celebrated English jockey, Mr. Buckle, and had the honour of being instrumental—at least it might have been so, if wanted—in winning very large sums of money. The Governor's letter (Buckle was familiarly called by the title of Governor by his friends at Newmarket), which accompanied this trophy, was well worthy of perusal. After recapitulating the undermentioned races, he concludes with these words, "and most of the good things at Newmarket." Of course, the Whip is to be challenged for at the different meetings, and is at present in the possession of Count Hahn.

On the handle of Buckle's whip, which was covered with silver for the purpose, was the following list of races he had won with it in his hand:

DERBY

- 1792. Earl of Grosvenor's John Bull.
- 1794. Earl Grosvenor's Dadelus.
- 1796. Sir Frank Standish's Didelot.
- 1802. Duke of Grafton's Tyrant.
- 1811. Sir John Shelley's Phantom.

OAKS

- 1797. Earl Grosvenor's Nike.
- 1798. Mr. Durand's Bellissima.
- 1799. Earl Grosvenor's Bellina.
- 1802. Mr. Wastell's Scotia.
- 1805. Earl Grosvenor's Meteora.
- 1818. Colonel Udny's Corinne.
- 1823. Duke of Grafton's Zinc.

ST. LEGER

1800. Mr. Christopher Wilson's Champion.

1804. Colonel Mellish's Sancho.

and most of the good things at Newmarket.

Honest and straight, a fine representative of Newmarket jockeys was Flatman, better known by the *sobriquet* of "Nat." The son of a small yeoman farmer, he was born in 1810 at Holton St. Mary in Suffolk and gravitated to Newmarket when a lad less than 4 stone in weight, where he entered the employment of William Cooper, one of the best and most upright trainers of the day, of whose stable Colonel Peel was the presiding genius. His first mount was on Lord Exeter's Golden Pin in 1829, and curiously enough his last upon the Duke of Bedford's Golden Pippin in 1859. During most of his riding career he could ride 7st. 5lb., so he got plenty of mounts, and for seven years (1846 to 1852) headed the list of winning jockeys. In the course of his 30 years of riding, his chief patrons were William Cooper's stable (including Colonel Peel and Captain George Byng), afterwards Mr. Payne, Mr. Greville and Lord Chesterfield and finally Lord Glasgow and the Goodwood Stable. To quote John Kent again¹:

I have often heard him say that there was no stable for which he rode with greater pleasure and confidence than the Goodwood Stable, as he always found our horses to be just what they were represented to him before the race. One further trait I must mention, which was, in my opinion, greatly to his credit. No jockey ever rode in more trials than Flatman did, but not a word as to the results ever escaped his lips. He would stop, for instance, at Bretby, on his way back from Malton, where he had been riding trials for Colonel Anson and John Scott. Although Colonel Anson and Lord Chesterfield were brothers-in-law, Nat would never consent to say one syllable to Lord Chesterfield, of whom he was very fond, and for whom he had ridden for years, as to the trials in which he had taken part. It is greatly to be regretted that the fidelity, silence, obedience to orders, and general integrity of Flatman are not more closely copied by his modern successors, some of whom amass in ten years ten times as large a fortune as by steady industry and conscientious honesty he acquired in thirty.

John Kent's eulogy of Flatman's loyalty to his employers recalls to me a passage in Sir John Astley's *Fifty Years of My Life* in which he is discussing another great jockey, George

¹ *Racing Life of Lord George Cavendish Bentinck.*

Fordham. After describing him as a paragon of honesty, he goes on to say :

On one occasion I was much struck with his honesty to Mr. Ten Broeck. I had gone down with Fordham overnight to Brighton, and we had supper together before turning in. At daybreak we started in a cab and got out (as was my custom when I went down to try my horses) at a farmhouse two miles short of Lewes where two hacks awaited us, and we rode over the hills to the trial ground. After two or three trials, we rode down to Drewitts, and played havoc with an excellent breakfast, went round the stables, and travelled up to London together. It was just before the Derby, when Umpire was a great favourite, and I was dying to know what chance Fordham thought the horse had, as he was going to ride him, but, though we talked much of the race, Umpire's name was never mentioned, and in spite of our having spent so many hours together, "The Kid" (as I called him) left me as ignorant of his opinion of his mount, as if he didn't know there was such a horse. How many jockeys are there now who would not tell a casual acquaintance in ten minutes all he knew about his Derby mount? and, mind you, there are not many owners who would not ask!

Flatman died in 1860 and lies buried under the tower of All Saints' Church, Newmarket.

Prosperity is regarded as the legitimate offspring of industry, but what about "good luck," the natural child of Fortune? Industry is frequently founded on a basis of incipient good fortune. There was, for example, the man who became a millionaire and who eventually, with his three sons, represented four counties in Parliament. He started life as an errand boy, but all the assiduity in the world could never have helped him to amass his wealth in the threescore years and ten allotted to us had it not been for the fact that when he had met with success sufficient to set up as a small bookseller in Dublin he happened to have on sale some lottery tickets. A great rush to buy them soon exhausted the packet and there were but two halves left. These he was about to return to London, when a pretty girl came into the shop and they began to exchange a light *badinage*. He showed her the ticket and proposed that they should each buy a half. We imagine that the young lady was not a total stranger—since they entered upon an engagement to get married should they get the lucky number. The ticket turned up a £20,000 prize, and the two shared fortune and future in the happiest of unions, the pretty girl becoming the mother of the three Members of Parliament.

Then there was the man who rushed to the roulette table just as the *rien ne va plus* sounded, to place a large stake on an even chance. In the crowd someone jogged his arm and the *plaque* fell on a number *en plein*. Too late to make any alteration, he felt his money was gone, when up came the number !

Well, no similar chances of good fortune lit up the career of Arthur Pavis, the Newmarket jockey I am now going to talk about. His lucky star was the circumstance that at the age of 30 years he was still able to ride seven stone. Already a natural horseman at the top of his profession, he could utilize his unrivalled practice and ability in feather-weight handicaps, competing with absolute children, so that at the end of the year 1836 he had ridden fifteen hundred and one races, and won five hundred and ninety-two. His first public appearance as a jockey was on Nightshade at Exeter in 1821, upon which occasion he rode 3 st. 11 lb. and was beaten a head. When quite a boy he was taken over to Ireland to ride light-weights by Lord Rossmore, only remaining there for a few months, in consequence of some person coming forward to swear that all His Lordship's two-year-olds were in point of fact *three*, Lord Rossmore thereupon declining to run any more horses that season. But his first regular patron was His Majesty George IV, whose light-weights he rode, and the purple and scarlet was frequently seen in the van under his skilful guidance. Subsequently he was engaged to ride for the Duke of Richmond, but he is still more closely identified with the purple and orange of Colonel Peel, an association lasting till his death, though all owners at Newmarket were only too happy to enlist his services to ride their light-weights.

There is a good yarn about the Liverpool Meeting of 1830. On entering the saddling stables, Pavis was discovered in an unknown colour about to mount a horse called Young Patrick, belonging to an Irish gentleman with a particularly rubicund countenance, whose orders were given *coram populo* in megaphone accents :

"Misther Pavis, I believe ?"

"That's my name," said Arthur.

"Well, then, they tell me you are a fine rither, but be me soul I don't like your rithing at all."

"Indeed," said the jockey, smiling, "then as it strikes me you had better get someone else."

"Oh, no, bee g—d! Sit still where you are, I don't mane that, but I hear all you Newmarket rithers till your masters you'll make the running, and afther that ye go poking behind as ye did yesterday on Bolivar; bee me soul, if you had made running wid him, he'd have won in a canther; now ye see I want ye to make running all the way."

"Very well," said Arthur, "but suppose I can't go fast enough, what's to be done then?"

"Oh, by Jasus! then I suppose you must stop behind!"

The account Pavis gave of the race was: "Away they went at a pace I knew they could not live to come home with, so I laid last till within a quarter of a mile from the finish, and then cantered in first, fifty yards or so."

But all this was of no avail with the pig-headed Emerald Islander, who as soon as Pavis dismounted swore, "By the god of war ye shall never cross another harse of me own!" . . . and he kept his word!

This story reminds me of another of much later date. Huxtable used to ride light-weights for the Duchess of Montrose, and in a certain race Her Grace gave him minutest instructions to make the running. The horse was beaten, and the Duchess was furious with Huxtable, and asked him why on earth he did not obey her orders, and "come along with the horse." To this very pertinent question the jockey made answer: "I am sorry, Your Grace, but I should have had to come along *without* the horse."

Pavis failed to win the Derby of 1837, Phosphorus year, by a neck. A writer in the *Sporting Magazine* of that year sums him up rather aptly as: "All over, from top to toe, moulded for the racing saddle." There was a savour of bygone taste in his costume, his boots reaching to his knees, polished to perfection, but the tops uncleaned! His style of riding was simple and unaffected, and though he did not often make the running, he never committed the error of laying too far out of his ground.

Happily married, Pavis had a charming home at Newmarket, adorned with every comfort of the day, and completed by a fine collection of sporting prints and pictures of racehorses. He died there, after a short and sudden illness of only two days, at

the early age of thirty-two, on October 15th, 1839. In *Silk and Scarlet* the Druid says that Pavis was dreadfully conceited, through having such a fuss made of him, and from the fact that for so many years he had been able to keep the light-weight monopoly. Be that as it may, his competition with Sam Chifney, Junior, seems to have put him in his place, as in *Post and Paddock* the same writer quotes little Pavis' own words describing his race with Sam. When they had got about 200 yards, Sam said, "Well, young-un, aren't you going to make running? Better take a cigar at once."

Pavis cantered on till about 100 yards from the Chair, when he took his mare by the head and dug the spurs into her.

"There was Clark's box close at hand, and I thought I'd slipped him. No, no! might as well try to slip old Nick; he was at my neck like a flash of lightning, before I had got two strides; my mare swerved and cannoned him, but he pulled his horse straight and just beat me a head on the post. They tried to make out he had crossed me, but I wouldn't have it, and stuck to it he had fairly outridden me . . . he's a rum-un to ride against, is Sam."

The Arnalls, Goodisons, Chifneys, Edwards and Robinson; what names for the writers of racing reminiscences to conjure with! Of the Chifneys more anon, as I regard them as very prominent inhabitants of Newmarket.

And of the jockeys who preceded them, scores of them; and of those who succeeded them, Archer, Wood, Webb, the Chaloners, the Loateses and Cannons . . . many win and have won renown, varying in their prowess; some excelling at the waiting game, with the nearest approach they can conceive to the "Chifney rush" at the finish; some lying out of their ground, past masters in the art of judging pace, contented to creep up inch by inch, and just put that neck, which was all they could get out of the horse, to their credit.

And again others who in most cases prefer to come right away and stay there, if they can, or who adopt that delicate calculation known as "waiting in front." All these, each successful in his own particular style, quickly adapting themselves to circumstances, bear names that are recorded in golden letters. Many other jockeys there are, also intimately connected with the town we are endeavouring to illustrate, who never quite click—

reliable, conscientious riders they may be, always thereabouts at the finish ; but they fail to realize a perfect automatic accord of brain and action. At the critical penultimate moment the mainspring which controls their imagination functions slowly ; perception, vision, come just one fraction of a second too late, when the winning post is passed, the race won by another. Many qualities combine to the making of an ideal jockey—honesty, swift decision, sound judgment, unfailing intuition.

The witty epitome of the jockey as “two feet of silk and three feet of twill breeches and boots in convulsions” would lead one erroneously to think of the physical side as predominant, but the jockey is more than the *mannequin* who can ride—he needs the inspiration of guidance and control.

Amusing traits of jockeys abound. One Ben Smith, not of Newmarket, but from the north, was a regular Mrs. Malaprop in breeches ; he had stock phrases which he used on the most unsuitable occasions, as when one of his patrons told him *how very poorly* he felt that morning his favourite expression would be : “*Glad of it, Sir ! Glad of it. I should say, Sir, that horse of yours is fifteen four or five,*” and again, “*If you’ll only buy that horse, I’ll warrant he’ll win all the Maiden Plates in Scotland*” ; and his only comment on three two-year-olds on which his opinion was challenged, was the withering remark : “*I’ll lay, Sir, thou maans them to be in the rear.*”

The 19th century wrought a transformation in the Newmarket trainer. Education, often much overdone in our time, certainly not only altered his habits but revolutionized his class, and in the place of the ignorant bigot of somewhat low origin, who inflicted the most injurious discipline on his beast, has sprung up a more refined and enlightened community, who watch with attention the temper and constitution of their horses, and are guided by the precepts of common sense instead of by the futile formulæ handed down to them from their fathers.

It is, however, only fair to remember the many difficulties which beset the early trainer, not one of the least being the conveyance of his horse to a distant race meeting. As an example Mr. John Scott’s Cyprian walked from Malton to Epsom and won the Oaks of 1836, whence she was immediately redispached on foot to Newcastle to win the Northumberland Plate, taking nearly a month to walk the 300 miles from Epsom to Newcastle.

Of course, a journey of this sort would frequently wear out a young horse or lame it for life, quite apart from the risk it ran of contracting disease in the unhealthy stabling of the various inns on the road. In spite of these handicaps, when in this same year Lord George Bentinck introduced vans for the conveyance of horses, the innate conservatism of the Newmarket trainers was so pronounced that they insisted that this unnatural method was bound to be injurious to the delicate constitution of the thoroughbred in training.¹

Another difficulty the old-time trainer had to contend with was the state of the training grounds. This has gradually improved, till now at Newmarket it is almost perfection. Imagine the difficulties of training in a frosty late winter or early spring, with no tan tracks or carefully selected low-lying ground, where longer grass is purposely permitted to grow to make the gallops more elastic.

The idea of a covered ride had been thought out and put into practice by Lord Exeter towards the middle of the last century. This ride is still in existence, and lies between Foley House, where his lordship lived, and Exeter House, formerly the residence of his trainer, and now occupied by Mr. Walter Griggs. It was laid down with sea sand, traces of which can still be detected, and no doubt the going is good enough, though tiring to horses. It is certainly an asset in hard weather as an alternative to the straw bed, but with the open winters we experience nowadays, it is hard to realize the necessity of such a substitute. However, one of the older trainers recently told me that in days gone by he often remembered his horses confined to the straw bed for a period of eight or nine weeks. But for training purposes, even for cantering horses, anything in the nature of a riding school, whatever the size, is futile, nay harmful. It is quite acceptable for the training of park hacks, or for the polo pony, part of whose education it is to stop and turn quickly on his hocks, as well as gallop; but for the racehorse . . . well, it teaches him to shorten his stride . . . and that is a very conclusive objection.

A word might be said about the somewhat eccentric nobleman who built this ride.

¹ The first attempt to convey a racehorse by van was in 1816, when Mr. Terrett's Sovereign was moved from Worcestershire to Newmarket to compete in the 2,000. This was, however, only a bullock caravan, and as the horse was beaten the van was discarded.



THE MARQUIS OF EXETER'S COVERED RIDE AT NEWMARKET, 1840

A small man who generally dressed in black, he was an old-fashioned sportsman of the best school, who started his turf career in 1816, and very soon migrated to Newmarket, where he became a prominent and respected figure. He gave up racing in 1866.

One eccentricity which was attributed to him was a habit of ignoring others out of doors. He would walk from one end of the High Street to the other, and would take no notice of the many people who saluted him.

Another bee in this nobleman's bonnet was a practice of trying his horses, much against the wish of his trainer. Whenever they were beat he would have a fresh trial the same evening, and, if this were not satisfactory, try them again the next morning, even if they had an engagement that same day. Needless to relate the horses were often stale, and sometimes they broke down. On relinquishing racing, Lord Exeter sold his Newmarket property to Mr. Simpson, the banker at Diss.

A trainer's life at Headquarters has been depicted as a perfect elysium. I think myself that it is a jolly one; but it has a seamy side which does not thrust itself upon the casual observer, who only sees the bonny neat house with its bulbs in spring and variety of flowers in summer . . . its cosy interior, warm and comfortable; the walls hung with trophies of the chase and pictures of winners the owner has trained.

The open-air life . . . a canter in the early morning with the string on the best of hacks, the congenial company of the other residents, the best of fellows all interested in the same "great game"; then the round of sport which Newmarket affords for the trainer's leisure hours . . . good shooting, hunting, golf . . . all the lesser outdoor sports, combining health and pleasure.

Very nice! But there is another aspect. Long hours of hard work and mental worry, and that element of luck to be reckoned with . . . which makes or mars.

What a delicate animal a fine upstanding thoroughbred really is! The Bill of Health in a stable may be absolutely clean one day and tell a terrible tale the next. There are so many pitfalls before a horse comes under the starter's orders. There is the brilliant but unsound racehorse who really has only three legs, of which the trainer has to make four; anxious and vexatious

work, which must be undertaken. Many owners seldom come to Newmarket, an absence entailing voluminous correspondence for the trainer, for, whether a man has one horse or many, he naturally expects to receive continual information. Then there are the horses' engagements to be made, generally done by the trainer, or on his advice; this again is a most complicated study, requiring much thought, care and wrestling with the *Racing Calendar*.

One could go on writing indefinitely on the arduous responsibilities of trainers. On the course there are a lot of people who continually tout them. The usual question is: "What is going to win such and such a race?" or "Do you fancy yours?" Stereotyped replies have often been devised on the lines of political answers: such as "the matter is having consideration!" That passes muster in the House of Commons which has been bred on the elusive, but racing etiquette does not permit such evasions—they merely sound insolent.

One trainer when asked if he fancied his horse, always said: "I have backed him for a trifle." He never betted, but that did not matter; as an answer it was all-sufficient. Mr. Manton (the Duchess of Montrose) is said to have once accosted Marsh with: "Well, Marsh, what will win these two races to-day?" mentioning a couple of events. "Well, Your Grace," said Marsh, naming two horses he fancied, "I think so-and-so will win the first and so-and-so the second." "But," retorted the Duchess, "these are newspaper tips"; and she turned away superciliously.

It so happened that the two horses named by Marsh won their respective races; and so on the following day the Duchess again asked him: "What will win these two races to-day?" With a touch of latent humour Marsh replied: "Oh, Your Grace, I regret I haven't seen the newspapers this morning and so can't tell you."

To give a list of Newmarket super-trainers would be as prodigious a task as to give a list of super-horses! At the head of the long roll would come Sir William Powell, and Sir George Marshall, surveyors of the races and stud of James I, and it would end with "I don't know whom." "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," but a much longer one from Marshall to "I don't know whom"! However, the arena for their efforts is here. There are now innumerable gallops, and a list of those open is always shown outside the Jockey Club Office in the town; they are needed

too for training and exercising over two thousand horses, including at various times a few chasers.

Systematic training of horses for steeplechasing was begun at Newmarket in 1849; Captain Machell also trained at Kennett, where, so I am told, the "Captain" once ran a steeplechase meeting. This is a fact, however, which I have not verified. A steeplechase meeting was held at Cheveley in 1893, the terrace forming the grand stand, and the park the course.

In 1895 the late Colonel McCalmont built the stand at Newmarket and laid out the course on the Links; chasing followed this installation from 1896 to 1899, when the meeting fell into abeyance and has not been revived. The National Hunt Steeplechase was run here in 1897.

The popularity of Newmarket as a racing centre, as judged by the standard of the number of horses trained there, has, of course, varied very much.

From 1797 onwards to 1835 the number was about four hundred; in 1836, however, there was a sudden drop to half that number. By 1854 it had again risen to four hundred, by 1880 to one thousand, and at the present time there are over two thousand in training.

The *bête noire* of the trainer in the old days was the tout, who was considered a villain of the deepest dye, quite outside the pale; in fact, so much has been written about him in the current Turf literature of the day that the term became widely comprehensive and included all sorts of scoundrels, from the type who stole Sir John Astley's umbrella, which he had stuck into the ground between the showers, on the Bury Hill, to the monster of iniquity introduced in the shilling shocker who enters the horse-box on a dark night, drugs the stableboy in attendance, and nobbles the favourite. There is a print, from a picture by R. B. Davis (a fine draughtsman of horses, who, by the way, was the brother of the huntsman of the Royal Buckhounds, and passed many days at the stables at Ascot painting pictures of the Royal Hunt; and very attractive they are too), which depicts the "Newmarket Touter," who is lying hidden among some furze bushes watching a string of horses just as the sun rises. This was the common or garden genus of touter who often "dug himself in," with only his head and a telescope protruding, and is the model which bears the nearest

relation to our subject; he was regarded by owners, trainers, and by all those who considered themselves of the clan of the righteous as an Ishmael, a natural enemy, and all hands, some of them holding a horsewhip, were turned against him. He came under the ban of the criminal court of the Jockey Club, was attacked, persecuted, dragged through a horse-pond, even shot at. In the Bow Bells novelette or Drury Lane drama he is invariably under the thumb of a bookmaker or professional criminal of some sort, and usually obtains his information by charming the trainer's daughter or making love to his general servant. However, he was no jest in the days we are endeavouring to recall, but was taken quite seriously, and in *Bell's Life* of April 18th, 1852, I find this paragraph :

It is notorious that there is scarcely a trial at Newmarket that is not watched, its result ascertained, and forthwith dispatched to various parts of the country, for the information of parties altogether unconnected with the horses; and we have heard it stated that one person alone pays the Electric Telegraph Company nearly £300 per annum for the transmission of messages of this description. The practice is seriously detrimental to the interests of owners of racehorses, and Mr. J. Clark, Jun., the Architect, of Newmarket, has devised a plan by which he feels confident he shall effectually put an end to it. He proposes to form a private trial course parallel with the Devil's Ditch, by means of an earth embankment nine feet in height and half a mile in length. Any distance up to three miles can be run, to finish on this course by starting on the first part of the Beacon Course. The owner or trainer can ascertain the result of the trial from the summit of the Ditch, and at the same time perceive any person within the course or in the vicinity of the Ditch. A jockey when racing is seven feet from his cap to the ground; and it is stated by Mr. Clark that the line of sight would be carried 400 feet above the highest ground in Newmarket, thus rendering it impossible for the touts to see any trial within the proposed course. A plan of the proposed embankment has been submitted to the Jockey Club, and will be taken into consideration in the First Spring Meeting. If perfected, we think it will induce a much greater number of horses to be trained at Newmarket.

Apparently the matter was thought worthy of the most serious consideration! This bank was constructed; it is there now. But Mr. Clark was an optimist when he thought he was going to get rid of the tout. The first thing our friend or enemy did was to go up by the Cambridge road and look down this trial course, whence, with a strong glass, a good view of the proceedings was quite feasible; so the next action of the Jockey

Club was to build a short embankment across, in such a way that the view down the course was obscured. This proved equally futile, for the irrepressible tout found the bank a most excellent rest for his telescope or field-glasses. There are now in existence three other trial grounds in addition to this "hide-and-seek" course along the Ditch. One runs parallel to the Rowley Mile, the second is on the Limekilns, and the third behind the Warren Hill. One of the tout's deadliest enemies was Mr. Charles Blanton (trainer of Robert the Devil), at whose hands he received the roughest of treatment; the methods he employed were assuredly violent, as he once dragged even a stableboy round the yard by the hair of his head. The lad in question, Brogden by name, was a bit of a philosopher and made no complaint, but just went off to the barber's after stable hours and had his locks cropped quite short, observing to one of his mates: "Now let the old devil catch hold of it again, if he can!" At Kingsclere, which was a great hunting-ground for touts, young Walters, son of the landlady of the Swan Hotel in the village, getting some illicit information from the stableboys regarding the trial of Vagabond for the City and Suburban, stationed three or four "gallopers" along the road to Newbury, then the nearest telegram office to Kingsclere, and thereby forestalled Sir Joseph Hawley's commission to back his horse for that race. This Walters was subsequently sentenced to penal servitude for some offence connected with forging post office orders. But there was a sequel to the trial escapade. Sir Joseph Hawley, who was naturally much ruffled by the incident, struck his horse out of the race. The editor of one of the sporting papers commented on the baronet's action in most unfavourable terms; but the press at that time did not possess the power which it now appears to me to hold, of bullying people through its comments—and an action for criminal libel was laid against the editor, which resulted in his suffering imprisonment. However, Sir Joseph seems to have recognized the tout as inevitable, for he is reported to have once said: "When the tout leaves Kingsclere, I shall think it time to take my horses away, for I shall know I have nothing worth touting."

One very celebrated tout was an inhabitant of Newmarket, and was in the prime of his *métier* in 1881 when Iroquois, the American horse, won the Derby. He is said to have waited up

three nights watching the horse's stable in order to view this Derby trial. On the third night Iroquois was tried before sunrise, and his wily American trainer, Jacob Pincus, was jubilant at the idea that he was the only person who knew the result; but he was quite wrong!

There is a story told of another Newmarket night trial. This was a test of the Duchess of Montrose's two-year-olds. When the stableboys were all asleep it was arranged that jockeys should come in, saddle their own horses, ride them back afterwards, and do them up. In this way all signs of a trial having taken place would be obliterated. The trial duly came off, and all would have proceeded as desired, but one of the jockeys made a slight mistake; when he did up his horse he omitted to pick out its feet, so when the regular attendant examined the horse at dawn, he found a wad of turf in its near forefoot, and it was soon put about that there had been a trial. The touts were rather nonplussed, as they knew that their employers would hear rumours of it and would naturally enough want to know the result; so, fearing the loss of pay and prestige, they put their heads together and edited a fairy tale of sorts, which was dispatched to London.

That power of recognition and recollection possessed by certain of the best touts is nothing short of marvellous. Some horses, of course, can be identified at once by a white blaze or fetlock, or similar mark; the majority, however, are difficult to recognize, and it must be remembered that the tout of former days was generally working from a distance, and under difficulties. It is a special gift; in the case of a pack of hounds, for instance, one man will grasp their identity in a week, and never make a mistake, while another will not know them apart in five years.

There is a tale of some humour connected with these unfortunate agents of the Turf which was apparently lost on a certain editor of the *Sporting Life*. His leader-writer sent him up an article on touts headed with a quotation from "All among the Barley," which ran "Come tout, 'tis now September." The meticulous editor, with academic promptitude, at once put his pen through the first "t" of "tout," making a mental reservation that the printer's reader should really be more careful. Here was "Come tout" passed without so much as a query! The

well-known line appeared in conventional form on the revise, much to the disgust of the author, and as the two gentlemen worked in separate rooms, each in turn blamed the printing staff, and the crossing out and restoring of the "t" went on for some time between the two. The next morning there was quite a row when it was found that the author, who had stayed late in order to get in the last word, had prevailed, and the quotation ran "Come tout."

Time is a river of passing events; strong are its currents, but there are quiet inlets, into one of which our subject has now drifted. The modern tout is regarded variously as a necessary evil, or more generally as an inevitable necessity. The opprobrious term "tout" has now become "our special correspondent from —," or the more select appellation "reporter."

Modern reporters are on the whole a respectable and most industrious body of men; reputable members of their craft, often, but not always, on good terms with those whose horses' training and trials they *investigate*. They are still occasionally a nuisance to some trainers! When recently at Newmarket I heard of a well-known trainer who objected most strongly to the filming of his horses at exercise. He went up to the intruder and insisted, under the penalty of taking the law into his own hands, on having the negatives destroyed in his presence. We have reporters of considerable fame in other spheres beside their own. The late Mr. Robert Rodrigo, a very prominent member of the local county council, as also the late Mr. Bedford White of Newmarket, were cases in point. If we admit that racing is a glorious national pastime, the individual who lives elsewhere, and has no chance of witnessing the sport, has to be considered. Several sporting newspapers, helpful to the well-being of the Turf, depend mainly on these training reports for their large circulation, and would inevitably drop out of existence if their watchers' contributions were suppressed; so, on the whole, it is to the good that this question of reporting has entered smoother waters.

The late Lord Calthorpe when watching a string of horses at work on the Heath, none of which was his own, once asked a tout what he was doing there. His Lordship may have been technically correct in his interpolation, but though *tu quoque*, and far from civil, there was something in the man's reply,

which ran: "The same as you, touting, seeing what other people's horses do"; and after all we are all touts in our way! On the Heath, or on the course, we naturally all try to spot a winner; that is, politely termed, "taking an interest in racing." The only people who do otherwise are those who treat race meetings as huge garden-parties, to get the benefit of fresh air, to look at other people, and to show off their own clothes.

Another community intimately connected with the Heath is that of the Newmarket stableboys. These are probably over two thousand strong at the present time. Their existence has also been one of progressive amelioration. The life of the trainer's 'prentice-boy of the 'thirties and 'forties was anything but a bed of roses, but if he endured with cheerfulness the buffets of fortune, kept straight, and profited by the best of riding lessons, he generally came through somehow and ensured future employment for himself. There is no town in our country where so many diminutive specimens of humanity are to be seen, all pursuing the same calling, and a brighter or more intelligent lot it would be hard to find. Poor parents in the neighbourhood of training establishments are glad to embrace an opportunity of putting their children into these stables, knowing that they will be well looked after, and have a fair chance of rising in the world. It is a marvel how these small lads ride and stick on their large horses. Considering that they have to cope with both playfulness and vice in the thoroughbred, it is extraordinary that there are so few bad accidents.

A good many pages of much interest are devoted to the Newmarket stableboy in Holcroft's *Memoirs*, written in the 'forties. The author of these annals started life as a stableboy at Newmarket under a well-known trainer of those days, John Watson, and remained with him till he was sixteen, so he was in every way competent to describe what he had experienced.

The King heads the list, the stableboy achieves the long muster. Extremes meet on this classic Heath where class distinction does not hold, and the wide world of liberty extends its invitation to all to view the racing—genuine democracy enjoying its national pastime.

Paramount in the sportsman's calendar is that spring day which sees his return to Newmarket Heath! A retrospective review blends easily with the pleasant fatigue of a day in the

open, and he may perchance recall to the Presence Chamber of his mind the great horses and equestrian performances of that dim past which we have been trying to shape and retrace to some small extent in this chapter.

Horse-racing has been assailed from many quarters; now by the sickly sentimentalist who evolves a brainless charge of cruelty; now by the canting nincompoop who lays unction to his spiritless soul, and fills in his own idle hours by endeavouring to spoil sport and darken the existence of those whose pastimes, thank goodness, differ from his own. Evil and good are inextricably fused in all human inventions; why concentrate on the bad and ignore the good? Objections have been formulated to the gambling and betting which racing involves. Here the attacker of field sports has anyhow a plausible case. Many have been ruined on the Turf, but it is only fair to surmise that such non-disciplined temperaments would have sought and found ruin in some other speculation if betting were non-existent. In the case of the large majority who do not beggar themselves on the Turf, it can be considered as an amusement like any other which has to be paid for, and in this case paid for highly; the prosperous condition of the laying side of the betting ring amply testifies to this point.

And who are these conscientious objectors who, from a crotchety couch, oppose any system of "live and let live"?

Individuals of the same category as those who attack plays, cinemas, and other similar amusements, including the extreme temperance reformers who, by promoting their insensate licensing restrictions, have introduced drugging into this country.

Sometimes these agitators are sincere, more often they are not and merely have an axe to grind.

A rich emotionalist, doing a bit of hedging on his death-bed, endows an anti-everything league, and a multitude of servile promoters profit by it.

Many agitations are kept alive by the exertions of a parasitical swollen executive, the most evident being perhaps those of certain trade unions.

But political turmoil must be encouraged!

When will the British workman awake and appreciate what a large portion of his wages is absorbed by departmental activities, and can therefore produce no return in the form of benefits?

Perhaps one day the sums paid for the maintenance of the staffs of these anti-everything leagues may be disclosed, and my surmise of their "axe to grind" be justified.

But as antagonists to the spoil-sports of the anti-racing crowd, we rally to the intelligible banners of Reason and Right and their satellites Health and Happiness, and are ready to confute any of the futilities of the faddist.

This chapter started with a quotation from Doctor Johnson on Recreation. It is meet to conclude it with a line from Locke on the same theme: "He that will make good use of any part of his life must allow a large portion to recreation."

CHAPTER IV

THE TOWN OF NEWMARKET

Make hast, make hast, to New-Market away
You idly leave your sport by delaying,
The Race will be run e'er the heat of the day,
We shall lose all our betts by our staying.

Call to the Races at Newmarket.

Ballad by Tom D'Urfey, 1685.

IT is a curious fact that no reliable description of old Newmarket exists. Anything bearing upon the internal economy of this singular sporting community which has appeared in print is gathered from the pen of foreign visitors during the reign of that merry monarch Charles II, or later on in the Georgian era. The keynote of their impressions is always the total divergence of this town from others of similar degree.

As we have already stated, the village of New-Markitt was of very early origin, but for all practical purposes its importance and claim to the appellation of town date only from the beginning of the 17th century, when James I made his hunting headquarters there. The following description, *circa* 1692, is given in *An Historical Dictionary of England and Wales*:

New-market, in Cambridgeshire, composed of a well-built street seated in the Great Road, and full of Inns; the Town consists of two parishes, one in Suffolk, and the other in Cambridgeshire, but their market place and whole street is in Suffolk; the market on Tuesday is very good; there is a house built on Cambridge side for the Recreation of the King, when His Majesty is pleased to divert himself with hunting or horse-racing.

These few pithy words make mention of one special characteristic of the town: the cattle-markets. Towards the year 1753 the prosperity of Newmarket was at low-water ebb, and the town had dwindled into such insignificance that it did not even possess a resident butcher; all the meat had consequently to be procured from the adjoining villages. With this single exception, however, the place which owed its origin to a market has maintained the tradition, and two good markets are held

here each week: the one close to the Rutland Arms, the other near the new station. The meat sold at the busy stalls here will compare favourably with that sold in any other part of the country.

But we will pass from our *moutons*, or perhaps we should say beef, to matters of greater interest, if not of more vital importance.

The traveller who visits Newmarket for the first time will arrive, in all probability, at the Great Eastern Railway Station, and drive up a short avenue fringed with red brick villas of varying degrees of pomposity; this joins the main street at a point opposite King Edward's Memorial Hall. So far, so good; but withal there is no suggestion of historical reminiscences covering a period of three centuries.

There is an alternative and more agreeable route . . . the road, the high road from London, where we travel in the trail of history and ascertain how people fared in the days when there was no question of a carriage, and the sixty odd miles had to be covered in the pigskin.

When James I decided on Newmarket as a site for his *villa venatica*, the business of how to get there became of paramount importance, for the Essex roads were in appalling condition. Measures were therefore taken to improve these "wayes" between the rising village and the Metropolis.

In 1609 we hear of Thomas Norton, His Majesty's "way-maker," being paid £29 10s. for superintending the repairs of the highways leading to and from the "Citty of London to the Towns of Royston and Newmarkett, for his Ma^{ties} better passage in going and cominge to his recreations in these parts."¹

Some twenty years later, in 1632, when Charles I was about to make the same journey, the inhabitants of Hertfordshire were instructed to improve the roads and to limit the number of malt carts plying on them.²

These extracts are striking examples of the autocratic atmosphere of those days. There is no question of public welfare, trade or agriculture; the position being simply that the King wished to go a-hunting, so a good road must be made at once by which he could travel.

¹ Pells, Order Book, *sub dato*, MS., Pro.

² S.P., Dom. Chas. I, vol. ccxxii, No. 63.

How to get there? Well, they did not always get there! Pepys tells us how on March 8th, 1669, Charles II left White Hall for Newmarket at three in the morning, but only managed to reach the King's Gate at Holborn, where the rickety old coach upset and deposited His Majesty, as also the Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth and Prince Rupert, in the mud. Fortunately no one was hurt; but a good bath in March mud made the return of the party to White Hall a matter of necessity; in nothing worse than a "better luck next time" mood, we hope! But bad roads and accidents were not the only terrors to be considered; the menace of highwaymen and footpads was ever present. This road to Newmarket was more infested by these pests than were most others. Epping Forest was the dread of all travellers; it was densely wooded and contained caves; it also had the advantage for these desperadoes of commanding several roads, while at the same time it offered them a harbour of refuge. The effrontery of the outlaws was so outrageous that they once sent a challenge to the Government to come and dislodge them. The invitation was accepted, with the result that many were killed, but only with the assistance of large detachments of Dragoons. The King was fairly safe, for he always travelled with a strong escort, but those of lesser degree were not so efficiently guarded, and were often set upon directly His Majesty had passed, sometimes meeting with death as the price of resistance.

There are many stirring tales of fights with highwaymen along this road, and this dangerous state of things existed as far back as 1617. In 1622 a company of India and Muscovy merchants, proceeding to Newmarket to pay their court to James I, were robbed of all their papers and a bag of money containing £200.

In 1680, within a few hours on the same day, a gentleman and his family coming from London, and two coaches coming from Cambridge, were attacked near the Devil's Dyke and everything stolen. Perhaps we can hardly say everything, as the Blades were kind enough to return the coachmen half a crown each with which to drink their healths!

There is one point in connexion with the *régime* of highwaymen at a somewhat later date which is worthy of notice, since it offers some analogy to the prevailing murders and burglaries

of our own time. In the reign of William III the wars in which England had been engaged had temporarily ceased, and there followed a period of much unrest and lack of civil employment, which coincided with the worst phase of these road dangers.

Leaving behind us the day of the rambling old family coach with its four or six horses, we will pass on to the age of road coaches, which embraces the interval between the years 1745 to 1840, when the railroads banished the mail coach. At this earlier period the rate of progression was about twenty-seven miles in ten hours, and it took two days to do a journey which, in the days of the road coaches, could be performed quite easily in six hours. I do not know what class of vehicle Count Alfred d'Orsay patronized in the 'forties, but he was wont to go from London to Newmarket in four hours.

From the end of the 18th century there were several coaches plying between the Metropolis and Norwich, the best known being the Norwich Telegraph—some of them touched Newmarket.

In 1834 "Craven," the racing correspondent of the *Sporting Magazine*, tells us that he left his home in Brighton in the morning and dined at the Hoop at Cambridge the same evening; and then he proceeds to ask: "Why on earth people want that innovation . . . railroads? . . . These inventions of Sathanus! I trust the day will never arrive when the lover of four horses shall have his sight blasted by these burning shames."

All landmarks of old coaching days are determined by the inns. One reason for this is that innkeeper and coach-proprietor were frequently one and the same person, a fact which often entailed much discomfort to the passengers, as they were only given time for a meal at the coach-owner's own hostelry. Thus, on the Portsmouth Road the travellers left Portsmouth at six in the morning, and though the coach passed through Petersfield and changed horses there, they *were only allowed* time for breakfast at Liphook at 10.30, the inn at that place happening to belong to the coach-proprietor.

The chief starting-points of these coaches of the eastern counties were the Bull, Bishopsgate; the Golden Cross at Charing Cross; the Blue Boar at Whitechapel, and the White Horse in Fetter Lane. Every year on May Day the mail coaches would assemble in some roomy place, generally Lincoln's Inn Fields,



THE NORWICH COACH, AT CHRISTMAS TIME, ON THE WAY TO LONDON, 1820

(After James Pollard)

where that luminary of the box-seat, George IV, would himself inspect them, prior to their taking a turn along the Strand, laden with a gratuitous makeweight of sweethearts and wives. On these occasions the well-appointed teams were caparisoned with new sets of harness, while the coachmen and guards were as spruce and fresh as the paint of the coaches, in their brand-new liveries of scarlet and gold. The last procession of this kind took place in 1838, at which date there were twenty-seven coaches running out of London. The start of the north country mails from the Peacock at Islington, or of those coaches bound for the west from Piccadilly, was always a scene of animation. Here a grazier from the Midlands, with a dejected countenance, just too late for a seat, is picked out for notice. "The box-seat for Lord George Combermere!" shouts one coachman with great dignity, anticipating a tip of at least half a crown. "Let us wait and see the mails start," says an old west country squire to his better half; the porters meanwhile, all hurry and scurry, are sorting the luggage and placing the parcels for long or short delivery in their respective quarters of the boot. A minute later the mail-carts dash up from the post office, and, sidling up to the different coaches, hand over their bags to the guard.

Oh! those jolly old coaching days, reminiscent of stirrups-cups and plum-pudding, anecdote and song. The coachman was generally a "character," full of patter and stories, and frequently ale and grog as well; some of them, however, were pretty tough fellows who performed wonderful feats of endurance. One, well named Thoroughgood, of the "Norwich Times," drove this coach a hundred miles a day for two years. The strain on the arms when driving *four horses* is far in excess of the popular conception of the performance.

The following description is characteristic of the coaching *milieu* of the times.

A certain sporting baronet gave a banquet to a stage coachman, and a brother whip invited to share the festivities recounts his happy experiences.

I walks in as free as air. Hangs up my hat upon a peg behind the door. Sits myself down by the side of a young woman they calls a lady's maid, and gets as well acquainted with her in five minutes as if I had known her for seven year. When we gets in to dinner we has a little soup to start with, and a dish of fish they call trout, spotted for all the

world like any coach dog. A loin of veal as white as Halleyblaster, the kidney fat as big as the crown of my hat. I ain't lying, so help me G..d! A couple of ducks stuffed with sage and innions, fit for any lord; and a pudding you might have drove a coach around. Sherry white, and red port, more than did us good, and at last we goes to tea. I turns my head short around and sees Bill . . . making rather too free. "Stop," say I, "Bill . . . that won't do. Nothing won't do here but what's quite genteel!"

One great coach that worked the Cambridge Road was named "The Times," and bore painted on it the appropriate device *tempus fugit*. When "The Times" first started an opposition coach called "The Regulator" was already in existence, and great rivalry arose between the two, no expense being spared to do the thing in style. "Why do they call the opposition the 'Regulator'?" inquired a passenger of Joe Walton, the "Times" coachman, who was a great character and wit. "Why," replied Joe, dropping his hands and letting them out, "because we go by it," and passed his antagonist.

The Stock Exchange nowadays is generally supposed to be the source whence issue all the *bons mots*. In coaching days it was certainly the Road. "Why does a glass-blower make the alphabet gallop?" asked Walton of his neighbour on the box-seat. "Do you give it up? Because he makes a D-canter!" We have read Pepys's record of Charles II being "overset," as the term was, in his coach; but accidents of this description were quite ordinary events, barely calling for notice, except from the victims. The coaches were comparatively narrow and built upon rather slight wheels, carrying frequently only two passengers inside; and, in spite of Acts of Parliament, ten to twenty people outside, in addition to an immense amount of luggage. The natural and inevitable consequence of all this overloading was that they were top-heavy, and it took very little to overturn them.

In 1832 the "Old Warwick Coach" upset coming down Publication Hill through having far too much top lumber. Three of the passengers sitting above escaped, but all the rest were killed. The coach was carrying twenty-four in all, the Act only allowing sixteen.

Coaching catastrophes, however, were trivial compared with the smashes in tandem carts and gigs, by which dispensations of Providence the coachbuilders, the medical profession and

the undertakers made large profits. During the 'twenties the light high tandem conveyance gradually gave way to the one-horse gig; for it was acknowledged, even at that time, that though the fun of driving tandem might be great, it was a hazardous mode of progression. A buck, driving out of some London yard, was asked by a friend which road he meant to take. He replied: "You must ask my leader, for I cannot tell you till I get into the street," an answer that was candid and true, for the moment a leader stops and does not go up into his bit, the best coachman in England is powerless, except by the use of the whip, which may make things worse. But the dangers of the adventurous tandem driving diminish in comparison with the risks incurred by the use of the gig! Those were right royal smashes! In Alken sporting prints or Rowlandson period caricatures, if one meets with a conveyance dashing right through a five-barred gate or performing some other heterogeneous antic, it is generally a one-horse gig. Has the reader ever seen an Alken print called "Something Slap"? It is not a smash-up, but it gives some idea of the gig and the "pace that kills."

A nephew and his uncle from Staffordshire once met in London and found that they were both bound for Cambridge the next day. "How do you travel?" said the nephew. "I shall post it," said the uncle. "You had better come with me in my gig," rejoined the nephew: "we shall do it comfortably in nine hours." "D—n your gigs!" said the *old 'un*. "I hate the very sight of them." "Oh, replied the *young 'un*, "mine has the quietest horse in England, a lighted cracker tied to his tail would not alarm him; and as to milling, he does not know what it is." Ruminating over the expenses of posting, the old gentleman assented to the proposal, and at eight o'clock the next morning they were under way. When they had just cleared London, the uncle told his nephew that he had been brushing up his recollections, and believed that he could say that he had only been in a gig five times in the whole of his life. "Oh," said the nephew, "my horse beats you by chalks, for he has never been in one before." The old uncle was out of that gig in the twinkling of an eye!

Another gig incident on our road was that of a certain Mr. H—w—rth who frequented the October Meetings at Newmarket. He drove there in a gig accompanied by a lady of loose virtue,

gently called a mistress, and a couple of pointers, selecting all the best manors along the route for a little shooting. As the fair one and he were both good shots, they made quite a considerable bag. However, this performance put all the keepers of the ravished estates on the alert; so on his return to London he selected pastures new and another road, so as not to be balked of further sport.

From London to Newmarket is still a fascinating road, this highway once traversed by Carolian courtiers and Regency bucks on their pilgrimage to this shrine of pleasure. The great city has now extended to such proportions that, with the traffic, it takes nearly an hour in a car from Piccadilly before leaving in one's wake the teeming trading streets and the unsightly infinity of villas in Suburbia. Planned by the architect of the 'eighties with an absolute disregard of unity, their only merit might have been an inoffensive simplicity—but the imagination of the latter-day Victorian builder has run rampant in a blend of Louis XVI and Tooting, a *mélange* as incongruous as champagne and treacle!

The usual route to Newmarket was by Epping, Bishop's Stortford and Chesterford, and the coaches generally changed horses at these stages; but occasionally they dropped the Bishop's Stortford passengers at Hockerill, celebrated for its old Crown Inn, where William III was accustomed to stop and dine. Unfortunately this nice old tavern was demolished in 1903.

Charles II generally travelled by Waltham Cross and Hoddesdon, and thence *via* the Rye House.

Mention of this farm brings to mind the Plot of 1683 which was originally hatched by men like Algernon Sydney, Lord William Russell, John Hampden, Lord Howard of Eserick, and the Earls of Essex and Shaftesbury, who all hated Popish doctrines and the absolutism of Charles's rule, and wished to effect a harmless constitutional revolution. As ever in such matters, these views were discarded by the extremists, who decided to murder the King and the Duke of York, and place the Protestant Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles, on the throne. Their leader, Rumbold, was a maltster who occupied a farm, the Rye House in Hertfordshire; the arrangement was to waylay the two royal brothers in the dark at this spot on their return from Newmarket. The plot would doubtless have been success-

ful had it not been for the great fire at Newmarket, on account of which the King returned to London unexpectedly some days earlier than his original intention. The unforeseen had happened; the murderers were not at their posts, and the scheme, which, if effected, might have altered the whole history of England, miscarried. The outstanding element of all plots, the informer, was soon in evidence, and most of the conspirators, both physical-force men and constitutionalists, were arrested and brought to trial. Sydney and Russell were executed, as were most of the murder gang; Essex committed suicide in prison; Hampden was fined £44,000; Shaftesbury managed to escape abroad, Rumbold likewise; but the last named subsequently joined a fresh insurrection under the Duke of Argyll, and was caught and hanged at Edinburgh under circumstances of great barbarity. Howard turned king's evidence, and thus escaped punishment.

The Rye House is still in existence, and has become a tea-house.

The *Hatton Correspondence* contains a detailed account of the frustration of the plot,

It's probable y^r L^d has ere this heard some thing of the discoverie of a new Presbyterian fanatique plot, no lesse then to murder y^e K^s and y^e Duke and destroy y^e Govmt. There is an oylman who lived neere Smithfield (by name Keeling), by religion, as he told y^e Councell, he has bine of all sects, at last an Anabaptist and a mighty boutefeu in all y^e seditions and commotions of y^e citty, is y^e person at whose suite y^e Lord Mayor was arrested. This man came to Mr. Se: Jenkins and told him y^e Kings person was in danger of an assassinate, yt he was touched in conscience to give him notice to prevent it; w^{ch} Mr. Secre:, giving no greate credit to, seemed to slight. So he came 2 days after and soe pressed the eminent danger the K^s life was in, y^t Mr. Se: enquiring more strictly into y^e matter, had from him a very large discovery of a most dangerous hellishe conspiracy to murder the King and y^e Duke, as they were to come last from Newmarket, at a place neere Stansteed; and wch was prevented only from taking effect, without God's infinite providence, by y^e fire w^{ch} happened in Newmarket, and so hindred y^e conspirators from being ready to assemble (they being to bee 40 in number) and put theyr damnable mischief into practisse, w^{ch} yet he sayd they pursued the same design as he sh^d passe between Windsor and Hampton Court; but he said they waited till y^e King and Duke sh^d come together, for they durst not attempt on him alone, because the Duke w^d be left alive to revenge it. He frankly told all the conspirators names. . . ¹

¹ *Hatton Correspondence*, vol. ii, 1683.

There are still some of the old inns on this road, and they charm with their picturesque appearance . . . the Eagle at Snaresbrook, the White Hart of Woodford amongst others. Newport attracts us with its old-world ambience. In Norman days it boasted a castle, which has long disappeared . . . the cottages are quaint and alluring, but the chief feature of interest is undoubtedly Nell Gwynn's house, which bears an elaborately decorated façade of moulded plaster. The tradition is that it was an old posting-house used by Charles II, Nell Gwynn and other court celebrities as a halting-place. It has been styled at various times the Crown House, and the Horns' Inn. Some distance farther on we come to the most interesting point on our way, a place intimately connected with the Court at Newmarket . . . palatial Audley End. This stately pile was built at a cost of £200,000 by Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, Lord High Treasurer of England, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, and took thirteen years to complete. James frequently visited this magnificent mansion and is supposed to have remarked that it was too large for a king, though it might do for a Lord Treasurer! It was afterwards nominally purchased by Charles II, who found it a most convenient place of residence for the Queen and part of the Court, while he proceeded to the Palace at Newmarket with the more rakish members of his royal train. Emphasis may be laid on the word nominally, as the price agreed upon was £50,000, of which that merry monarch paid £30,000, leaving the rest on mortgage. The remainder of the purchase-money was never paid off, and in 1701 the property was reconveyed to Henry Howard, fifth Earl of Suffolk, upon condition of all claims to the £20,000 being relinquished. It has always been said that before the place was returned to the Suffolk family, William III took away many valuables from the house, including tapestries valued at £4,500, which he sent to the Palace of Loo, in Holland.

In 1669 the pattering Pepys devoted many pages to a description of this glorious house; but he always keeps harking back to the wine-cellar and its contents, which are manifestly his most heartfelt reminiscences. . . . The housekeeper

took us into the cellar, where we drank most admirable drink, a health to the King. Here I played on my flageolet, there being an excellent echo.



PLAN OF THE TOWN OF NEWMARKET IN 1787

And again in the cellar

much good liquors, and indeed the cellars are fine ; and here my wife and I did sing, to my great content. And then to the garden, and there did eat many grapes, and took some with us.

After Chesterford, the remaining sixteen miles to Newmarket pass through a bare and inhospitable chalk country. Somewhere about here we touch the line of the Icknield Way, thus entering the one-time kingdom of the Iceni, where still remain relics of the earthworks that so strongly lay athwart this Way . . . the Pampisford Ditch, the Fleam Dyke, and the more important Devil's Dyke, which has been dealt with in a former chapter. The abandoned line of the Newmarket and Chesterford Railway Company joins itself to these Icenic defences, as if to make a fourth ditch. This line was opened in 1846, and had it been a success would have done away with the necessity for travelling over two sides of a triangle to Newmarket *via* Cambridge. It was discovered much too late that there was not sufficient traffic to enable both routes to pay, and the twelve-mile track which had been constructed at a cost of £150,000 was abandoned in 1852.

After Six-Mile Bottom, plantations screen the lonely road, and a few miles onward bring one to the site of the old toll-bar ; finally, the Heath is gained by passing through the cleft in the Devil's Dyke, and with the Heath, its limit, the town of Newmarket. This consists of one long street, whence several branches extend on both sides and ramificate towards the old and the new stations and the various training establishments.

This street, the High Street, is worthy a closer inspection. From Chapman's plan of the town, published in 1787, entering from the London side we find that the first house on our right, which was one of some importance, belonged to the Earl of March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry and better known as "Old Q." It had a courtyard, while behind the house was a large garden at the end of which was a windmill ; there was also a good-sized paddock on the west side. The building must have stood approximately on the spot where Lord Wolverton's house is now erected. Next came stables belonging to Mr. Popham and Mr. Wentworth ; then a house owned by Mr. Vernon with quite a large property in the rear ; his neighbour was Panton, keeper of the racehorses at Newmarket to George III until 1784,

when this office was abolished. There were very large stables attached to this last house.

Sixty years later the buildings just mentioned had all disappeared, and were superseded by the elevated terrace which is still in existence.

But to return to 1787. . . . After Mr. Panton's house came the residence of the Duke of Ancaster; next, stables of the Marquis of Rockingham. We have now reached the New Coffee house, known to-day as the Jockey Club Rooms. There is no doubt that an old coffee-house or inn stood thereabouts, but details are not forthcoming; definite records, as a matter of fact, only start in or about 1752, at which time the Jockey Club acquired from a certain Mr. Erratt a fifty years' lease of what was then known as the Coffee Room; long before the fifty years had expired, however, they became the tenants of Mr. "Jockey" Vernon, who had bought the ground lease from Mr. Erratt. A screen with an ornamental gateway was built in 1772, enclosing a yard which was the well-known betting court in use for many years. It is shown in the picture after Pollard, reproduced in this volume, with the old clock at the back of the yard. Apparently the only detail which is incorrect in this picture painted by Pollard about 1825 is the balustrade running along the cornice of the screen. It can be definitely stated that this is wrong, as there exists a contemporary drawing by a Mr. Rogers, a bookseller and artist of Newmarket, who depicts it quite differently.

In 1832 the Jockey Club started what was called improving the building, alterations which may have been necessary, but which in the writer's opinion have no artistic merit. Some years later further rebuilding was undertaken; the betting court was covered in, and is now one of the apartments used by members of the Jockey Club Rooms, the old clock still remaining in its time-honoured place on the wall of this room. The block of buildings received considerable additions in 1882, when fifty-six bedrooms were added, as also a suite of apartments for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The eastern portion of the block, which still preserves some ancient features, is now a subscription room and club, frequented by members of the Ring, jockeys and others, but has no connexion in any way with the Jockey Club. It is opportune to note that in the 'forties subscription rooms

existed here, likewise not forming part of the Jockey Club Rooms ; but the *clientèle* was very different. Many noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Turf were members ; in fact, when started in 1844 it was a replica of Tattersall's Subscription Rooms at Hyde Park Corner, and was run on similar lines. Still on the right side of the street in early days were large stables where the horses of the Duke of Northumberland were lodged ; while abutting on the street itself, next comes a large yard, known as the Old King's Yard. The Duke of Kingston's house followed, standing right back, with stables and appurtenances. And now we come to Sun Lane, which runs up to All Saints' Church, about which there is little to be said. It was entirely rebuilt in 1876, as a memorial to Colonel Lord George John Manners, of Cheveley Park, and is much like any other modern church. Mention of this church reminds the writer of a curious legacy in connexion with the parish of All Saints . . . a bequest of the year 1772, which is worth quoting.

Bequest to encourage Matrimony and Horse-racing. Newmarket, All Saints.

By a deed Poll, dated August 12th, 1801, executed in pursuance of a decree in Chancery, relative to the Will of John Perran, dated May 30th, 1772, the trustees of a sum of £410 6s. 2d., 3 per cent. consols, and £21, Long Bank annuities, being the original sum given by the Will, together with such accumulations thereon which had accrued during the proceedings in Chancery, were declared ; to hold them upon trust, six weeks at least before Easter, to cause notice to be given as therein directed, that a marriage portion of £21 would be given to a parishioner of the said parish, who should on Thursday in the Easter Week, be married at the Church to a woman belonging to it ; neither party to be under 20, nor to exceed 25 years of age, nor be worth £20 ; the trustees to attend in the vestry to receive claims, and pay the bequest to such couple as should be qualified to receive it. In case of two claims, the determination to be by ballot who should receive it. In case of no claimants, then the money, for that year only, to be paid by the trustees to the winner of the next Town Plate.

Another charity in connexion with this church is "Pike's Charity." In the year 1627 we read that Richard Pickes, gent., paid 12s. taxation on land that was assessed at £3. This Pickes or Pike, coming home late at night, got lost in the dark and fog on Newmarket Heath, and only succeeded in finding his way home by hearing the bell ringing at five in the morning, probably for matins in the church. In gratitude for his safety he left a

charge upon his property "for ever," to pay for the distribution of bread and beef to the poor of Newmarket, making a condition that the bell of the church was to be rung at five every morning. This year (1922) the charity amounts to about £13 . . . it is paid by the owners of the ground to the churchwardens of All Saints, and the distribution is made on the Feast of St. Thomas. The ringing of the bells has been permitted to lapse by law, but the charge on the property, two houses in the High Street, still exists. The precincts of the Palace occupied the site now filled by these houses, so presumably Charles II had to take on this charge when he rebuilt the Palace.

In the High Street, on the other side of the lane, stood the first of the many inns to be mentioned . . . the Star; as its neighbour it boasted the Palace, which occupied all the frontage as far as what is now the Rutland Arms, covering much ground also at the back across Palace Street. The Palace, as we have already noted, was built in the reign of James I. It fell into decay or was demolished during the Commonwealth, and was rebuilt by Charles II. The earliest reliable record of this palace, court-house, messuage or house . . . for it appears under these various names . . . is in the accounts of Public Works and Buildings, 1609. There are three versions as to the original sites of these buildings, and as the whole block covered a large area of ground, there is no reason why they should not all be correct. One statement affirms that the site was that of the Griffin Inn, which James I is known to have purchased. Another theory is that it was situated on the ground where the house of the first Earl of Salisbury stood; while still another version gives us the site of the Greyhound Inn, which was pulled down and rebuilt on the other side of the street, approximately where the Victoria Hotel now stands.

At the Restoration, the only portions of the Palace remaining in respectable repair were part of the buildings on the street front, the tennis court, pantry, and some stabling and outhouses. 1670 was the year in which rebuilding was in full swing. John Evelyn visited it at this date, and in his *Diary* calls it "the New Palace of Pleasure," proceeding to say:

We alighted to see His Majesty's house there, now new building, the arches of the cellars beneath are well turned by Mr. Samuel, the architect, and the rest mean enough, and hardly fit for a hunting house.

Many of the rooms above had the chimneys in the angles and corners, a mode now introduced by His Majesty, which I do at no hand approve of. I predict it will spoil many noble houses and rooms, if followed. It does only well in very small and trifling rooms, but takes from the state of greater. Besides this house is placed in a dirty street, without any court, or avenue, like a common one, whereas it might, and ought to have been built at either end of the town, upon the very carpet where the sports are celebrated.

Additions and improvements continued apace for the next ten years, and by 1680 it must have been a residence of considerable importance. From records concerning the apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth, with other items, it appears certain that the interior decorations were sumptuous and of taste. Even at the present day there is, in one of the old houses on this site, a late Jacobean staircase and panelling which must have belonged to the Stuart Palace, and which reveal to us that the art and craft of that day were of the best. Under William III the gardens were a great feature, and it is probable that the Dutch bulb made its first appearance at Newmarket in this reign. In 1699 the sum of £4,987 was expended for sundry works in and about the King's gardens at Hampton Court and Newmarket; the Earl of Portland being at that date superintendent of His Majesty's gardens and plantations.¹

In 1721 George I granted to the sixth Duke of Somerset a lease of thirty-one years of all the land in the town of Newmarket on which the Palace stood; reserving only a coach-house and forge, with the house in possession of Tregonwell Frampton, the Keeper of the Running Horses, and some paddocks called the King's Close. The Duke's rent was only £30 a year, and he and his heirs were empowered to pull down, at their own expense, any buildings they pleased, and erect new premises at their will: thus, without entering upon the complicated laws of tenure of those times, it is fairly clear that for all practical purposes the ownership of some part of the property passed from the possession of the Crown. The Duke died in 1748, and these lands became the inheritance of the daughter of his second marriage, Frances, who married John Manners, Marquis of Granby;² and the family of the Dukes of

¹ Audit Office Accounts, Bundle 2,482, Rot, 299.

² This was the famous "Markis o' Granby," distinguished for military services, and so popular at home that the name was honoured on many inn signboards.

Rutland continued occasional residence here, when not occupying Cheveley.¹

The Prince of Wales, so aptly called the First Gentleman of Europe, inhabited the Palace at various intervals prior to 1791, when he left Newmarket in anger, after that fatal affair with the Jockey Club over the running of one of his horses—a story that is told in another chapter. His Equerry, Colonel Leigh, continued to live there for some time, and in 1819 the Prince Regent, as he then was, gave orders for the Palace to be thoroughly renovated. When at last he succeeded to the throne, as George IV, he commanded further alterations, which are described in the *Sporting Magazine* of 1825 :

The poor old mutilated palace is also undergoing either repair or improvements, which speaks well for the revival of the Turf. A wall in the front, partly built by King Charles, of brick, and another part by Queen Anne, of brick and stones, is just finished by George IV (or some one else) with flints. There seems a great want of harmony in this . . . I mean in appearance only . . . which might have been prevented by re-building the whole. It would not have cost above £13, even if Mr. Hume had lost his seat in Parliament. A screen formed of hurdles stuffed with straw, and secured with hay-bands, has been removed from the front court. This convenient and original thought was intended to separate the Peeresses from the placemen's wives and the publicans' daughters, there being but one entrance. . . . An alteration is about to take place in the grand front of the Palace itself ; and the three water-closets recently erected about half-way up, like three cages hung upon a wall, with the conveniences of cisterns, pipes, etc. ; very conspicuously placed, are about to be removed ; and although one of them is dedicated to the Grand Duke Michael, it will not be spared.

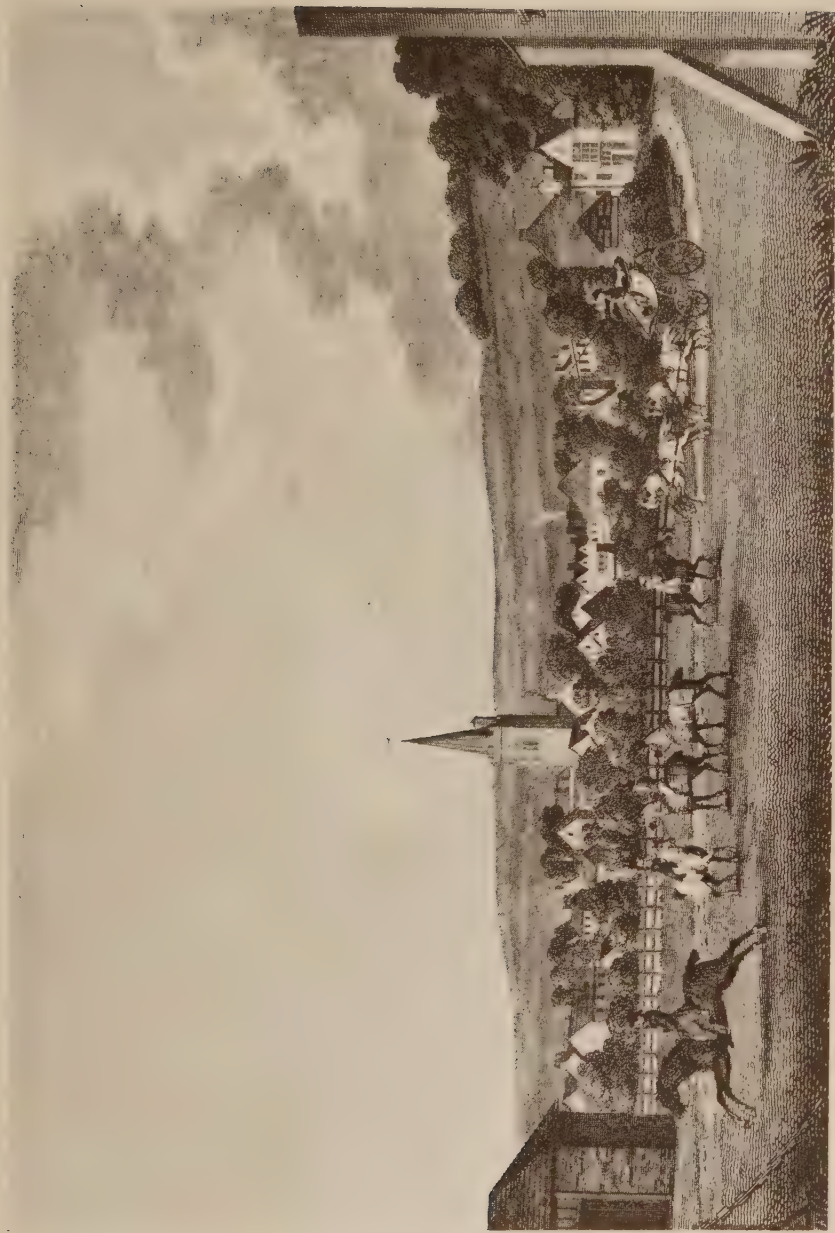
According to the plan handed about, if fully acted up to, this Royal Residence will very much resemble a lunatic asylum at Hoxton, but on a much smaller scale ; neither are the accommodations for its inmates and attendants equal to those at Hoxton, if we except two or three rooms they have not attempted to improve."

Thus the critics of all times have busied themselves with the poor old Palace !

Its final racing occupant was apparently the Duke of Rutland, and in the 'fifties it was put up for auction by order of Queen

¹ There was, however, still a portion retained for the reception of royalty, as the Duke of Cumberland, a regular *habitué* of Newmarket, resided there for the Meetings at different periods from 1753 to 1765, the year of his death.

Christian VII, King of Denmark, was in occupation for the October Meeting of 1768, where, in the term of the Court Circular of the day, he was "chaperoned" by the beautiful Duchess of Ancaster.



NEWMARKET : A VIEW OF THE TOWN IN 1801

(From the drawing by R. Harraden)

Victoria and the Prince Consort, who are supposed to have dreaded any return of the days of the Royal Turfites.

Things were not humming at Newmarket at that time, and it was with great difficulty that the auctioneer obtained a bid from a speculative buyer. The Palace was pulled down shortly afterwards, and on the centre of this property which had seen so many revels, there now stands a Congregational Chapel.

Continuing our progress by the aid of the old plan, we come to the Ram Inn, now the Rutland Arms. The origin of the first name is interesting. About 1750 there stood in this spot an earlier inn, name unknown. The eccentric Earl of Orford of that day was driving his team of four stags from his country seat, Houghton Hall in Norfolk, to Newmarket, a distance of about twenty-nine miles; when nearing his destination the Essex Hounds chanced to cross the road along which he had previously passed, and catching up the burning scent of four stags, they immediately took the line. The music of the hounds naturally alarmed the stags, which galloped off at full speed into the town and dashed through the gates of this inn yard. These were at once closed and the stags saved from their eager pursuers. Shortly after this happened the old inn was pulled down and a new one built which received the name of "Ram Inn" in memory of the incident.¹

The construction of the Rutland Arms was the work of Kent, the grandfather of John Kent, trainer to Lord George Cavendish Bentinck; he was also, by the way, the architect of the New Rooms. The ex-racing judge, Mr. J. F. Clark, who for many years followed the same profession, always said that it was a most successful and well-planned edifice, an opinion

¹ We might expect the racing community of the period to furnish us with some information on the Ram Inn; but they are quite uncommunicative on the subject. For some meagre disclosures we must have recourse to the Diary of a great English entomologist, a reverend parson who died at the age of ninety, and who seems to have lived seventy of his years in an insect world of his own, among the beetles and *Formica Rusa*. He evidently found Newmarket a happy hunting-ground, for he notes on July 3rd, 1797: "Arrived at Newmarket 6 p.m., where the Ram, wide opening its ravenous maw, stood to receive us. We regale ourselves after an expeditious journey, upon a comfortable cup of tea, and then take a walk to the race course, as far as the stands. By the way we observe *Centaurea calcitrapa* plentifully. At some distance we see the Devil's Dyke, and terrified with the prospect, retreat with hasty steps to supper. Soham cheese very fine. July 4th. On going into the quadrangle of this magnificent Inn, I observe a post-chaise, with episcopal insignia; it belonged to our worthy diocesan. On the panel of the chaise door I took a new *Empis*."

N.B.—It is to be hoped that there were at Newmarket no insects of a lower category of specification. They are not unknown in the rooms of old inns!

with which I most cordially agree, and I even go so far as to say that of all the buildings in the town, this is the most representative of that style at its best.

On the site of the existing Town Hall, and standing some way back from the road, beyond the Rutland Arms, was the cockpit so much frequented by Charles II. In the cellars of this Hall some traces of the old walls are still to be found. Adjacent to the cockpit was another inn, the Red Lion, where Thomas Panton tenanted some stabling; bordering upon this were gardens and plantations which led to the Dalham Road, the Horse Shoes Inn, and a house and small property belonging to William Crofts, Esq.

I am unable to assign a date to Heath House; if it contains any old buildings, they were probably part of the property just mentioned. It will always be remembered as the residence of that great character Matthew Dawson, the much esteemed and respected trainer.

And here ended the town of Newmarket in the old days. The reader would have no interest in the new avenue of villas and racing stables which are of recent growth along the Bury Road; in the 'eighties Mr. Stirling Crawford owned practically the whole of the ground along this highway, from the Severals to the Limekilns.

The road going east towards Dalham presented several points worthy of notice at more than one period. The old station was here, and close to the station was Sir John Astley's cottage, about which he writes with evident affection in his Memoirs:

The cottage . . . was a small one I had rented at Newmarket. It had been built by Robinson the jockey, and had a grass paddock behind it of about an acre, and we kept our hacks at Mrs. Flatman's (the widow of old Nat), next door. In the spring of 1870 I bought this cottage and paddock for £3,000, and I don't think I ever enjoyed any period of my life so much as those pleasant meetings at Newmarket; for we did the thing "proper." We each (wife and I) had two hacks, and never missed a morning, when it was fine, but were out on the Limekilns, or wherever the horses were doing their work, by 8.30, and came in to a delicious breakfast, with plenty of appetite, at 10.30. An hour or so before the races we mounted our fresh hacks, and with a fly to carry our coats, cloaks, and convey our two grooms, we caracoled down to the races, seldom dismounting, but riding from saddling paddock to betting ring, and backwards and forwards between the different courses. If it rained real hard, we hopped off into our fly. Ah! those were happy



THE RUTLAND ARMS

Photo: H. R. Sherborn

days, and no error ; and it was a bitter blow when in after years, the nicest little crib at Newmarket had to be sold, and Jockey Wood bought it, and built those splendid stables in the paddock, now the property of Colonel North.¹

Later on, this cottage and the adjoining one were made into one house and tenanted by Sherrard the trainer, who appeared very prominently in the well-known Turf Case of Chetwynd *versus* Durham. Charley Wood, the jockey mentioned by Sir John, was also involved in the case. The stables in the paddock are now tenanted by Mr. College Leader. In earlier times Mr. Vernon had property in this neighbourhood, probably a stud farm. The vast stabling of the Earls of Orford and Gower formed a feature of interest ; while the sumptuous residences of Sam and William Chifney, built for them by the Duke of Cleveland, were an incentive to every ambitious jockey to go and merit the same.

Still tracing our way by the plan we cross the High Street opposite the Dalham Road, and return in the direction of the Heath to encounter two blocks of stabling ; after these we have a regular platoon of inns in single file: the Rose, White Horse, Golden Lion, this last practically opposite the Ram and still in existence ; the Black Bull, Greyhound, King's Head, the Fox and Goose at the corner of Fox and Goose Lane ; then a few houses of no particular importance, with another lane leading to St. Mary's Church. The tourist who loves old architecture will find nothing to enthral him in its interior. Perchance he may notice the epitaph of a rector who died in 1681 : " Here lie the mortal remains of R. Cook, late Rector of this Parish, whose tongue or life, I know not which, was the most eloquent." This was a clergyman who over-exerted himself preaching and died in the pulpit.

The exterior of the building has received a good deal of that type of renovation which excites to frenzy the Society for the Restoration of Ancient Monuments, but on the whole it retains with its tapering spire a certain amount of old world charm. Surrounded by a dull churchyard, it is now also much hemmed in by narrow streets and buildings.

An epitaph on an outer wall, that of an actor of the Theatre Royal, Newmarket, courteously informs us that " he is sorry

¹ *Fifty Years of my Life*, vol. ii, p. 97. Sir J. D. Astley, Bart.

to leave the stage of life," but sees compensation in the reflection that the "curtain must presently be rung down on the whole company."

A cheerful fellow this!

In the churchyard there was formerly a tombstone with the inscription: "To the Memory of Samuel Burder, Who unfortunately lost his life in riding a Match for Mr. Fortescue, at Newmarket, 17th April, 1770, aged 29 years."

There is a reason for our interest in this apparently very ordinary epitaph.

Samuel Burder was jockey to Lord Clermont, and in riding a match over the Beacon Course, he was driven against a post and so injured that he died in a few hours. At that time "crossing and jostling" were quite in order and in no way considered foul riding. Shortly after this accident, however, the practice was forbidden by the Jockey Club.

Here is another Newmarket epitaph of a different colour, found in another churchyard:

Here lies a groom, who longer life deserv'd,
Whose *course* was *strait*, from which he never swerved;
Yet ere was quite complete his fiftieth *round*,
Grim Death, at Jack Cade¹ brought him to the ground,
This tyrant oft, to *cross* and *jostle* tried,
But ne'er till now, could gain the whip-hand side,
In youth he saw the *high-bred* cattle trained,
By gentle means and easiest trammels rein'd . . .

St. Mary's Church cannot be seen from the street as the White Hart, which is still standing, blocks the view. This was *the* coaching inn of the town in pre-railroad days; above it several buildings, probably shops, joined up to the stables of the Duke of Bridgewater.

Hereabouts was situated the *dulce domum* of little Arthur Pavis, described in 1842 as looking "like a villa come down on a week's visit from Cheltenham or St. Leonards."

Another inn, the Green Man, with a succession of nondescript buildings, a lane, more stabling. . . . Mr. Eglington's, Mr. Burton's, that of the Duke of Grafton's . . . led up to the White Lion, opposite the paddock of Lord March.

This inn is one of the few which still exist. It may be seen in Pollard's picture "A View on the Road to Newmarket."

¹ A steep ascent in the Round Course, fatal to bad bottomed horses.

Modern windows have replaced the bow windows, and the tree and jolly old sign on its tall post have been removed ; otherwise there it stands, a link with the past !

There is one curious fact in connexion with these inn signs. The street lay in two parishes, the one side being in Suffolk, the other in Cambridgeshire, while the actual way and market-place were in Suffolk, so the signs were hung on hinges, and when it suited the Cambridge people to become Suffolk residents they just swung their signs across the street, and conversely drew them to their own wall when fancy or expediency suggested a return to the protection of their own county.

Flat as the country is, the least eminence acquires importance, and Bury Hill, which is the highest point in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, came naturally to be used as a beacon for watch-fires and signalling of a primitive kind. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when war with France appeared to be a confirmed habit, a semaphore was erected on the hill-top for the purpose of signalling to the sea coast. The father of the trainer John Kent was a youngster at the time, and interested, as boys will be, in anything new or mysterious ; he and a school friend named Baker (Baker afterwards trained for the Prince Regent) spent their leisure in trying to decipher the messages which were conveyed from Yarmouth to the Admiralty in London, and back again to the sea coast. Working at the system by which the semaphores spelt out their news, the boys succeeded so well that they mastered the code, but unfortunately, from their point of view, they lost the paper on which they had written their reading of the messages. This was found and taken to the official in charge of the semaphore, who found it so perfect a rendering of the code, that he communicated with the authorities, and the consequence was the adoption of the workable arms which were subsequently used on board men of war for signalling, etc., and which seemed to offer less facility for translation by the amateur.

The Mill Hill perhaps can hardly assume the dignity of a hill. It is a moderate elevation of the ground between St. Mary's Square and the Exning Road ; but the height above sea-level seems to have been sufficient to attract two high-class touts to build comfortable villas here, whence, with the aid of powerful telescopes, they could scan the Heath and all its events.

Old Mr. Kent, the builder of the rooms, lived on Mill Hill in a house of his own construction, which, after his death, was occupied first by James Robinson and then by Frank Butler.

The two John Clarks, father and son, the racing judges, both occupied residences on this modest height, and the trainer to the Duke of Portland, Mr. Richard Prince, had a house here.

In close proximity was another well-known old inn still in existence, the Wheatsheaf, and farther east the antiquarian may visit a small block of old Newmarket which has escaped the ravages of Time or the invasion of the modern builder.

The chief feature of this old-world alley, Dolphin Alley, is the picturesque aspect of the two old inns, the Woolpack and the Bushel, which face each other, the Bushel being the more attractive of the two.

The wide High Street, with these irregular eighteenth-century buildings, had its own peculiar charm, a beauty of atmosphere and of individuality. Each block was erected without much uniformity of design, the builder striving to express himself in terms of bricks and plaster; the artist could have planted his easel anywhere, at any angle, he had a picture awaiting transmission to the canvas, *l'embarras du choix* his only difficulty.

The inns! there has never been such a plethora of inns in any High Street before or since. Dignified, original, comely buildings, but neither more nor less than inns . . . a whole row of them. What a stab to the heart for poor Pussyfoot this would have been! We may rest assured that even in this moment the ultra-temperance champion is ranting, in illogical disapproval, of drinking-houses and the evils of racing. Opinions are divided at Newmarket as elsewhere, and opinions are free! What is a drink to one man may be poison to another. . . . This we admit, but there is one curious anomaly with regard to these captious critics, and that is, that the people who condemn are often the very people who profit, and profit largely, by those same evils they deplore. The abnormally high prices prevailing in the town are artificially created by the business of the Turf, and there are few trades and occupations which do not reap a corresponding gain.

There is an air of prosperity to-day about the High Street in the busy hours . . . the market of stalls keeps up the good



A BIT OF OLD NEWMARKET

traditions of the place, and the wares, which compare favourably with those of other street vendors, deserve the quick returns of ready money. A picturesque irregularity is characteristic of the eastern counties; small shops alternate with hostelryes and prosperous residences, whose spacious bowed windows have looked upon many a gay and varied crowd.

The up-to-date garages are quite out of the setting, but they are comparatively inoffensive compared to the great blot on the picture, the modern Victoria Hotel (now a cinema). One cannot ignore it, cannot get away from it; it is not only incongruous, it is aggressive. This scarlet outrage towers above the surroundings, flaunting an ostentatious vulgarity in an old-world environment. What a perversion of good red bricks which can be turned to such lovely uses! Time will mellow the harshness of colour, but no redeeming years can efface the meretricious in spirit and design. Surely some censorship might exercise judgment and condemnation before our provincial towns are spoiled by such buildings as these!

At the eastern end of the High Street, by the cross roads, stands the well-known clock tower. This was erected by "Charley" Blanton, the trainer of Robert the Devil, and would be of far greater utility if its time were more frequently in harmony with the clock of the Post Office; at present they apparently agree to differ.

Such are a sprinkling of details, insignificant perhaps, and, maybe, lacking in vivid interest, but throwing a light on the past, explaining the present and presaging the future.

This town, which in 1800 harboured some seventeen hundred souls and two hundred racehorses, now contains over ten thousand inhabitants and more than two thousand horses.

At Newmarket our reigning sovereigns have always been able to relax from that severe code which must, in some way, form the necessary barrier between a king and his people. Here they have been able graciously to assume a recognized incognito which permits them to circulate along the High Street or on the Heath, respected, but immune from any inconvenient attentions or misplaced manifestations of loyalty. King Edward, of revered memory, dearly loved this town and all its associations; an affection heartily reciprocated to himself by its people, and continued to his successor; a loyalty which will always accrue

to our rulers who take such a leading part in this pastime of Newmarket, the sport of the millions.

A glance at the Stuart period will show us that Charles II was wont rather to overdo this part of royal condescension; his easy-going nature prompted him, when at Newmarket, to mix with the crowd, and allow all who would to address him. Thus there arose some curious incidents. A pickpocket, disguised as a gentleman, effected an entrance to the Palace, and was seen by the King to take a snuff-box out of the pocket of my Lord Arlington. The scamp saw the King had noticed him, and had the audacity to put his thumb to his nose and make an inelegant sign, enjoining silence on his sovereign. Charles, enjoying the joke, said nothing, and was seized with a fit of laughter when Arlington subsequently fumbled for his snuff-box. "You need not give yourself any more trouble about it, your snuff-box is gone, and I own myself an accomplice," said the King.

We have it on the authority of certain antiquarians, that Charles II introduced snuff taking, as also the wearing of wigs; foibles and fashions of the Court at Newmarket as elsewhere. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosmo III, tells us in his *Memoirs* that he once met Charles II taking a walk at Newmarket. The King was wearing plain and simple country dress, and wearing too the riband and Badge of the Garter. This combination, however, was quite in vogue in the following century, as there are many pictures and prints of George III thus wearing the Garter riband when out hunting and shooting.

Annals and anecdote rarely mention our High Street; occasionally a reporter down for the meetings narrates in some old sporting magazine tittle tattle of the day, which he has picked up together with his usual racing report. An advertisement for letting lodgings displayed in the street in 1799 is a little tit-bit of the sort.

"Hay sack and flour to let, chickens and carrot."

This requires a little explanation to the uninitiated. The advertiser wished to convey that he had a second floor to let, kitchen and garret! In the same way we read of two farmers conversing in the street. A says: "How do you do? Now it is fine weather, I hope everything will come out of the earth." From B, who draws a long face: "I hope not, neighbour, for I buried my wife only a fortnight since!"

At a much later day, overheard in the same street. "Why do you call your wife that unusual name Pegasia?" The husband, in an explanatory way, says he got the name from Pegasus, who, he has been told, was an immortal horse. "My wife," he added, "is an eternal nag!"

The records of most towns bear witness that the years have brought outbreaks of fire and flood; to this rule Newmarket is no exception. Before the days of modern drainage, and especially before the draining of the fens, inundations were visitations that had to be counted with. As early as 1393 we find a record of houses being washed away and lives lost in the great waters. Again in 1824 the bridge at Chesterford and all the bridges on the approaches to the town were destroyed, Newmarket itself being half under water.

There have been two serious outbreaks of fire, one in 1683 the other at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The former was a terrific conflagration, and from the small print of the town in 1669 it certainly appears good material for a royal bonfire. The fire originated in a stable through a groom "taking tobacco," and there being a high wind at the time it burnt furiously and destroyed more than half the town. The Palace appears to have been in no great danger, but the smoke was so bad that the King was moved to Lord Suffolk's house and the Queen to Lord Rochester's, both residences which were well away from the main conflagration. Several persons were burnt to death, and much property, including coaches and horses, destroyed. We have already noted that the indirect consequence of this fire was the frustration of the Rye House Plot.

In 1841 a "Sporting Play," or "Legend of the Turf," entitled *Alice, or the Rye House Plot*, was produced. The author, one William Parr Isaacson, was a native of Newmarket, and the proceeds of this play of high romance (after payment of expenses) were to be presented to the Newmarket Town Racing Fund.

The heroine, Alice, daughter to the King's trainer, overhears the conspirators of the Rye House Plot discussing their treason in one of the stable-lofts, and reveals their plans to the King, who, true to character, is more concerned with the immediate business of winning the love of Alice than troubled about

conspiracy. She, however, is virtuously obdurate, and the monarch professes not to believe her story.

This tale of thine is but a specious plan
To drive me from Newmarket !

Alice, unable to convince him of his danger, fires the Palace at Newmarket, and the King is then forced to set out for London earlier than he would otherwise have done, thus spoiling the designs of the traitors. Alice, meanwhile, is tried for felony, and condemned to die.

The jury wavered o'er her artless tale,
And e'en the lawyers wept. . . .

But the conspirators attack the King, sword in hand, and the truth is made manifest. Charles is rescued by the guard, the traitors handed over to punishment, and Alice is rewarded by universal respect and praise.

Numerous institutions have been established at various times for the welfare of the many stablemen, jockeys and trainers ; chief amongst these are the Rous Memorial Hospital and the Almshouses. The freehold of the land on which they were built was presented by Sir Richard Wallace, of Wallace Collection fame, and they are maintained by generous contributions from the Bentinck and Rous Memorial Funds. In these hospitable shelters necessitous trainers and jockeys receive assistance in old age or illness, while small pensions are provided for deserving cases.

Lady Wallace, Sir Richard's widow, gave the land on which the Stablemen's Institute was built. Opened by King Edward, then Prince of Wales, it offers a peaceful refuge to the many men of that class in the town. They can meet here in their leisure hours or slack times for discussion of the burning problems of the day, here they can read, play games, and lead a social life less fraught with danger than that presented by the public house, where the stable boy is an all too welcome guest to the horse watchers and other riff-raff in the fringe of race-course society. Before the gift of this institute, which is supported by voluntary contributions, the bar was the only alternative to hanging about the streets.

The Warren Hill, east of the town, was originally part of the Heath. There is no record of races being held here, it was

THE WARREN HILL IN 1790

(From the print by Bodger)



always a training ground as it is now. In the time of Charles II, what was called the "King's Chair" was to be seen at its summit, and from this point His Majesty viewed the training gallops of his horses. In Wootton's pictures this "Chair" has the appearance of a wooden structure rather in the nature of a small summer-house; looking at it in Bodger's well-known print of 1790, however, it seems to be a little stone or stucco kiosk with seats all round it, so that with the lapse of years it had been turned into a more substantial building.

The annual Warren Hill Parade was a great event, and one cannot do better than reproduce the Druid's description of the function.

The afternoon parade on Easter Sunday was looked forward to year after year at Newmarket, as the great Warren Hill prelude to the first Craven meeting of the morrow, and "half Cambridge came over." Trainers who never took kindly to the Robsonian system of having their horses out at four, morning and afternoon, for six months of the year, relaxed their code for that day; and vied with each other in their new-lad-liveries. The Jersey and Shelley lot of Tiny Edwards, than whom none knew better when to slip it into them, and when to let well alone, was distinguished as the "brown, and white metal buttons." The Duke of York's, under the command of Frank and Will Butler's father, formed the "drab division"; blue with red waistcoats marked the approach of Lord Foley's; drab with red and white stripes (borrowed from Tom Panton, The Squire of Newmarket, for whom Jim Robinson's father trained) of the Brothers Chifney, with the jaunty and wide-awake Will at their side; while the Heath inseparables, Lord Henry Fitzroy and Robson, headed the long Indian file of the Grafton grey-coats and leather breeches. As time went on these two clerically dressed figures were seen no more, and Bob Stephenson was in command for the Duke as well as Lord Egremont. Boyce was there on behalf of his good master from Belvoir, John Howe represented the Sowerby interest, and Cotton that of Lord Verulam; while Cooper was on duty for "Payne and Greville," and sturdy little Pettit for Mr. Stonehewer, whose love of neatness extended to having his boot-soles blacked. Nearly all of that trainer band have passed away, and so has the King's Chair Pond, with the odd practice to which it gave rise, of taking the horses to the trough to drink, and giving them a final canter "to warm the water."¹

A passing glance at the various sports enjoyed at different periods at Newmarket may be of interest. Cock-fighting or cocking is one of the oldest of these games, and was a pastime in the reign of James I. It became aggressively prominent

¹ *The Druid*, 1862, Scott and Sebright.

under Charles II, and was popular far into the nineteenth century. I believe that for some years past it has been condemned as illegal.

In 1823 a challenge was issued from the neighbourhood of Newmarket :

A Challenge to all England . . . a gentleman, and a fenman, of the first respectability, residing in the Isle of Ely, makes this public challenge, that he will fight a main of cocks, of three double days' play, against any gentleman in England, under the following conditions, viz., to show forty-one cocks of each side for the main, for five guineas a battle, and one hundred guineas the odd, and as many byes as may be agreed upon, for four guineas a battle, to fight at the usual pit at Chatteris, within three months from the date hereof: the middle of April would be preferable to the challenger, who engages to find sufficient pens and rooms for the cocks, and every other necessary convenience for the feeder, clear of expense. Any gentleman who may feel inclined to accept the above challenge on the conditions stated, is requested to write to Mr. John Smith, of Chatteris, from whom they will immediately receive a satisfactory answer.

These fighting cocks were most carefully trained ; the lucky owner of a really good fighting strain realized that everything else was a matter of feeding and training. A thoroughly game cock will fight to the death, and in all regular fighting the birds were fitted with artificial spurs of either steel or silver.

A letter written by Mr. Tregonwell Frampton in 1687, to his kinsman Thomas Chafin, on the subject of cock-fighting, is worth reproducing :

SIR,

Somebody told me that you desired to have some hens of the true breed of Sourface ; I have now sent you two that are undoubtable daughters to Sourface, and came out of two of my shitten-wing'd hens. If I had my health as formerly, I would not take £5 for them ; for they are shitten-wing'd both of them. Pray, for my sake and your own, put them to a place where they may have their fill of meate, and then they will be fit to breed this next season. I would have you breed of them and your old Kingsmere cocks, a brood of each, after that you put your shitten-wing'd, that is at Mr. Earles, that fought at Sarum, to them, and breed a brood of each of them out of him. If it do fall out that you have chickens of the right shitten-wing'd colour, I desire you to bestow some of them upon me ; when you have bred of the hens, as much as you think fitt, I would have the hens again : I have no more of them that are so bred.

My distemper doth so severely follow me, that I doubt I shall not long be a sportsman. The best of my strain of cocks you may com-

mand when you please ; I am sure you are willing to do yourself good, and are very capable of doing of it. When I am gone, I would have you divert yourself at cocking once or twice a year, that is in February and April ; be sure be your own matcher, and do not fight a cock that is poor and low in condition ; if it is said that your cock is too high, venture that is an error of the right hand. And a cock that hath his due sparings, and only bread and water, cannot be in good condition, and must be weak. Sir Haswel Tynte, and the lovers of the sport, his neighbours, will join with you in sending in the cocks and feeding them, so that the expence will be inconsiderable.

Be sure you do not part with your best cocks to those that love the sport, for if you should they will have as good as you have, and will not desire your assistance, which must not be. Never distrust your own abilities in matching, you will be true to yourself, and if you practise it, I do see no reason, but that you may match as well as any man in England ; you must take a special care to know the cock again you match against, and always make your match in another man's name, that you may be chosen matcher ; if a cock falls of a match that you are not willing to fight, you may say they are not of a shape, and that the other is too long, or a better built cock, or that your cock is not in condition to fight, or a mere dunghill, or what else you are pleased to say. As for feeding, your bread ought to be two days old before it be cut, and it will keep four days more in a moist place ; the stale bread will serve to make hot meat, which must be made of the pith of the bread, and not too great meales given to a cock. Spare at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and take out of the stive at 4 in the morning. Make some good ale boyling hot, and pour it in on your bread, that was cut the night before for that purpose. And by that time your cocks are taken out of the stive, the bread will be soaked enough ; if there be any thing that you would be further informed of, I will, if you ask me, acquaint you with it. I am, your kindsman, and faithful servant,

WILL FRAMPTON.

Postscript.—Sometimes your adversary in matching, will handle his worst cocks a whole day against your best, and conclude no match with you ; it is on purpose to hinder your cocks from their meat, and worry out your good cocks.

A keen observer writing in 1842 says that the wearers of the cap and jacket were better over the Heath than across country ; this is quite usual, for there is absolutely no reason why the specialist of the race-course should possess an eye for country and the seat and hands necessary for hunting among his natural gifts.

The jockey in the hunting field has been the excuse for many a good tale !

A friend once expostulated with Archer upon his not giving

others enough room at the jumps. "Well," replied our crack jockey, "I gave him a *length*!"

At the time when the late Jack Watts was a follower of the Pytchley, a lady, most dangerous of her kind, who had started life in a circus, also hunted with the pack. She had a habit of always jumping on or over people; and one day when Watts had taken a fall, this vision sailed right over his head, and only just missed landing on top of him. In addition to a rather uncomplimentary epithet, Watts was heard to mutter:

"Madam, madam! I wish to God that you would go back to your paper hoops."

The trainer or jockey who does not leave Newmarket when the racing is over in November, to pursue the fox in other hunting countries, has always been able to enjoy a fair amount of sport at home. Before these easy days of trains and motors the Suffolk and Newmarket and Thurlow Hounds were quite handy. At various times a drag hunt has existed; the Old Newmarket Drag was at one time hunted by Fred Archer, and it was again resuscitated in 1906 by Walter Kempton Cannon, and several packs of harriers have also afforded pleasant diversion.

The Thurlow country is an offshoot of the Suffolk, but from about 1845 to 1883 they were again amalgamated.

The Dukes of Grafton were hunting the Suffolk country very early in the eighteenth century, and in or about 1790 the country was divided, and a fresh pack started by the younger Mr. Thomas Panton, called the Thurlow, with hounds kennelled at Newmarket. During this mastership two great runs are recorded. On one occasion (date not given) these hounds killed close to one of the old rubbing-houses on Newmarket Heath after a run of 25 miles, noted as without a check; but the writer, who knows something of hunting, is very dubious about these 25 mile runs without a check, especially as the other run of October 15th, 1793, is also reported in the same way. This must have been a great hunt, almost a record performance. Hounds found at Abbassy Wood, near Thurlow, the fox taking a line by Lawn Wood and Temple Wood to Hart Wood, whence they divided, and ran three foxes, and killed them all; 15½ couple going on with the hunted fox by West Wickham Common, Weston Colville, Wellington Green, and thence over the open country to Six-Mile Bottom and Newmarket, where the fox was headed

by a chaise, which was the cause of his taking a line for Gogmagog Hill, where he was pulled down in the open after a run of one hour and forty-five minutes.

Meanwhile another $6\frac{1}{2}$ couple had killed their fox at Withersfield; and one couple of hounds killed the third fox at Thurlow Park gates. Truly a great day's sport, of which Mr. Thomas Purkis, of Barham Hall, Linton, the present popular hunt secretary, has been good enough to give me details.

Colonel John Cook took this country for a few seasons about the year 1800, and in 1822 Mr. Osbaldeston, who had met with a bad hunting accident, brought his beautiful pack from Leicestershire to hunt here; but he only remained for one season, being much disgusted with the poor show of foxes, and in 1827 comes Mr. George Mure, of Herringswell, who was Master for 18 years. The writer cannot state the present boundaries, but in Mr. Mure's day this country extended from Bury St. Edmunds to Balsham Wood, within eight miles of Cambridge. Mr. Mure's huntsman was Rose, a son of the celebrated Tom Rose, huntsman to the Duke of Grafton. He rode over fifteen stone and seems to have lacked all *suaviter in modo*, so that when things were not going well, he was always at loggerheads with his field.

There is a story told of one of the Dukes of Grafton and a Quaker from Newmarket who stood on an eminence waving his hat and halloing so lustily that he put the pack off the line of their fox. His Grace, much enraged, galloped up to the intruder and inquired in an angry tone: "Art thou a Quaker?" "I am, friend," replied the man. "Well, then," rejoined the Duke, "as you never pull off your hat to a Christian, I will thank you in future not to pay that compliment to a fox."

During the 'forties the Suffolk always held their annual dinner at the White Hart, and this was the great occasion for delivering all the usual speeches and airing the time-worn toasts, to the tune of much revelry. The inevitable claim and counter-claim, the bone of contention which, in spite of the good will which prevails on both sides, will occasionally get tossed about between the hunting farmer and the game preserver, sometimes made a disturbing appearance . . . as for instance in 1846, when a yeoman, in his after-dinner oration, alluded to the extensive preservation of game in terms far from eulogistic. Much depends naturally enough on the point of

view, and the peaceful ideal is only attained when the one sport admits the claim of the other.

Early in the nineteenth century Sir Charles Watson had a very good pack of harriers, and the following lines are taken from a contemporary account of a day's hunting with them.

Dec. 1st, 1817. They found a fox in a covert called Lord Orford's Folly, about two miles from Newmarket. The fox headed for Kentford, ran through the village and was killed several miles away on the far side, after a brilliant hunt of three-quarters of an hour. They then tried for a hare, and finding, had another good hunt for over an hour; but the afternoon turned out very wet and hunting ceased; the majority of a field of some two hundred repaired to the Rutland Arms to celebrate a great day's sport there.

In the forties, Mr. Allix, of Swaffham, had an excellent pack of harriers, described as being almost as fleet as foxhounds, and not at all like the old southern harrier, with its fine deep note. The type mostly used for hare hunting at the present day, dwarf foxhounds, were presumably beginning to make an appearance.

The first coursing society of the kingdom was founded at Swaffham, in Norfolk, in 1776, and the Newmarket Coursing Society followed thirty years later.

These dates have no bearing on the antiquity of coursing; the inauguration of the pastime goes back to very early days. That respectable statesman and writer, Cicero, makes his apology for the sport:

Why think that wisdom loves not the courser's sport? or that man is degraded before the tribunal of sound reason by estimating aright the instinct of any of the creatures around him? or made sinful in the eyes of his Creator by availing himself of the adapted powers of the lowliest of the brute race for the subjugation of such wild animals as were originally designed by a bountiful Creator for the sustenance and recreation of man?

It is a long step from Cicero to Queen Elizabeth, and in the span of years coursing had lost none of its attraction.

In 1591 this sovereign lady visited Cowdray Park, in Sussex, the seat of Lord Montecute, and viewed from a turret "one day after dinner, sixteen bucks, all having fair law, pulled down by greyhounds," a diversion she vastly enjoyed.

It will be understood that the type of hound in use at that time was what was known as the *gazehound*, as it only hunted from view; the same type of hound was used in coursing wolves,



ENTRANCE TO NEWMARKET: A VIEW OF THE TOWN OF NEWMARKET, 1844

(After Westall)

foxes and deer, and was quite different from the modern greyhound, which is smaller and trained for coursing the hare.

It was in the reign of Elizabeth that the Duke of Norfolk drew up a coursing code, which still forms the foundation of the rules of this sport.

The man who inaugurated the era of improved coursing, and who bred up to the type of the best modern greyhound, was the noble owner of Houghton, the Earl of Orford. A predominant trait in his character was an incapacity to do anything by halves, and as coursing was his prevailing passion, he centred all his sporting genius and lent his vast wealth to the furtherance of the pastime. His influence as Lord Lieutenant of the county and as a large landowner was wide; he knew, too, how to enlist the sympathies of many opulent neighbours and friends, whom he entertained with lavish hospitality at his princely home. There were times when he was known to possess fifty couple of greyhounds, and he never parted with a single whelp till speed and dash had been fully tested in a strict trial. This patron of coursing died, as perhaps he would have chosen to die, pursuing his favourite sport. The weak state of his health indicated seclusion and rest; he insisted, however, on mounting his piebald pony and following that admirable bitch, Czarina, in an important match which she won to his pride. In a moment of high exultation and in the eagerness of triumph he fell from his pony and expired shortly afterwards . . . whether in a fit of apoplexy or not seems doubtful. It was well said at the time that no coursing toast-list could ever be complete without that toast to the memory of Lord Orford.

With Orford, of the coursing train,
Deservedly the pride,
Whilst friends around him gladly throng,
By wealth, by sport allied.

Then may ye meet each circling year
And oft renew the sport;
Long may the evening laugh and tale
Add flavour to the port.

Each take his glass, a bumper fill,
No truant here be found;
Drink that "the Course may flourish still,"
And let the toast go round.

After Lord Orford's death, his greyhounds were brought to the hammer at Tattersall's, when Czarina and most of the best dogs passed into the possession of Colonel Thornton of Thornville Royal, Yorks. Claret was mated to a favourite bitch belonging to Major Topham, of Wolds Cottage, Yorks, and thus the choicest of the Norfolk blood became allied with the best blood in Yorkshire. This cross produced Snowball, Major and Sylvia, the three super-greyhounds of that period, none of which were ever beaten.

Lord Orford was a great supporter of the Newmarket Society ; as in later years were Lords Maynard and Rivers.

The latter, the Right Honourable George Pitt, Baron Rivers, who died in Grosvenor Place in 1828, was the owner of Hare Park, close to Newmarket, which he subsequently sold to Mr. Gully. He bred greyhounds very largely, and met with unlimited success, both at Swaffham and Newmarket. Before he succeeded to the title all his greyhounds bore names beginning with a P, from his family name of Pitt ; but when he became Lord Rivers all their names had to begin with R, so that they came into the title with the family, so to speak !

The essentials of first-class coursing are good greyhounds, stout hares and suitable coursing ground, where the hares and hounds can rely on their speed and powers alone. This last attribute was found in all its perfection at Newmarket, where the meeting, far from being a secondary affair, took rank with those of Swaffham and Flixton in Yorkshire, which were the two other most important fixtures. An annual champion meeting, lasting five days, was generally held in December, and at this, there was always a competition for a cup for members of the club.

The various sections of ground, or Fields as they are called, over which these courses took place, were Alington Hill, Chippenham Field, Exning Field, Ditton Field, Stetchworth and Dullingham Field, and Cheveley Field.¹ Sir John Astley, in his Memoirs, tells us something about coursing, and there is no more competent advocate than he, for he started when a lad of ten holding his father's greyhounds in the slips at Everleigh, in Wiltshire. He says that things were not always on the square and that there is no "cert" in coursing, for it is a game in which

¹ Early in the nineteenth century Thomas Thacker, who afterwards wrote the *Courser's Companion*, was judge here.



THE RT. HON. GEORGE PITT, LORD RIVERS

(From the mezzotint after the painting by Z. L. Agasse)

the biter frequently gets bit, as at one celebrated match at Newmarket, where the non-favourite, though the best dog, seemed, from the betting, which was very heavy, to have no chance,

and no more he had, if he could only have kept the half sheep (that he had been treated to before being put into the slips) on his stomach. But that day hares were scarce, and the non-favourite became uneasy and expectorated the mutton, and the favourite had just time to eat it up when Puss was found, and away they went. But the party that paid for the mutton had to pay the stakes and bets too, and serve him right; though he was a trifle unlucky, we must allow.

There is a very good coursing yarn of which the scene was laid in the fen country, near Newmarket, in 1862. It was at a time when hares were not too plentiful, and two friends had arranged to run their respective dogs for a goodly stake. Accompanied by a shepherd, they scoured the open acres in search of crouching Puss, but did not find. They had hunted for many hours, and the sun was far down in the west, when the cheerful "Soho" burst from the lips of the shepherd. "Soho," he cried, striking the hare dead on her form with his crook. "There," he continued, "we've had hard work to find you, but there you are at last."

The feelings of the sportsmen can be better imagined than described!

The Newmarket Coursing Club was dissolved about the year 1833. At the last meeting there were only eight members present, and hares had become very scarce; a new club, however, was soon instituted, and flourished for many years.

The ancient regal and picturesque sport of hawking has been revived at various times in England. Mr. Hall, of Weston, near Newmarket, had a hawking establishment about 1824. He used to hawk every week, and went far towards restoring the old conditions and style, sallying forth in full panoply of hawking pageantry, preceded by his head falconer and other attendants garbed in correct old-falconer's attire, bearing a cast of six long-winged hawks for flights at partridges.

If the story is true that William IV was suddenly seized with a desire to revive this sport, the Duke of St. Albans, Hereditary Grand Falconer, must have been aghast when peremptorily ordered to put in train the whole paraphernalia of falconry for flights at Windsor.

The Duke was taking the waters at Cheltenham when this command was issued, and as the eternal punster remarks: "Poor St. Albans found himself in a *hawkward* predicament, for devil a feather could he muster." The story goes on to narrate that Cumberland Lodge was at once prepared for the Duke, from which residence he was to carry out his duties.

It is not generally known that the earliest cricket match recorded between the noblemen and gentlemen of Eton College and All England was played at Newmarket in June, 1751. There are no details of the pitch, the field may have been at Cheveley, but this is mere surmise. The glorified nomination of the side as All England, in all probability only meant Old Etonians. The Earl of March was captain of All England and Lord Sandwich of Eton College . . . there was a stake of £1,500 . . . and two matches out of three were to decide the issue. On June 25th the first match was won by All England by thirty-seven runs. On the next day there was no play, the teams devoting their time to cockfighting. Eton won the match of the 27th by seventy runs, and on the 29th All England won in the final by ninety-five runs.

But the lapse of years is synonymous with change and transformation; and what a change in sixty years! Each man of mature age exercises retrospective thought, memory is put into action as he notes the work of time within his own span of life. Tradition has handed down from father to son racing reminiscences, the brave company, the glorified buildings, the detailed customs. "What we did in those days!" But what of the written record?—more accurate this, perhaps, for the tale never loses in the telling . . . but all too scanty, such a minute fragment of that great series of bygone achievements and progress. Yet we are grateful for such heritage as we hold—notably for such sporting works as those of Nimrod, of the Druid; immortal adjuncts to the winter fireside and the armchair.

Still, within the recollection of many, Newmarket was distinguished as a friendly little town, a community of which each individual was known to the other, linked by a bond of common interests, friendly rivalry. The stranger within the gates, the denizen of the metropolis, accustomed to frequent those crowded thoroughfares where the human flood rushes, unobserving and unobserved, would be impressed by his own

isolation amidst the courteous recognition, the kindly greeting of one inhabitant to the other; a perception of loneliness such as each one of us must experience in the heart of a throng whose mutual interests exclude us.

But with increasing prosperity and size, Newmarket has lost some of that local intimacy which characterized her . . . she has become more sophisticated, cosmopolitan, and with reason. The weather-glass has not always recorded the set fair of success. The notoriety and buoyancy of this town under the Stuart *régime* was followed by depression under the early Georges: however, with George III, and especially in the day of the Prince Regent, racing prosperity found the mercury again rising. Between the years 1788 and 1832, forty-two Derby winners hailed from Newmarket or its immediate vicinity. But by 1833 the glass had fallen with lightning rapidity and at the October meeting of that year the word "meeting" was practically a misnomer; only a very few people put in an appearance. Memories were tragically short; it was said to be impossible to train a Derby winner on the Heath, and owners of racehorses would not patronize the place. It is an astonishing fact that between 1833 and 1862, the Suffolk town only produced three winners of the Blue Riband! With inexplicable caprice, up went the glass anew, round span the wheel of fortune: Lord Stamford's horses came to Heath House; Diophantus won the Two Thousand of 1861; Macaroni, trained by Godding, was winner of the Two Thousand and of the Derby of 1863. Count Lagrange sent his stud to Newmarket, and the era of Tom Jennings and the mighty Gladiateur dawned. Matthew Dawson migrated from Ilsley and trained for Lord Falmouth; John Dawson soon appeared to train for Prince Batthyany; while in 1871 the Rothschild family, who, up to this date, had not been favoured with success, added to Newmarket laurels with the assistance of Favonius, Hannah and Corisande. Great trainers, wealthy owners, the omnivorous speculative buyers and builders poured into the place; plots of land hitherto valued in hundreds were now estimated in thousands; the town henceforth never looked back from its advance along the pleasant path of fortune.

It is, perhaps, difficult to define the charm of Newmarket. That same witchery that lured those old royal Stuarts, so

susceptible to every wile of nature, sport or woman, still captivates . . . the call of the wild, the magic of open spaces, a sport as delightful as perfect in every detail, display without ostentation, the ultimate comfort brought to a fine art. In close combination with all these advantages are the bountiful gifts of nature. Lying inland, the locality is often well adapted to suit those who may find that undiluted sea air and livers do not harmonize. But adopting the dictum of the family doctor, one feels bound to add that health and happiness are not to be acquired by merely standing about at the races and passing the remainder of the day in the study of the *Racing Calendar* or other periodical. Early rising, early doing are to be recommended ; the programme should include games, riding, walking ; in the colloquial phrase, "getting a move on" ; the erstwhile languid will then become the scoffer at tonics and a living testimonial in praise of a short stay in this neighbourhood.

An enthusiasm quite apart from that admiration engendered by the excellence of racing and training is, maybe, pardonable.

The lover of horses can find his *beau idéal* here—the great thoroughbred at all ages ; no gate money is required. A glance around shows the little foal gambolling at its mother's side in the paddock, the yearling being lunged on the Severals, the thousands of pounds' strings of the finished article cantering and practice-galloping on the Warren Hill, the lordly stallion, usually the most docile of creatures, being led by his attendant on the road. And even supposing the incredible, that this noble animal leaves one indifferent, or that one were unresponsive to the lure of the Turf, there is yet much to be got out of Newmarket.

As a general rule the local attractions are least visited by the inhabitants of a place ; while they may be proud of them in theory, in practice they most frequently postpone to a dubious to-morrow what might be so easily done to-day. How many of us, Londoners—as we are, take the trouble to acquire a knowledge of the buildings and collections so often a few hundred yards from our doors ?

Do the Newmarket folk fully appreciate the delightful surroundings of their town ? Wild, strange country, *terra incognita* to many ; sections of land of composite soils, sand, clay, bog, fen, chalk intermingle in patches and strips, with their corres-

ponding vegetation. The writer is particularly attracted by the belts and avenues; that avenue in particular, of high beech and fir which borders the Limekilns and offers such a wealth of tints in spring or autumn. And the beeches fringing the Duchess' Drive at Cheveley, or that mile and a half of elms on the Thetford Road!

Beyond these the wayfarer soon reaches that wild country where the trees do not grow, but merely struggle into fantastic and sad shapes: the heaths of Suffolk and Norfolk . . . miserably poor scrubland, beautified by the amber tones of gorse and broom; the home of rabbits who destroy most of the vegetation and leave the surface with an ice-like polish; but withal, linked together by acres of arable land, which combine to make this an ideal game country.

Incident is furnished by the most enchanting peeps at old mills and farms; they at once suggest Constable, and rightly so, as the painter spent his youth at East Bergholt in Suffolk, where he, more than most of his fellows, took his study from the book of nature.

A lapse from the beaten track on the other side of the town casts the explorer into the fenlands of Bottisham and Swaffham. A ramble alone in this country on a July evening may sound unsociable; but only the solitary can really approach and observe the bird-life for which these fens are famous. There are astonishingly numerous varieties of small birds, and at this season a pair of partridges with their brood is no rare find . . . one of the *old uns* is bound to go through the interesting performance of feigning a broken wing as it scuttles away in the opposite direction to the chicks, hoping to divert attention from them.

During the 'eighties the Dullingham Road was patronized by the jockeys for that wretched system of wasting, so unnatural and so harmful to many of them. A welcome and acceptable alternative has been found in the Turkish bath, together with less pernicious methods of reducing weight: the ten-mile walk in six waistcoats and three pairs of drawers is now rarely resorted to. This road became the popular route for the purpose, as it was enclosed by high hedges and therefore adapted to keep the wind from the pedestrian and thus promote perspiration. High hedges are almost a tradition; a utilitarian and ruthless

county council trims off all superfluous growth and suppresses any unruly tendency to the picturesque.

It would add piquancy to your ramble if you took your milage from the town milestone, which is quite a relic of the past. Difficult to discover without some direction, it lies embedded in the wall of a house now occupied by Mr. Barrow, the chemist, in the High Street. The old stone, its markings almost obliterated, time-worn and toned, could tell many a tale of the Road, of the Turf, of the Town, of the People . . . if stones could speak, if the soul of things inanimate could commune with the soul of man.

To the inveterate lover of Newmarket, to the *habitué*, even to the casual visitor, this brief sketch of the town in its old and new colouring, with its savour of past and present, may offer some few points which have hitherto passed unnoticed. To the uninitiated, to the stranger, the counsel to come and see, to come and prove that welcome and that hospitality which are native here, may be safely tendered.

CHAPTER V

THE JOCKEY CLUB

“ The Sporting Life of England !
The Charter of the Isle !
Perish the Traitor, heart and hand,
That would, with dastard wile,
Sow discord, jealousy, or strife,
Among the Gallant Band
Who share and shield our Sporting Life,
The Charter of the Land.”—*Old Song*.

FROM the middle of the eighteenth century it may be said that Newmarket and the Jockey Club were co-existent and inseparable, so that no narrative of Headquarters would be complete without some record of this distinguished institution.

It would be as whimsical to imagine New York minus Wall Street, or Canterbury denuded of its Cathedral, as to think of Newmarket without the Jockey Club.

No historical research is required to excuse or explain the necessary evolution of some system of authority and control over racing; from early days this pastime has been closely associated with the winning of prizes and with gaming, and the risks of hazard in competition for value beget strange passions, strange players and still stranger doings. This is readily understood if one remembers that the gaming element gains undue sway as soon as the interest in the stake exceeds the interest in the game.

Gaming is an old and inveterate habit of mankind, and that ancient people the Lydians are held responsible for its invention. The story runs that, threatened with famine, they cast about for some diversion sufficiently enthralling to counteract and dispel the pangs of hunger. To this end they contrived dice, balls, tables and what not, and would pass the entire day at play.

The unkindly critic might urge here that the solace patented against hunger has ofttimes proved its cause !

There can be no game without rules, and no rules unless there be some body corporate to form and enforce them—a body with

recognized power to restrain and discuss, with the right to lay down the law and say the last word. And in this way the different elements are fused into harmonious unity, and order is derived from what would otherwise be confusion and a clash of interests.

Racing is a wide term, and we have already noted that even in the time of the Stuarts it was understood to mean more than the actual sport as such; it included, and will always include, the business of improving and of testing the breed of horses. This is a point of immense importance, not only to the racing man in particular, but to the country in general, though a certain section of that country, in its prejudice against racing, is apt to forget or ignore it.

Nowadays, we may perhaps say that the thoroughbred has more or less arrived, but as the result of years, of centuries even, of specialized breeding on a definite system, and in accordance with prescribed rules which required the regulating dictatorship of some arbitrating council.

At its inception the Jockey Club may have accepted the direct control of this system, but at the present day their influence is indirect, and their functions comprise, for the most part, the framing of regulations, the settling of disputes and the organization of racing policy in general.

Before the establishment of this controlling authority, all disputes were judged by the King in person; that the exercise of this royal prerogative was no sinecure is attested by records in the State Papers of varying periods. In April, 1682, for example, Lord Conway relates an instance of a false start in one of the races; he goes on to say that the matter was referred to the sporting sovereign for arbitration.

Here hapned yesterday a dispute upon the greatest point of Criticall learning that was ever known at New-Markett. A Match betweene a Horse of Sr Rob : Car's, and a Gelding of Sr Rob : Geeres, for a mile and a halfe only, had engaged all the Court in many thousand pownds, much depending in so short a Course to haue them start fairly. Mr. Griffin was appointed to start them. When we saw them equall he sayd Goe, and presently he cryed out Stay, one went off, and run through the Course and claimes his mony, the other never stird at all. Now possibly you may say that this was not a fayre starting, but the Criticks say, after the word Goe was out of his mouth, his Commission was determind, and it was illegall for him to say Stay. I suppose there will be volumes written upon this subject, 'tis all refered to his Mat^{tyes} Judgment, who hath not yet determined it."—(State Papers, Dom. No. (April) 37).

It would be interesting to know what decision was formed by Charles II.

At the same Spring Meeting of 1682 a dispute arose over a match between horses belonging respectively to Mr. Bellingham and Mr. Roe. After hearing the evidence of the jockeys upon oath, the King, who probably wanted his supper, settled the matter at 9 P.M., and found that Traveller, the horse of Mr. Bellingham, had won by "a foot and a half."

In subsequent reigns, when the sovereign was not sufficiently interested in the Turf to accept the office of arbitrator, some other authority was doubtless found to step into the breach. We know that in the reign of Queen Anne, Tregonwell Frampton assumed the royal function, and performed the duties of an embryo steward, so to speak, of the Jockey Club; but from the day of that autocracy until there came into existence the command of an association of men of distinction, imbued by a common love of sport, there is a gap which the vigilance of the historian has not been able to span. There must have been a connecting link; sporting affairs hardly permit of the haphazard; but no incidents, no references come to light up the thread.

The existence of a club is first brought to our notice in the *Sporting Calendar*, published by a Mr. John Pond, a sporting auctioneer of Newmarket, and also of James Street, Covent Garden. An announcement in this publication intimates to the reader that a "Contribution Free Plate" will be run for at Newmarket, on Wednesday, April 1st, 1752, "by horses the property of noblemen and gentlemen belonging to the Jockey Club, at the Star and Garter in Pall Mall."

So far as we know, this inn was one of the first meeting-places of the Jockey Club.

Many clubs in those days had no home of their own, and would hold their meetings and dinners at various hostelryes; the Star and Garter mentioned above is known to have been a favourite place of assembly, and it was renowned for its *cuisine* and wines.

It is not easy to prove the authenticity of some of these eighteenth-century legends; it is, however, fairly probable that it was in this house that Lord Byron, in a tragic quarrel, killed Mr. Chaworth some few years after the presumed foundation of the Jockey Club. In this inn, too it was, that a committee

In early days the club held no land at Newmarket, but with the gradual acquisition of the rights of leases and of freeholds of the local racing and training grounds, the members obtained powers civil and criminal in every matter pertaining to the Turf, and without any legal constitution or sanction developed into the central authority.

The right of the Jockey Club to warn persons off Newmarket Heath on any cause, was fully established at the Cambridge Assizes in 1827 by a verdict to that effect given by a jury in an action for trespass brought by the Duke of Portland against S. Hawkins, Esq., who was warned off for having used unbecoming language to Lord Wharncliffe on the Heath, evidence being produced by the Jockey Club that they had been invested with the proprietorship of these grounds since 1753 as tenants of the Duke of Portland.

Banishment from the Turf of Newmarket, the chief centre of horse-racing in England, was the deadly weapon which established their prerogative!

The first official order of the club which is traceable refers to Newmarket only. Heber's *Racing Calendar* for 1758 has preserved it for us. It is a mandate to compel riders to weigh when they come in from running their horses in a race, on pain of being "dismissed" (whatever that may mean); this order is signed by Lord March and other members. Strictly speaking the club has never had any authority or power to extend or enforce the observance of its laws on any meetings save those held at Newmarket; but it soon became evident that it was to the mutual advantage of all other race-courses to adopt uniform regulations, and so to come into line, as it were, with Headquarters; thus by general consent there was a tacit understanding to acknowledge the universal jurisdiction of the Jockey Club.

This governing body very clearly defined its attitude towards other race meetings in 1831, when it signified that the rules and orders emanating from the Jockey Club applied to Newmarket only; at the same time their adoption was recommended to the stewards of those other meetings. They declared also that where these rules were publicly accepted and adhered to, the Jockey Club would be willing to settle any disputes forwarded for adjudication. As regards the stewards in whom the responsibility of action was vested . . . there is a casual mention of

these officials in 1762, but it is only in the year 1770 that their appointment becomes a regular part of the constitution.

A word here upon racing calendars will not be amiss !

So far back as 1670 there is evidence of some publication of this type, for we read of a *Calendar of Horse-racing* set up at Newmarket, the price of which was half a crown, the author being John Nelson. Then follows an interval of over half a century, until in 1727 Mr. John Cheney produces something of the same nature ; while in addition to the calendar, in 1741, he inaugurates a species of stud-book, if one can dignify by this name the publication, by subscription, of the portraits of thirty-six celebrated horses, together with their pedigrees and performances. The production of the second primitive racing calendar was continued by Cheney till his death in 1750, when Reginald Heber assumed the office of Turf Recorder and Secretary and brought out a volume entitled *Historical List of Horse Matches, etc.* This Mr. Heber does not appear to have taken a very serious view of racing laws and statistics ; but he probably found the publication quite a profitable bit of business, as he coupled it with ample advertisements of his “Mild York River tobacco,” sporting pictures and sundries. Our friend was apparently not the only mercenary writer of calendars ; other candidates for literary fame and base lucre arose. In 1752 Mr. Pond, the father of Doctor Johnson’s young heroine, who performed some extraordinary feat on Newmarket Heath, about as probable as tea in Mars and return to South Kensington for dinner, went one better than Heber, by adding to his book “rules concerning racing in general” ; these two periodicals ran concurrently for a very long time. Through a maze of conflicting dates, it seems likely that Heber outstayed Pond, and, as this is not the traditional fairy story where “both lived happily ever after,” we are bound to declare the doleful truth that each vanished, thus making way for a fresh and more combative set of champions. Mr. B. Walker disputed the rights of production with Messrs. Tuting and Fawconer in the year 1769, when the Jockey Club becomes in some degree connected with racing calendars. Tuting describes himself as “Keeper of the Match Book at Newmarket,” and his partner Thomas Fawconer as “Secretary to the Jockey Club.” Poor Walker seems to have missed the Newmarket Honours’ List ! However, this has little importance now, and

we can leave Tuting and Co. in peace with their grandiose titles, valid or otherwise, and proceed to treat of the Weatherby connexion.

The promising calendar career of the three gentlemen who succeeded Pond and Heber lasted but a short five years. By 1773 the Jockey Club had authorized Mr. James Weatherby¹ to undertake the duties of "Keeper of the Match Book at Newmarket," and had agreed to support the undertaking; it was a decision which time has confirmed, for the Weatherby family has continued to represent the Jockey Club officially, up to date, in all matters that pertain to the Turf, the stud books and the racing calendars.

The Match Book was apparently of imposing aspect, for Parsons, writing in 1771, before the Weatherby connexion, has a word to say about it. "That, Sir, which you suppose to be a Bible, is no other than a *book of matches*, fairly entered, and kept here for annual use."

It is incontestable that the stewards of the Jockey Club possess the most arbitrary power; they are autocrats in their own realm, and on occasion they exercise this absolutism to the utmost: investigations are held in secret, while at one celebrated inquiry, the Tarragona Case, private betting books were examined under a microscope, and submitted to handwriting experts.

This may be possibly an isolated instance of extreme severity, but the writer gives it as his opinion that, speaking generally, the absolute power wielded by the Jockey Club has been justified by an equitable and beneficial administration.

Bearing in mind this autocracy, it is not surprising that various decisions and cases connected with this Institution have encountered much criticism, generally from sporting writers in the Press, or in some of the periodicals of the day, who professionally resent any inquiry from which they are totally excluded.

A hasty view of these disparaging comments, however, is sufficient to show their flagrant inconsistency.

In 1839 Craven, the well-known writer in the *Sporting Magazine and Sporting Review*, violently attacked Mr. Greville with regard to an incident connected with the latter's horse Mango and the Newmarket St. Leger; insinuations of a very

¹ *Morning Post*, May 1st, 1773.

serious nature being brought against him. By the year 1862 all that was forgotten, and we find one of the leading writers of the same magazine, in a discussion of the Tarragona Inquiry, hurling abuse at the Jockey Club and Admiral Rous, and maintaining that "we needed the grave, cool wisdom of a General Peel or a Mr. Greville to head a Tarragona Inquiry."

With reference to betting cases, it is curious and instructive to compare the legal attitude of the past with the present. Betting nowadays has no status in the eyes of the law, and the betting man can obtain neither redress nor protection in our courts of law . . . the Jockey Club ostensibly refuses to arbitrate in disputes of this kind, and they have to be submitted to committees for the purpose. But in the good old Georgian days betting cases and Turf differences were cited in the ordinary courts of law. I quote an instance culled from the *Sporting Magazine* of 1794.

In the year 1754, was tried at the *Nisi Prius* Bar, Bury St. Edmunds assizes, an action brought by Mr. John Catton, of Halesworth, Suffolk, against Mr. Thomas Williamson of that town (a stake-holder) for delivering a bet of fifteen guineas to Mr. Thomas Stamford of Newmarket, which money Mr. Catton afterwards claimed. The case was, Mr. Stamford laid ten guineas to five guineas, that Whitenose did not win the give-and-take plate on this course in 1753. Whitenose ran on the wrong side of the post in the first heat, but starting the second, third and fourth heats, and winning the two last, the clerk of the course (upon a bond of indemnity) paid the plate to the owner of Whitenose. The determination of the jury was, that his starting for the last three heats did not requalify him, as his running on the wrong side of the post had before rendered him a distanced horse, and therefore they gave a verdict for the defendant, to the great satisfaction of judge and court.

A letter in the same magazine of the following year, with a friend's comments thereon, is unusual enough to be worth inserting. It purports to come from a gentleman who, having won some money at Newmarket, is *not quite sure that he ought to keep it*.

Devil's Ditch, Newmarket,
Craven Meeting, 1795.

Dear Sir,

You know from an innate and hereditary passion (vice if it please you better) for the turf, as far only as it tends to amusement and not distinction, I keep a racer, without risking anything but the charges of training: However, having lately been "warmed by the Tuscan Grape," in plain English, Old Port, I accepted a bet from Lord D. of 100 gs. to

50 gs. his chestnut colt, Take-in, against my bay gelding Whim, which I won out of sight. I am sensible of my folly, and desire you to dispose of my winnings, as you think proper, among the poor debtors in our country gaol, unwilling to reap lucrative advantages from a transaction, the reverse of which would have robbed my domestic treasury of more than I could afford; but to serve as a deodand and peace-offering that the "pitying angel" as Sterne says, "may drop a tear on the golden pen of the recording one, and blot it out for ever from the divine ledger of eternal rewards and punishments."

I am,

Yours Sincerely, N . . .

Now, Sir! were all the winners of high odds at Newmarket, to put the surplus over the equal bet into a fund for charitable purposes, to be disposed of by a committee, sitting in the winter months, for the relief and comfort of the poor, the character of a gamester might be less reproachful; and though some ruin would arise from the nefarious orgies of the Pandemonium there (*viz. hell*), yet many useful lives of peasants and their families would be preserved from misery and premature deaths. But I fear this letter will ever remain *unique* and the above wish only *Utopian*.

Peculiar and hybrid were the cases which called for the decision of the Jockey Club at Newmarket!

There was the dispute of Scott *versus* Panton. At the moment when General Scott's horse was about to start for a race, he was challenged by Mr. Panton, as follows: "General, I'll lay you a thousand guineas your horse is neither first or last!" The General accepted the wager, and immediately gave instructions to his jockey to ride in due conformity to the terms of the bet. His horse was last, and Mr. Panton objected to payment on the score that the General had given his rider instructions before the start. The decision of the Jockey Club in this case appears to have been as curious as the wager itself . . . they held that Mr. Panton must pay up, as the bet was laid, not upon the chance of the place the horse would obtain, if the rider remained uninformed of the bet, but upon the opinion that he had not speed enough to be placed first, nor tractability enough to be brought in last.

The control by the Jockey Club of the Heath and of the Subscription Rooms at Newmarket was a powerful lever which was skilfully used. One more instance connected with betting will illustrate this fact.

In the early 'forties "Goldfinch," a Turf scribe of the time, cited Jem Bland, a very well-known ring-man, who, by the way,

could neither read nor write, but would make forty or fifty bets at a time, and remember them all correctly, before the Stewards, for the payment of £35. Lord Wharncliffe stated the case, and ended his report by reading the following letter from Goldfinch:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The case I have the honour to lay before you is closed. I have used every means within my power to prevent giving you this trouble, by offering to leave the matter to arbitration, each party choosing a friend for such purpose; but I have failed in every offer I have made to that effect. I am forced to this appeal as a last resource; for the last time I pressed Mr. Bland to name some mode of settlement, his reply was, "Go to h—l! I have got the money, and I mean to keep it!"

The Stewards discussed the matter in private, and when the contending parties were told to return to the Presence Chamber, Lord Wharncliffe, addressing Bland, observed that the affair had been carefully investigated, and that the decision arrived at was that Bland must pay the money. His reply was to the effect that this was a case for the Courts of Law, and that until such verdict was obtained against him, in such Courts, he would resist payment. Lord Wharncliffe then remarked that the Stewards had certainly no power to enforce payment, but that they were of opinion that the money ought to be paid, and until this was done they hoped that Bland would have the modesty to abstain from visiting the Rooms at Newmarket. After a moment's reflection, Bland said: "My lords, I can't go agen you," and handed the money to the Stewards, in order to keep his word that he would never pay it to Goldfinch.

Small wonder that in 1842 the Jockey Club and Stewards were glad to withdraw from the handling of these tiresome betting cases, deciding that henceforth they would take no cognizance of any dispute or claim regarding bets, but would relegate the whole business to Committees of Tattersall's and the Subscription Rooms at Newmarket. It is not to be inferred from this that the Jockey Club ignores betting! But the members of this institution decline to take any initiative in such matters, and wait for an official report from the said Committees before entering into any action with regard to defaulters; conversely, if this official report is not received (as for instance in the case of the Marquess of Hastings, who was notoriously in default), they allow the matter to rest.

Inquiries into betting cases appear trivial among the many matters which have come under the notice of the Jockey Club ; matters connected even with crime and involving capital punishment. The villain with a dark lantern, nobbling the favourite, is a stirring feature of cheap melodrama, but the shilling shocker and the proverbial yellow-back can offer nothing more thrilling than the following grim tragedy, terminated by an ignominious death on the scaffold.

Daniel Dawson was originally a groom, a sound judge of racing and horses, who afterwards became a tout ; he was a sociable fellow, and rather a popular tout, as touts go. He lodged at a house in the High Street, opposite Old Q's residence. In 1809 it was found that the water in certain troughs used for racehorses belonging to J. Stevens, was poisoned. Two horses the property of this stable-keeper died suddenly ; others were seriously affected ; and the Jockey Club offered 100 guineas for the discovery and conviction of the miscreants who were guilty of the dastardly deed. The perpetrators, however, evaded justice. In 1811 a similar offence was committed ; this time the poison was put in the water used by the string belonging to Richard Prince the trainer, as also in some troughs on the Heath ; and four horses died. The water was tested and found to contain a preparation of arsenic, and the Jockey Club now offered a reward of 500 guineas for the detection and conviction of the guilty parties. This second and larger reward seems to have accomplished its purpose, and on August 15, 1811, Daniel Dawson was arrested at Brighton, and was brought up to be identified at Marlborough Street Police Court ; whence the magistrate sent him to the Cambridge Spring Assizes of 1812 to answer a charge of poisoning horses at the Newmarket Spring Meeting of 1809. By George I, 9, it was a capital offence to destroy horses and cattle maliciously, and Dawson was sentenced to death, his accomplice, Bishop, having turned king's evidence ; so that the whole wretched plot came to light with details as to how a commission had been worked in the Ring to lay against the horses.

Lord Foley, who had lost his valuable mare Pirouette, together with several other horses, all worth large sums ; most generously tried to save Dawson's life, but the Home Secretary was inexorable, and the poisoner was hanged at Cambridge.

It will be readily realized that in the course of one hundred and fifty years there have been Stewards of many and various ideas and tendencies, ranging from the desperately autocratic to the extremist in leniency. How well I remember the American invasion somewhere in the 'nineties, and how vividly the picture comes back to me of Tod Sloan, short-stirruped, with tucked-up knees and his chin on the horse's withers, rolling home time after time up the July Course. We, as a nation, have an ineradicable distrust of any revolutionary innovation, and when Tod Sloan made his first appearance on the Newmarket Trial Ground, riding *Omnium*, he was greeted with derisive jeers. However, our American friends have certainly taught us one lesson: their racing seat has come and remained and, ugly as it is, it is doubtless correct. The idea was accidentally discovered from the nigger boys who, when thrown up on their bronchos with only a rug to sit upon, get their balance partly by grip with their small knees almost round the horse's withers, and partly by leaning forward and holding the horse's mane. And it was somewhere about this time that I was told a yarn of Stewards of the latter category, who played the game of *Shut-eye* to such an extent that they obtained from the irreverent the appellation of "three blind mice."

Now, as then, the regulations for the Trial Grounds at Newmarket enforce strict discipline, and are framed for the benefit of the owners and trainers; any person interested in the organization can read these regulations inserted in the Appendix to this book.

These gallops are easily damaged, and very costly to make and maintain; it would, therefore, be impossible to allow them to be used for every casual species of exercise gallop. One rule formulated for the Trial Grounds is to the effect that single horse trials are not allowed; in other words, clocking a horse over a given distance, a system which was also brought over from America about this time, is prohibited. Some of the American trainers were rather hazy over rules and regulations in a new country; possibly their thoughts reverted to their boundless prairies where there are no laws.

To the extreme discomfort of the above-mentioned Stewards, whose motto must have run convincingly in the "anything for a quiet life" groove, their representative, responsible for the

execution of orders, brought before them a trainer who had been clocking his horses in these sacred precincts and using them as an ordinary gallop. This trainer, a man of most ferocious appearance and 6 ft. 3 in. in height, was greeted by the senior Steward with "Good morning, Mr. —, glad to see you, etc.," followed by a discussion on the weather, the prospects of the racing season, and other weighty matters totally distinct from the complaint which had been lodged. He was about to retire when the late Mr. Weatherby politely reminded the Stewards that the breach of regulations had not even been mentioned, much less dealt with, and intimated that the representatives of the Jockey Club could not possibly carry out their orders unless they were supported. Thereupon some mild reference was made to the infringement of rules, and the trainer withdrew.

Then, and then only, did the senior Steward express himself strongly: "For God's sake, don't bring that man here again—he looked like eating the lot of us!"

This, however, is not a treatise on Stewards of the Jockey Club, of whom, no doubt, tales in plenty could be told; not to mention the many biographies of men whose distinguished talents and strength of character have set them apart as leaders of their fellows.

The name of Lord George Cavendish Bentinck will suggest itself here . . . his memory will endure so long as horse racing continues to be a national pastime. This lover of sport gave up his Turf life at the call of what he considered a grave responsibility. It was the moment of commercial strain and stress, and the future of the Corn Laws was in the balance. . . . Lord George, who was a great advocate of Protection, realized that the agricultural interests of all classes required a pilot to find a way through the troubles of political agitation; he gave himself, his life, his pleasures and his influence to the cause, and he never looked back.

One breath suffices for the naming of Admiral Rous and Newmarket! The distinguished Turf Admiral loved the town and Heath, and town and Heath were proud of him, and stood by him loyally in all his decisions, which they considered almost infallible. The Hon. Henry John Rous was the younger son of Sir John Rous, a Suffolk baronet, who, on the accession of George IV was created Earl of Stradbroke; he was born at Henham Hall in Suffolk, in 1795, and adopted a seafaring profession.

After a few years at Westminster School the future admiral went aboard the *Repulse* as a midshipman, and took part in the Flushing Expedition, which was only the first of the many naval actions of the times in which he figured ; at Venice he was in the thick of the fight ; at Ancona he nearly lost his life while in charge of a prize vessel which sprang a leak and sank. And where does the Turf come in ?

Well ! in 1829 he began a six years' sojourn ashore and could indulge those sporting proclivities which had so little facility on board ship, where indeed they could hardly go beyond the theoretical. But the sea called him again, and in 1835 he won his great naval triumph . . . he was in command of the *Pique*, a frigate of thirty-six guns, and by sheer heroism and resolution, standing bravely by his ship through difficulties of which the modern seaman has no conception, he brought her back from Newfoundland without a rudder and leaking badly ; the menace of a watery grave always present to himself and his crew.

Even to the lay mind, ignorant of the lore of the deep and the government of sea-craft, there is something striking and alluring in the scrutiny of the pictures of those old sailing ships. I have often stood before the painting of that ancient *Pique*, which the Admiral presented to the Jockey Club at Newmarket, and tried to visualize the game commander with his unfailing spirit, wondering whether or no he would again view the green plain of Newmarket ; tried to hear him encourage his men as the frigate creaks through the storm on that hazardous journey.

The position of the Admiral on the Turf was altogether unique. Since the days of Tregonwell Frampton the administrative power had never been vested in one man, and Frampton had held his dictatorship, not by reason of a particularly estimable character, or by force of personal attraction and popularity, but from the vantage ground of superior knowledge of all those arts inherent to racing and training at a time when there were few experts and but little competition in this direction. Some hundred years later, however, specialists in sport were numerous, and proficiency and competence, far from being unusual, were quite normal. Consequently there may have been many candidates for the office. But the Admiral was chosen unanimously ; his qualities of unsullied integrity, amiability of character and shrewd judgment met with universal approval, and the long

years of his administration speak eloquently in favour of the choice.

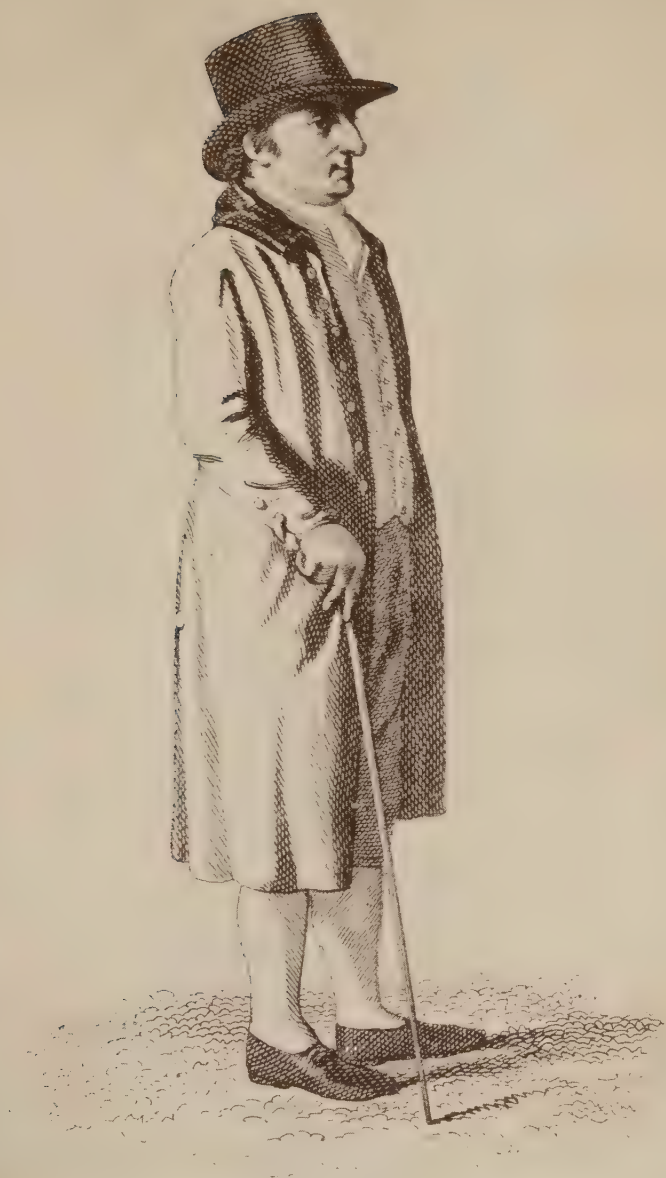
His position as the sole arbiter of matters equine at Newmarket and elsewhere is without parallel in the history of the Turf. Opportunity and the man had touched; responsibilities were met with steady brain and knowledge; development and prosperity became the order of the day; the seaman showed the same ingenuity and creative faculty on the Heath and the course as he had displayed in the tangles of warfare and the dangers of the sea.

Elected member of the Jockey Club in 1821, he was made a steward for the first time in 1838; by 1859 he had, by continuous re-election, entered upon a career as a sort of perpetual president. From thence till his death in 1877 he was virtually sole judge in all Turf matters.

Not that critics of his reforms, or suggested reforms, were altogether absent; for the matter of that, he was constantly up against Sir Joseph Hawley in his attempts at practical progress. But opposition was all in the day's work; the Admiral had fought with the elements and conquered, so now he entered upon this paper warfare with equal ardour, and never tired of publishing replies to Sir Joseph, or to any one else who ran counter to his opinions. For many years he discharged the onerous duties of public handicapper with the greatest success. Now this is really a difficult task and a thankless one: in addition to the inevitable perplexities, there is the dissatisfaction of the owner to contend with, then there is the censure of the capricious scribbler on racing topics; but the Admiral himself had a word to say about handicappers, and it will be interesting to hear his summing up of the qualifications essential to the office.

A public handicapper should be a man of independent circumstances, in every sense of the word, and beyond suspicion of accepting illicit compensation for favours received; attached to no stable, a good judge of the condition of the horse, but with a more intimate knowledge of the dispositions of owners and trainers, he should be a spectator of every race of any importance in the United Kingdom; and his station should be at the distance-post, where horses are pulled, not at the winning post, where they are extended; he should never make a bet, and he should treat all the remarks which may be made about his handicaps with the utmost indifference.”¹

¹ *Law and Practice of Horse Racing*, 1850, by Hon. Captain Rous, R.N.



JOHN HILTON

Judge of the Course at Newmarket, circa 1804

This last point was thoroughly appreciated by the Admiral, and like many sailors, rather deaf, he became extraordinarily so directly any discussion arose about handicap weights.

After enumerating the qualities of the ideal handicapper, one can almost see the twinkle in the Admiral's eye as he goes on to say: "Such a man is not to be found."

The writer of this book can express no opinion as to the truth of this assertion, but he does go so far as to declare that if the Angel Gabriel came down and made one of our important handicaps, he would certainly not contrive to give universal satisfaction.

The balance-sheet department of Jockey Club business did not suffer under the Admiral's direction; he is said to have raised the revenue at the disposal of the authorities at Newmarket from £3,000 to £18,000 a year.

At a public dinner in 1685, at which Lord Granville presided, the friends and admirers of Admiral Rous presented him with his own portrait and three handsome pieces of silver plate, subscribed for by the noblemen and gentlemen of the British and foreign Turf, in recognition of his distinguished services which had extended over a quarter of a century.

And the guest of honour of that evening could have told them a tale or so of Newmarket, and of racing in general, for his experiences are said to have dated back as far as 1813, when he saw Sir Charles Bunbury's Smolensko win the Two Thousand and the Derby of that year . . . and we know that he had the happiness of living long enough to see Kisber the winner of the Derby of 1876.

The majority of people have little notion of the business side of running the "show" at Newmarket. Their attitude is that of the child who watches the transformation scene of a Xmas pantomime, and who knows nothing of the organization and intelligence required to produce the brilliant result.

Many active agents, each and all licensed by the Jockey Club, work hard to ensure the successful dispatch of eight great race meetings in the year; and side by side with this human service is the long list of those elements necessary for the representation: courses, training grounds, stands, catering departments, stakes, entries, management of the rooms, collection of fees, registration of colours, the licensing of jockeys and trainers;

all those endless details which go to perfect the machinery of a great racing centre.

Then there are the Course Officials.

For the moment I am content to revive the memory of a few picturesque characters of the past.

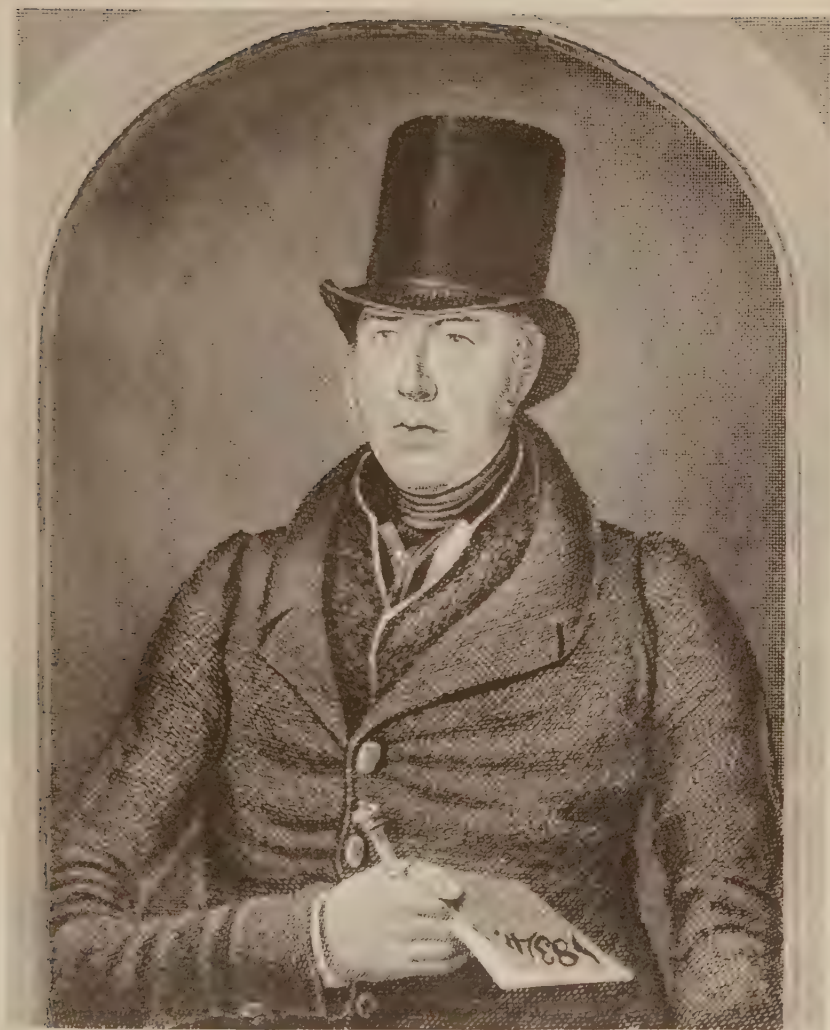
After reading what one great handicapper deemed the essentials of the office, we can but proffer our unstinted admiration both for his sentiments and for his personality.

Another function which demands cool and unbiased deliberation is that of Judge of the Course. Three names appear on the old records under this title, amongst others of less note: these are John Hilton, 1770 to 1806; Clark Senior, 1806 to 1822; Clark Junior, 1822. . . . The first of these, John Hilton, had been in the service of the Jockey Club for thirty years in various capacities, when he was appointed Judge of the Course. He appears in this book in a quaint sketch by Ben Marshall.

Hilton's successors were the Clarks, father and son, the elder Clark occupying the Chair till 1822, when he vacated it in favour of his son, and retired to become the popular host of the Greyhound Inn, where many a good meal was served, and many a mellow bottle cracked to the accompaniment of a racy and racing yarn from old Clark. The son's term of office lasted some years, and, like Johnny Walker, he was "still going strong" in 1834.

The requisites for judging are the natural advantages of a quick and accurate eye, an inherent and scrupulous honesty, and a steady head, with a rapidly working memory for colours. All judges are bound to make some mistakes, but Mr. Clark is said to have made very few. In his day it was the custom for winners of big races to make a present to the judge; a vicious practice which was suppressed in 1848 as the result of one of Lord George Cavendish Bentinck's reforms. Another typical sketch, also after Ben Marshall, is that of Mr. Samuel Betts, the Starter, about the year 1800; this too is reproduced.

Jackson, the Custodian of the Limekilns for over forty years, must not be forgotten. Born at Thetford in 1800, after a long period of work on the roads, he was entrusted with the Bury Toll-gate, and while in this capacity he contracted with the Jockey Club to take charge of this ground, which ever afterwards he regarded as his own particular realm. For this service he received a salary of £40 a year, with an additional two shillings



JOHN CLARK

Judge of the Course at Newmarket, 1834

a week for the keep of his donkey. The early riser in summer would see him on the Limekilns at three in the morning—he went to bed regularly at eight at night—but though this lord of the Limekilns was so early astir, he had a rooted objection to his subjects advancing the start of the day! Old Tom Jennings was a great offender, since he persisted in bringing out his string at a very premature hour. Jackson was by no means a teetotaler, although never the worse for liquor; he was also a confirmed smoker; but in spite of these little human frailties he succeeded in living to the ripe age of ninety-three. Among other items of that vast business controlled from Newmarket is the Bentinek Benevolent Fund, which is administered by the Jockey Club. This fund did not originate with the ruling body; it is directly traceable to Lord George himself, and was indirectly the outcome of the notorious Running Rein case.

In 1843 a horse called Running Rein ran at Newmarket for a two-year-old plate, which he won, beating the Duke of Rutland's Crinoline, and two others. The Duke objected to the winner on the ground that he was a three-year-old; so the case was submitted for investigation by the Stewards, who dismissed it, alleging that the Duke had not proved his contention as to the age of the winner.

This same horse started subsequently for the Clearwell Stakes, but was beaten, although he was heavily backed. Lord George, ever energetic at ferreting out anything he thought shady, scented a fraud. As Greville says in his Diary: "Lord George did nothing by halves, and was afraid of no man," and all through that winter he quietly accumulated evidence which went to strengthen his doubts as to the real age of Running Rein.

In 1844 Running Rein was placed first in the Derby. Lord George went immediately to Colonel Peel, the owner of the second horse Orlando, and formulated his suspicions, advising him to object; this he did at once, and claimed the Derby Stakes. The Stewards of Epsom Races gave instructions to Messrs. Weatherby not to pay over the stakes, but to hand them into court, and allow the law to decide which party was the rightful owner. Thereupon Mr. A. Wood, the nominator of Running Rein, brought an action against Colonel Peel to recover; an action which resulted in a verdict for Colonel Peel, it being proven that Running Rein was a four-year-old.

must be proposed by a member, and his Christian and surname and usual place of abode, with the name of the member proposing him, put up in the Dining and Card Rooms at Newmarket (or in such other place as the Stewards shall appoint), in the meeting preceding the ballot. Nine members (at the least) shall ballot; and two black balls shall exclude.

Nos. 12 and 13 deal with the ballot for membership of the New Rooms and their purport is as follows :

12 . . . The ballot for members of the New Rooms may be in any of the seven established meetings at Newmarket. Each candidate must be proposed by a member of the Jockey Club, and his Christian and surname and usual place of abode, with the name of the member proposing him, put up in the Dining and Card Rooms at Newmarket (or in such other place as the Stewards shall appoint), on the day preceding the ballot. The ballot shall be in the morning between the hours of eleven and one, or in the afternoon between the hours of four and six. Members of the Jockey Club only shall be allowed to ballot. Nine members (at least) shall ballot, and two black balls shall exclude. If eighteen members ballot, there must be three black balls to exclude..

13 . . . A member of any of the Clubs in St. James's-street, known by the names of White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's may be admitted a member of the New Rooms without ballot, on paying the same sum for his admission, and the same subscription, as are required of members chosen by ballot.

Prior to the year 1767 there appears to have been no ballot for membership of the Coffee Room; but about this time, Mr. Brereton, Lady Sarah Bunbury's "sad vulgar," who certainly gives the impression of being a first-class bounder, made himself objectionable to the other members. It was therefore considered advisable to take such measures as would serve in future to exclude any undesirable person, and ballot by the Jockey Club became *de rigueur*. The conditions were practically the same as those prevailing afterwards for membership of the New Rooms, but with the additional clause that membership of the New Rooms qualified for membership of the Coffee Room, on payment of the subscription, and without a second ballot.

The Coffee Room has ceased to exist as a separate institution. It is difficult to assign a date to what was probably a gradual assimilation or incorporation, but at the present time the only occupants of these premises are the Jockey Club and the members of what is known as the Jockey Club Rooms.

The tradition still persists, and the membership of these Rooms is sanctioned and seconded by members of the Jockey

Club, as of old ; the candidates are for the most part present or past owners of racehorses.

The Rooms apportioned to them are those used by the members of the Jockey Club, with the exception of the Jockey Club dining-room—in the new part of the building. This is reserved at breakfast-time, during race weeks, for members of the Jockey Club, but all dine in this room, including His Majesty the King, if he should chance to be in residence. The members of the Jockey Club Rooms have breakfast in the older part of the building. This arrangement affords a certain amount of privacy to the Sovereign, if desired.

Among the few interesting relics in the Rooms is the Newmarket Challenge Cup, sometimes erroneously called the Jockey Club Cup. This cup had its origin in 1768, when a party of noblemen and gentlemen who were being entertained at Euston by the Duke of Grafton, decided on the advisability of establishing some standard challenge trophy. A cup was, therefore, purchased for 125 guineas—twenty-five subscribers at 5 guineas each—to be challenged for on the Monday or Tuesday in the First Spring Meeting, and to be run for over the Beacon Course (now altered to D I), in the First October Meeting following.

Originally the challenge could only be made for a horse belonging to a member of the Jockey Club ; but as time went on, members of the Rooms were also permitted to compete.

The first holder of the cup was Mr. Vernon, whose horse Marquis beat Sir Charles Bunbury's Bellario, Lord Grosvenor's Pacolet and Lord Rockingham's Pilgrim.

Lord Grosvenor won it in 1779, and held it for forty-seven years, when the Hon. Charles Wyndham challenged ; his challenge not being accepted, he received the cup.

The last race for this challenge cup took place in 1913, when Lord Derby won with Stedfast.

Lord Wolverton challenged in 1918, and his horse The Viking walked over.

In 1919, 1920, 1921, it was not challenged for.

It is a fine silver-gilt cup ; two medallions in relief on either side represent respectively brood mares and foals, and two horses racing ; while it bears the proud inscription : "To the best in England." A well-chased border is embossed with racehorses in various postures.



FINISHED HORSES : MATCHEM AND TRAJAN RUNNING AT NEWMARKET

(After T. Smith of Dorset)

The authentic history and date of a second trophy, the Whip, is quite another matter. The legend pretends that this is the identical whip used by Charles II, and which he is supposed to have presented to the unknown nobleman whose arms it bears, and who was presumably the owner of the best horse in England at that time.

According to the story, the Duke of Devonshire was the first recorded winner of this prize with his horse Dimple, somewhere about 1699 to 1702.

But passing from legend to unimpeachable fact, we find that in 1756 Mr. Fenwick's horse Matchem carried off the trophy, when he beat Mr. Bowles' Trajan. This was a race which evidently took place over the Beacon Course, as we learn that the odds were two to one on Matchem at starting, but had veered to five to one on Trajan "across the flat," and had changed again to 100 to 1 on Matchem at "the turn of the lands." We have reproduced here a funny old print called "Finish'd Horses," depicting this race, and which is curiously characteristic of the period.

From the year 1764 there is an official record of each winner of this race; a list headed by the name of H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland with his horse Dumplin. The Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV) had the pleasure of seeing it carried off by Auriel, in 1787, while the last time this race for the Whip was run was in 1918, when Torpoint, the property of Mr. W. M. G. Singer, was successful.

The conditions for the Whip have been for some time past almost identical with those for the challenge cup. The Whip itself is short and of the type of those used by postilions of the old days; it has a heavy silver handle, undoubtedly of the period of Charles II. I own to being dubious as to the date and origin of the arms, which according to judges of heraldry are not Stuart; they were no doubt added at some later date, as also a wristband woven from the mane of Eclipse, and a lash from his tail. These last attributes are necessarily of a later day than the Stuarts, as the famous horse was not foaled until after the death of George II. It is perhaps a proof of profound scepticism on the part of the writer that he takes the Eclipse details as more or less doubtful.

The only other relic in the Rooms to which we propose to

refer is an absolutely genuine memento of the great Eclipse, in the form of his hoof mounted on a gold pedestal, and set in the centre of a very small salver of the same metal. This was presented to the Jockey Club by William IV at the annual dinner given by the King to that institution in 1832. Prominent on the front of the hoof are the royal arms in high relief, and on the pedestal is the following inscription: "This piece of plate, with the hoof of Eclipse, was presented by His Most Gracious Majesty William the Fourth to the Jockey Club, May, 1832."

This trophy is well chased, and not too cumbersome, as salvers of that date were wont to be. Originally presented for a challenge race to be run on the Thursday of Ascot Week, it now only plays the ornamental *rôle* on the Jockey Club dinner table.

These few notes and details will serve to accentuate the intimate connexion between the Jockey Club and Newmarket, the town which they are pleased to honour with their predilection.

This book has no mandate for the expression of opinions . . . it has no eulogy to offer, still less any criticism to venture of that august body of men who propose and dispose in the world of racing. The Jockey Club was the pioneer of institutions of this kind, and most progressive countries have paid it the compliment of studying its principles and adopting its methods.

As far as Newmarket is concerned, the judicious care and attention lavished on organization and improvement have been rewarded by many satisfactory results, although the popularization of the meetings, together with the added facilities of access, have brought in their train the unavoidable crowd of holiday sightseers; so that the old racing gathering degenerates into a mob on certain days, such as those of the Two Thousand and the Autumn Handicaps. This may be progress, it probably is progress, but those who remember the old Newmarket sometimes utter a wish, accompanied with a sigh, that they might once again recall the past

CHAPTER VI

MAINLY ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN

"As the old man looks back, there must come to his mind
All the past with its glories around it ;
He must think of the Turf, as he leaves it behind,
And the Turf in the days when he found it."

ALL roads in the sporting world lead to Newmarket, and a noteworthy multitude has approached the famous Heath along these roads, drawn by some impelling charm. Casual mention has been made of many of these ; they were representative for the most part of their day and of their class . . . interested visitors, adventurers, birds of passage *sur la branche*, rich and poor, old and young. Some of them became sojourners in the town ; some of them were of that indefinite type which needs no description ; to many of them the sport provided a living more or less precarious ; to others, the pastime of a season.

Amongst those who came and stayed, or amongst those who were natives of Newmarket, there are a few who, in the writer's opinion, are worthy of special notice. He has chosen them according to his whim, with no scheme of merit or censure . . . mediocre they certainly were not, nor were they models . . . neither utterly frivolous nor supremely wise . . . but they offer just that individuality which distinguishes them from the mass, and gives savour to the telling of a tale.

Very erring mortals some of them were, but the faculty of true criticism is never more vigilant than when it discerns the good rather than the evil in the appraising of poor humanity. We need not fear that such an attitude will in any degree blunt our perceptions, or generate a tendency to silly and indiscriminate admiration . . . it will perhaps remind us that given certain circumstances, certain temptations, certain temperaments, the fall from grace is inevitable.

To point our moral, dainty Nell Gwynn comes tripping along. She, who was an unconventional ornament to the Court of Charles II, had her own house here somewhere in the precincts

of the Old Palace, possibly where Gwynn House in Palace Street now stands. There is a local tradition that a subterranean passage ran between her dwelling and the Palace, and traces of this are supposed to exist under Mr. de Rothschild's house and the Rutland Arms. A brief glance at her early history informs us that her father was reputed to be Captain Thomas Gwynn, of an old Welsh family.¹ Other authorities assert that he was merely one Thomas Gwynn, who had a fruit stall in Covent Garden Market, an individual who ran his trade so badly that he went to jail for debt. Her mother's ancestry is shrouded in mystery; she seems to have been a vulgar old woman, fond of the bottle, who eventually ended her days by falling into a pond and getting drowned, somewhere near Neat Houses in Chelsea. Nell was born in 1650, and in Curll's *History of the English Stage, 1741*, p. 111, we see that the coalyard in Drury Lane, a low alley, has been given as the birthplace of the woman who was to exercise such influence over a king of England. The cities of Oxford² and Hereford have also claimed Nell as their child, but the claim of Hereford has nothing to back it up but local tradition. However, this city may have been assiduous in its partiality for great stage names, for seventy years later David Garrick was born here.

The very squalid details of Nell's early days may be slurred over, and her life resumed at the time when she was an orange girl at the King's Theatre.³

These orange girls stood in the pit, with their backs to the stage, and here they exchanged jests with the *beaux* about town, and carried messages to the actresses, or to other masked beauties in the audience, the plays current being so thoroughly obscene and outrageous that no self-respecting woman ever attended unmasked. Much of our information concerning Mrs. Eleanor Gwynn⁴ comes by way of Pepys, who was a most ardent playgoer, while his mistress Mrs. Knep was one of the actresses at the King's Theatre. It was characteristic of the man that none of the gossip

¹ MS. note by Van Bossen, made in 1688.

² MS. note by the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the antiquary and genealogist.

³ There were only two theatres in those days: the King's Theatre in Drury Lane on the site of the present Drury Lane Theatre, and the Duke's Theatre, more commonly called the Opera, on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

⁴ The title of Miss had an improper signification at this period, and women, though single, were dubbed Mrs. or Mistress.



ELEANOR GWYNN

(From the mezzotint by Valentine Green, after Sir Peter Lely)

and scandal of the green-rooms of Drury Lane or of Lincoln's Inn Fields should escape him ; and this greed for petty details brought him into close contact with all the environment of stage-land, not excluding that most alluring of orange girls. He met her for the first time when she was but sixteen, on an evening when she attended a tragedy called "Mustapha," by the Earl of Orrery, which was being performed at the Duke's Theatre. In this play, Mary or Moll Davis, an actress who had already attracted the attention of Charles II, took a part. Pepys, however, had little to say about the performance, but a great deal about sitting by the side of "pretty, witty Nell." This was in April, 1665, the fateful year of the Plague, and we know nothing of her life then or during the Great Fire in the following year.

The Diarist reverts to the pleasant memory when Nell was on the stage at the King's Theatre in 1668. He went behind the scenes, but this time, if his record be reliable, he took his wife with him, and they both kissed the budding actress. "I kissed her, and so did my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is."

Nor was his chronicle of that day concluded without a fresh expression of pleasure at what he had seen ; but above all other joy, the most seductive reminiscence of his evening was summed up in the line : "Specially kissing of Nell."

She apparently owed her first introduction to the stage to the good offices of one Duncan or Dongan, who is probably the person mentioned by De Grammont as a lieutenant in the Duke's Life Guards . . . whoever he may have been, he at once fell a victim to her super-woman charm. Nell was never mercenary, but she was tired of selling oranges ; also she was stage-struck and yearned to play her part on the boards ; no morals were hers to lose, but she had a reputation to make ; so she gladly profited by his infatuation, and induced him to do what many a man has done since—put down a substantial sum to obtain an entry to the stage for his fair one.

She made her first professional appearance at the King's Theatre in December, 1666, assuming the principal female part in a comedy by the Hon. James Howard, called "The English Monsieur." Her piquant beauty, her merry laugh, her inherent personality were passports to immediate fame, and courted not only the approval, but the spontaneous affection of a London audience. Moreover, there is not the least doubt that Nell was

a first-class actress, besides being one of the most alluring girls who ever danced lightly about the stage, wearing a huge cart-wheel hat, and displaying her lovely little hands and her perfect feet and ankles.

Pepys says she was ineffective in a serious part ; and she adds her own testimony on this point in an epilogue spoken in the tragedy of the " Duke of Larma."

I know you in your hearts
Hate serious plays . . . as I hate serious parts.

Prior to the Restoration female characters had been invariably played by men, so that women on the stage were still a novelty, to which Nell added another innovation . . . she was the first woman to wear male attire ; this she did with great ingenuity in a play called " Secret Love," or the " Maiden Queen." In this part she must certainly have been seen by Charles II, as he is reputed to have suggested the plot to its author, and was present at its first performance. The star male part in this piece was taken by Charles Hart, with whom Nell is said to have fallen in love, a *liaison* which did not last long, and which was succeeded by an affair with Charles Sackville, the gifted and courtly Lord Buckhurst, who becomes her *ami de cœur* ; for two years she keeps merry house with him, chiefly at Epsom, which was then and for many years the fashionable resort of the richer citizens of London, possessing, as the place did and does now, wells of great efficacy, which vied in their health-giving properties with their rivals at Tunbridge Wells and other such spas. This Lord Buckhurst was by no means the mere *blasé roué* and gallant of riotous living fame ; at the age of thirty he had already distinguished himself by personal intrepidity in the war against the Dutch ; moreover, a man of letters and a poet of no mean talent, he was the intimate of Dryden, Shadwell, Tom Durfey and Killigrew, all of whom foregathered constantly round the festive board at his beautiful house Knole in Kent. Macaulay, no lenient judge, writes of the satires which beguiled the leisure of this courtier : " verses which he occasionally composed, unstudied as they are, exhibit the traces of a genius which, assiduously cultivated, would have produced something great."

Lord Buckhurst afterwards became sixth Earl of Dorset, a Knight of the Garter, and Lord Chamberlain to Charles II. It was at Epsom that Charles II first extended his favours to Nell

Gwynn, leaving Buckhurst to retire with what regrets were his, and with what grace was advisable.

Charles, with his sore memories of poverty and exile, with natural propensities to indolence where any serious matter was at stake, loth to divert from its course any passing cloud, but ever ready to bask in its silvery lining, found in this fun-loving and witty girl the exact counterpart to his laughter-ridden fancy ; and though, as we know, she was but one of his many flames, after his regal fashion he remained devoted to her until the day of his death. "Don't let poor Nell starve," was one of his last utterances as he lay dying. And, so far as Nell was concerned, though many a book and record have carefully sifted truth from rumour and falsehood concerning this affair, it has never been suggested, even remotely, that she was unfaithful to her king and lover. She had two sons by Charles II, the elder of whom was created Earl of Burford, and afterwards Duke of St. Albans ; the younger dying at an early age.

Of her daily life at Newmarket we have little knowledge, for though fully recognized as an influential member of the royal circle and one with whom it was as well to be on good terms, she lived in her own house and obviously did not hold the same accredited position at Court as did their Graces of Portsmouth and Cleveland. She therefore would not figure in the *Court Gazette* with these ladies and others.

But there is no shadow of doubt that wherever she lived, at Winchester, Windsor, or in Pall Mall, her sweetness, liberality, and the many acts of kindness, forged red-hot from her heart, endeared her to all. She died in 1687, the beloved of the people.

If there were a Ballad of the Heath, of Newmarket Heath, and surely there should be one, William Tregonwell Frampton would be prominent in it, not as the genial squire, but as the Complete Old English Sportsman. He was the fifth son of Mr. William Frampton of Moreton near Dorchester, by his wife, who was a Miss Tregonwell ; and he was born in 1641. Very meagre details of his early life are on record, but judging by his subsequent career it is but fair to assume that the love of field sports was inbred in the boy. His tastes lay chiefly in the direction of hawking, racing, coursing and cockfighting ; however, like many a younger son of a county family, he had to make his

own way in the world as best he could ; so we lose sight of him until he turns up at Newmarket at the age of thirty-four, when his horse Nutmeg beats Black Buttocks, the property of the second Duke of Albemarle ; and again in the following year 1675, when the same horse successfully defeats Bay Lusty, belonging to Lord Montague, and one of the cracks of the day.

It was quite an important event, for Sir Robert Carr, writing from Newmarket about this match, says : " To-morrow Lusty runs ; there is two or three thousand betted on that match " ; and Mr. Secretary Coventry, in a letter to Mr. Secretary Williamson at Whitehall, writes :

I will not delay you longer, being to see the issue of the great affaire betwixt Lusty and Nutmegge, wherein Mr. Frampton, a gentleman of some £120 rent, is engaged £900 deep. I hope the world will see we have men dare venture as well as Monsieur Turenne.¹

It is quite possible that Frampton held some office connected with the King's stables, in a minor capacity, even in the time of Charles II, but it is only under William III that any definite details appear. He was at that time Supervisor of the Race Horses at Newmarket, a position which he continued to hold during the next three reigns. Of the emoluments of this office we can trace no documentary record until the year 1703, when, through the intermediary of the Cofferer and Keeper of the Great Wardrobe he received the sum of £700 for " expenses of the Race horses," for the interval between March 8th, 1701, to September 30th, 1703. There is, however, good reason to suppose that his usual allowance was £100 a year for each horse placed under his charge, belonging to the Sovereign. Out of this money he had to provide maintenance for the stableboys and forage for the horses. It is probable that our friend made a bit legitimately by selling horses to his royal patrons ; he certainly sold one called Cricket, and another by name Bruce, to William III, and possibly made a bargain with Queen Anne over Pepper, Mustard and Salt.

We have already noted that Frampton was given an official residence in the Palace, but he also acquired a house of his own in the manor of Saxton Hall, the adjoining manor to Cheveley ; this property he bequeathed by will to Francis, second Earl of Godolphin. I append a copy of this will, as offering some interest.

¹ Probably a son of Marshal Turenne, the Commander of the French army in the Netherlands.



TREGONWELL FRAMPTON

(From the picture by John Wootton, circa 1728; by kind permission of the Jockey Club)

In the name of God. Amen.

I now declare that I give and bequeath to the Earle of Godolphin all my Running like Horses that are now at Gogmagog Stable att New Markett or Elsewhere, and also all my live goods that are remote from Either places excepting one white Horse called Mortimer, and a brown horse called the Mule, both of which being for some time past nominated to be given by me to the Marquis of Blandford. I also give to the Earl of Godolphin all my living goods and personal Estate with all my houses that I purchased at New Markett, and whatsoever movable goods shall be found att the time of my decease. In witness whereof I have hereunto sett my hand and seale this fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord one Thousand seven hundred and twenty seaven. I do by these presents impower the Earl of Godolphin to demand and receive all rents and arrears of rents that shall appear due to me upon all my estate in Dorsettsire and Wiltshire.

Signed

TREGONWELL FRAMPTON.

Witness by, signed, sealed, published and declared, in the presence of me . . .

Herbert Russell

Samuel Darell

John Osbaldeston.

The Earl of Godolphin above named was the eldest son of the first Earl of Godolphin, Lord Treasurer to Queen Anne, who died in 1712. He married Henrietta, daughter of the famous Duke of Marlborough, and as he died without male issue, the title of Duchess of Marlborough was bestowed by Special Act of Parliament on the Countess of Godolphin. The Marquis of Blandford referred to in the will was her son.

The property in question was situated in the county of Cambridge, between a certain lane (which rather later on received the pleasant-sounding name of the Shagbag) and the way leading to Ashley and the Bowling Green, on the sheep-walk. The Newmarket house of the ill-fated Prince Batthyany was hereabouts—this gentleman was a member of the Jockey Club and the owner of that great horse Galopin which was trained by John Dawson of Newmarket, and won the Derby of 1875. Prince Batthyany was most popular, and his dramatically sudden death cast a gloom over the sporting community. It was at the Spring Meeting of 1883, just before the numbers went up for the Two Thousand, that he slipped down some steps in the passage outside the Jockey Club luncheon room and died on the spot.

Frampton was very intimately associated with both the first

and second Earls of Godolphin, of whom the elder acquired the Manor of Saxton Hall from the North family in 1675. He held many public offices, and was successively Groom of the Bedchamber, Master of the Robes and Lord of the Treasury under Charles II, and the witty king paid him the tribute of saying that "Godolphin was never in the way, nor ever out of it."

An abominable story which has often been told of Frampton that he castrated a horse called Dragon, in order to run him immediately as a gelding to win a large stake, is so absolutely ridiculous that I have neither time nor patience to deal with it. It will be sufficient to put forward two conclusive reasons which make this fable unlikely. Mr. J. B. Muir in his book *Frampton and the Dragon* has been at great pains to sift all the available evidence, and has carefully annotated all the matches run by horses of the name of Dragon. His conclusion is that there is no authority for the statement that Frampton ever owned a horse of that name. Doctor Hawkesworth, who is responsible for this libel, which appeared in a paper called the *Adventurer*, relates that the disgraceful episode took place between 1715 and 1723; now, during those years there was no horse running at Newmarket under the designation of Dragon. Furthermore, this Doctor Hawkesworth had been expelled for some irregularity from Tom Bradbury's section of the Presbyterians, of which he was a member. He then kept a girls' school and wrote long treatises for the edification of the young ladies under his charge, expounding the principles of religion and morals, and finally drifted on to the staff of the *Adventurer*, which was owned and edited by Dr. Johnson.

The periodical may have had a certain standing in the literary world, and the editor was one of the great men of his day, but his views on the subject of editing were apparently very large. We quote him as an authority on the reliability of the news he produced. A letter to a Doctor Warton, inviting him to contribute to the paper, contains the following extract :

We have considered that a paper should consist of pieces of Imagination, Pictures of Life, and Disquisitions of Literature. The part which depends upon the imagination is very well supplied when you read the paper for descriptions.

The story of the match Frampton made, to run one of his horses, name not recorded, against Old Merlin, the property of Sir William

Strickland, a Yorkshire baronet, has slightly better authentication. We are told that this affair developed into a proverbial contest between north and south. What actually took place is sung in the poem of the "Yorkshire Knights," of which we quote the opening couplet.

Four-and-twenty Yorkshire Knights
Came out of the North Countree,
And they came down to Newmarket
Mr. Frampton's horses to see.

The old *Turf Register* gives the contemporaneous account of the event, with perhaps less poetical licence.

Immediately on the match being closed, there was great betting between the North and South Country Gentlemen. After Merlin had been some little time at Newmarket under the care of one Heseltine, Mr. Frampton's groom endeavoured to bring him over to run the two horses a *private trial* at the stated weights and distance agreed on in the match; observing, by that means they might *both* make their fortunes. Heseltine refused, but in such a manner as to give the other hopes of bringing him over. In the meantime Heseltine took the opportunity of communicating, by letter into Yorkshire, the proposed offer to Sir William Strickland, who was principally concerned in making the Match. Sir William replied that he *might accept of it*, and instructed Heseltine to be sure to *deceive* his competitor by letting Merlin carry *seven pounds more weight* than that agreed upon, and at the same time laying a particular injunction on secrecy. Soon after Heseltine received this hint he consented to the proposal; previous thereto Mr. Frampton had given his groom similar instructions. The two horses were prepared, started, and ran over the course agreed to in the articles of the Match, when Merlin beat his opponent something more than a length after excellent running. This being communicated to each party by their secret and faithful grooms, who both rode the trial, flattered each with certainty of success . . . Merlin's friends observing, that, as he had beat the other with seven pounds extra weight, he would win his race easy; on the other side, says Mr. Frampton, as my horse ran Merlin so hard with seven pounds over-weight, he will win his race to a certainty. Immediately after, proposals were made on both sides to a very enormous amount, and accepted, and it has been asserted that more money was betted on this event than was ever known, some gentlemen not only staking all the cash they were able to advance, but their other property also. At length the important hour arrived for the determination of this great event, and, each party flushed with hope of success, the South Country Gentlemen observed to those of the North, "that they would bet them gold while gold they had, and then they might sell their land." The horses started, and the race was won by Merlin about the same distance as in the *secret trial*.

Frampton was associated, throughout his long career on the

Turf, with so many noblemen and gentlemen of integrity, and he occupied such a high position in the executive at Headquarters, that we may dismiss any accusation of disreputable conduct as mere moonshine. At the same time, it is fairly evident that the old boy was what we may term a bit sultry !

The writer of *Newmarket, an Essay on the Turf*, published in 1771, gives us some further information about him.

This gentleman (whose picture may be seen in many a house in Newmarket) was as great an oddity as perhaps ever was heard of. He was a known woman hater . . . passionately fond of horse-racing, cocking and coursing, remarkable for a peculiar uniformity in his dress, the fashion of which he never changed, and in which, regardless of his uncouth appearance, he would not unfrequently go to Court, and enquire in the most familiar manner for his master or mistress, the King or Queen. Queen Anne used to call him "Governor Frampton."

For half a century this eccentric character, who was eminently a benefactor of racing and kindred sports, lived at Newmarket, and died there in 1728. They buried him in old All Saints' Church, in the centre of the chancel, where, to his memory, was erected a mural monument of black and white marble, typifying perhaps the extremes of his temper ; this held a pyramid, on top of which rested an urn. On the pyramid was a marble shield engraved with his arms : "Argent, a bend gules cottised sable. A greyhound sagant argent, collared gules." The following inscription summed up his long life :

In Memory of Tregonwell Frampton,
of Moreton in Dorsetshire, Esq.,
who was Keeper of the Running Horses to their Sacred Majesties
King William III
Queen Anne
George I
George II
who departed this life
March XII, in MDCCXXVIII

In the modern structure of this church, nothing of the tomb remains except a small inscription placed high up on the wall, which can only be read by ascending a ladder.

OLD Q

And what is all this grand *to do*
That runs each street and alley through ?
'Tis the departure of Old Q,
The Star of Piccadilly.



Old Q.....

OLD Q.

(From an old print in the possession of Mr. Ralph Nevill)

The K...G, God bless him ! gave a whew !
 Two Dukes just dead . . . a third gone too !
 What ! what ! could nothing save Old Q ?

The Star of Piccadilly.

"Thank Heaven ! thank Heaven !" exclaims Miss Prue ;

"My mother and grandmother too,

May now walk safe from that vile Q,

The Star of Piccadilly."

The jockey boys, Newmarket's crew,

Who know a little thing or two,

Cry out . . . "He's done ! We've done old Q !

The Star of Piccadilly,"¹

It is not given to many to read their own elegy ! These stanzas, with many others, were published some years before the death of the Duke of Queensberry, and are tinged with a certain amount of malice and party feeling, although it must be admitted that the intimations contained in the verses are not mere libellous inventions.

The reader who proposes to investigate more closely into the eccentricities of a somewhat unconventional existence, will discover a varied literature and endless lampoons on a character which has been discussed in book, verse and reference, almost up to the present date . . . in these pages we aim at giving a brief sketch of his career from the standpoint of his close connexion with Newmarket.

James Douglas, Earl of March, Baron Douglas (in the English peerage), and later Duke of Queensberry, was born in 1725, and died at his house in Piccadilly in 1810. He was buried under the Communion Table of St. James's Church.

Here we have a character-sketch which has been drawn and judged from two opposing points of view. The writings of Thackeray, or Wraxall, or even those of his friend and constant correspondent Selwyn, show nothing of a very flattering quality. Thackeray remarks that

the observer of human nature may follow him drinking, gambling, intriguing to the end of his career ; when the wrinkled, palsied, toothless old Don Juan died, as wicked and impenitent as he had been at the hottest season of youth and passion.²

Unworthy motives have been attributed to even his most disinterested and numerous acts of benevolence, but it is evident

¹ Elegy on the supposed death of Old Q. Written in 1804.

² *The Four Georges.*

that this harsh censure would never have been expressed if Old Q had not invited it by prolonging his frivolities to a very late period of his life, thereby exposing himself to a retort similar to that addressed to Horace Walpole by Pitt, when attacked by the former on the grounds of his youth. Pitt expresses the wish that his follies may cease with his youth, and that he may not be included in those men who are ignorant in spite of experience :

Age becomes justly contemptible when the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided.¹

On the other hand, critics, quite as competent to judge of his era and type as the writers mentioned, point to his distinguished and honourable course as a sportsman ; a career unspoiled by the long list of degrading vices which stained the youth of many of the aristocracy of his day.

These judges, more indulgent, would condone the Duke's love of beautiful women, would pardon his amours on the plea that they were but the outcome of a passion for all things beautiful, on the plea that they resulted as the overflow of a love for the fine arts and for music. It was the association of ideas, they would urge ; the materializing of the ideal in terms of the merely human. A man's admiration is a woman's chief asset, and Old Q was a generous giver. Voluptuary as he undoubtedly was, his appreciation of music and the arts was far in advance of his time. These kindly critics show us too, the impulses of his good heart in many acts of generosity, and in the sincerity of his friendships. He often came to the assistance of Selwyn in a financial crisis. "There will be no bankruptcy without we are both ruined at the same time," he once wrote to the latter.

His servants and grooms testified to the generosity with which he provided for them all, either during his lifetime or by will. When this document was opened, it was found that he had remembered all those who had in any way ministered to him ; even to the clerk at Coutts's Bank who had kept his account, and to whom he had left an annuity of £600.

There was plenty of money for these bequests, since he died worth more than a million. The lovely "Emma," Nelson's Lady Hamilton, knew the practical quality of his bounty. He contributed to her assistance many times, and had the delicate thought

¹ *Parliamentary Debates.*

of instructing his *chef* to prepare a superb repast every day, which was sent round to her house in Clarges Street. By the will of Old Q she would have benefited to the extent of an annuity of £500 ; but owing to tedious litigation, she did not live to enjoy it.

These biographers who grant the Duke some virtues, very rightly extol the rigid correctness of his behaviour and speech in the presence of ladies . . . this was indeed a grace at an age when coarse language was much in vogue, and conversation so lax that it bordered on the indecent. No man of his period had more reason to complain of the incessant and scurrilous attacks made on his character ; but he showed himself absolutely indifferent to any cynical sneers or envious malevolence expressed in public or private. Was this—as has been suggested by the ever-ready tongue of disparagement—weakness of disposition ? . . . Who can say ?

Was it not rather the attitude of the hound that disdains to attack the worrying mongrel ?

Old Frampton, the woman-hater ; Old Q, their lover ! He seems to have found that life apart from the gentler sex would be a life wasted. . . . Several times he contemplated matrimony, but always with ill-luck . . . the lady did not return his affection ; difficulties about settlements perhaps ; temperamental differences ; at any rate, he never married. Lord March, as he then was, first sought the hand of Miss Frances Pelham, the niece of the Prime Minister, and for a long time appeared devoted to her ; the obstacle which barred their happiness was never disclosed, but she too, died single. There was a report current to the effect that he wished to marry Lady Mary Coke in the early days of her widowhood ; the name of Lady Harriet Stanhope was also mentioned as a possible bride for him, and several other matrimonial projects were formed ; but with no success.

In the conduct of his racing affairs, and at all other sports, Old Q was undoubtedly very shrewd. Shrewd, that is to say, in the sense of a thorough understanding of the theory of any special pursuit which he undertook, and in the art of calculating to a nicety the chances of his opponent. If one took him on at any game, it was a case of being up against a top-sawyer !

Lord Orford, on a certain occasion, issued a challenge to the whole world with one of his dogs ; but though the world is a large place, he had the bad luck to clash with Old Q, who appeared negligible as an opponent, since he had not a single greyhound to

his name at the time. Ingenuity, however, plus wealth, can work marvels ; and with the assistance of an elderly Berkshire courser of no mean celebrity, Lord March found his dog, and beat Lord Orford's crack.

And the roadstead from which the anchor was weighed as he launched his sporting schemes, the harbour to which they successfully returned, was Newmarket. Here for fifty-three years he lived the life of the town, was himself the life of the town, and his household gods were spacioisly lodged in a residence on the Cambridge side of Newmarket, while in addition to his house, he owned a large stud farm at Saxham, near Bury St. Edmunds.

The Spring Meeting of 1748 was the occasion of his first recorded appearance on the Heath, and in 1750 his famous carriage match against time took place. This was a wager of 1,000 guineas with Count Taaffe, an Irish gentleman, to the effect that, provided he was allowed the choice of his ground and a reasonable time for training, a carriage on four wheels with an occupant inside, should be drawn by four horses nineteen miles within the hour. An ingenious coach builder, Wright, of Long Acre, constructed the conveyance, which only weighed 169 lbs., and exhausted all the resources of his art to diminish weight and friction as much as possible ; silk, for instance, was used instead of leather in the construction of the harness. The horses, too, were all well trained for racing ; the two leaders, including riders, saddles and harness carried about eight stone each ; the wheel-horses about seven. The course started at a place near Six-Mile Bottom, and thence ran between the Beacon Hills, north of the Warren and Upper Hare Park, entering the Beacon Course near the King's Four Mile Stables, came through the Ditch at the Running Gap, then turned to the right and ran three times round a piece of corded ground of about four miles, encircling the Long Gallop and the Flat, and thence back to the start. Lord March won this match easily ; the carriage and horses covered the nineteen miles in 53 minutes 23 seconds.

The hero of this episode was distinctly the best amateur jockey of his day, and the Queensberry colours, dark red and black cap, were very much in evidence in the course of half a century.

In 1753 he rode a match over the Beacon Course against the Duke of Hamilton, in which most records give him as the winner. But the writer has good reason to suggest that this was not the

case. Lord March was first past the post, but for once his astuteness was at fault ; for some unknown reason he could not draw the weight, so the match was awarded to the Duke.

About this same time the noble Lord was conspicuous in a curious wager which eventually led to litigation. After a certain dinner at Newmarket it was proposed by a Mr. Pigot and a Mr. Codrington to "run their fathers"; the consent of the old gentlemen to be the principals in this frolic appears to have been taken for granted. Papa Pigot was over seventy, Papa Codrington, comparatively youthful at fifty. Lord Ossory, who was present, computed the handicap to be 500 to 1,600 guineas, a reckoning based on the respective ages of the venerable progenitors. Mr. Codrington thought the odds were too much in his disfavour, whereupon Lord March agreed to replace him and stand the 1,600 guineas.

Unknown and unsuspected by any of the parties to the wager, Mr. Pigot's father had died in Shropshire, many miles from Newmarket, on the very morning of the day on which the bet was made. Lord March claimed the match, which was disputed by Mr. Pigot ; whereupon the former took legal proceedings, alleging that the wager was "play or pay," and that his opponent did not bring his man to the post ; and a verdict was given for the plaintiff. An appeal for a new trial was heard by Lord Mansfield, on the ground that the contract was void, being without consideration ; but this judge refused to grant a new trial, and Lord March won his bet, and, moreover, recovered some of the costs.

The wager was one of the last of its type, and shortly afterwards this fantastic school of betting was pronounced illegal by Statute 14 George III, ch. 43.

These three matches are sufficient to illustrate the multitude in which Old Q took part ; wagers of every genus and fantasy, from the amount a man could eat to throwing cricket balls ; from driving geese along a road to riding mules over the Beacon Course.

His most successful horse was possibly Dash, by Florise, who in 1789 won him in stakes upwards of 3,000 guineas in six months ; his favourite jockey amongst the many he employed was Dick Goodison, known at Newmarket as Hell Fire Dick, who came from Selby, Yorks, at Old Q's bidding, and who afterwards became trainer to his employer.

If sporting records are open to credence, this nobleman is reputed to have been a large winner on the Turf, and to have netted upwards of a quarter of a million on balance in the course of a long life. His memory is immortalized at Newmarket as the giver of the Queensberry Plate, which is run for annually in the Houghton Week.

Towards the year 1791 the Duke bade farewell to Headquarters ; he was getting old, and London offered attractions ; his house in Piccadilly was a good working centre for the pursuit of those revels which still appealed to him. Life was by no means over and done with, and there are scores of anecdotes concerning this " man of pleasure " which we refrain from inserting, since he now ceases to belong to Newmarket.

The Chifney family form an integral part of the Town ; it would almost seem as though there could be no Newmarket without them ! A dealer in epigrams has paid his tribute to young Sam Chifney, in terms which would have been as applicable to his father, Old Sam.

This popular character was one of the most eminent *conveyancers* of his time ; and more property has been transferred by his practice than by that of the most laborious of the profession in our Inns of Court. This was no doubt owing in part to the ability he displayed in his professional engagements, but perhaps more to the wonderful *expedition* with which he *did the business* of those gentlemen who employed him.

Great jockeys these two undoubtedly were ; and they have made much history. It was a case of *tel père, tel fils* all through. Old Sam's style of riding was a new departure in the art, and this he transmitted of course to young Sam, and the " Chifney Rush " became a recognized racing term.

Stubbs has shown us Old Sam on Baronet, sitting well back, with long stirrups and a slack rein ; and this picture doubtless illustrates the characteristic attitude.

Yes, there were good jockeys in his day . . . Oakley, John and Sam Arnull, Clift ; none of these, however, had made such an intimate study of all that appertains to the racehorse as Old Sam. He had the courage of his convictions, and worked out his own theories and applied them, with the amazing success which often waits on enterprise wedded to originality. One problem which he certainly solved was how to dispose his weight for easy carriage ; another, how best to tax the powers of the horse in covering a given distance.



SAMUEL CHIFNEY, JUNIOR

(From the mezzotint by Charles Turner, after Ben Marshall)

His theory on weight was that it should be shifted at different times in a race by altering the seat ; at one moment leaning back or slightly forward, or by standing in the stirrups. " Carry a heavy stone for five minutes in one hand, and then shift it to the other," he would say, " and see how it will ease you." And what about his slack rein hypothesis? Here we come full tilt at a difficult problem . . . it would be as easy to discuss eternity or space as to apply a set definition to that magical gift of the gods to horsemen, " good hands." These were obviously possessed by the *Sams*, and their fingers could play on the reins as the violin *impresario* on his strings ; it is manifestly unfair to anticipate that the ordinary mortal could attain such perfection. A short reference to Chifney's own views on the subject will be worth quoting.

The first fine point in riding a race is to command your horse so that he runs light on his mouth : it keeps him better together, his legs are the more under him, his sinews are less extended, he has less exertion, and his wind is less locked. The horse running thus to order, his parts are more at ease, and he can run considerably faster when called upon, than that one who has been running in fretting, sprawling attitudes, with part of his rider's weight on his mouth. As he comes to his last extremity, the finish of the race, he is better forced and kept straight with manner, on a fine touch to his mouth. In this situation his mouth should be eased of the rein ; if not, it stops him little or much. The phrase at Newmarket is that you should pull your horse to ease him, but when he is in his greatest distress in running, he cannot bear that *visible* manner of pulling. He should be enticed to ease himself an inch at a time, as his situation will allow : this should be done as if you had a silken rein as fine as a hair, and that you were afraid of breaking it.¹

Old Sam came to the racing stables at Newmarket from Norfolk. He married a daughter of Smallman, a training groom, and had six children, of whom the two most notable were Will and Sam. Old Chifney was about five foot five inches in height, and of perfect symmetry ; muscular and powerful, yet a lightweight. When he started life as a regular jockey, it was in the service of Mr. Panton ; he was subsequently retained by the Prince of Wales at a salary of £200 a year, which appears insignificant when compared with a sum of £5,000 per annum given in a later generation by Mr. " Abington " Baird for first call on the services of Jack Watts. We have written elsewhere of his riding the horses of His Royal Highness, and of the unfortunate

¹ *Genius Genuine*, by Sam Chifney.

Escape affair. As a rider, he was of such quality and excellence that the Duke of Bedford would refuse to match a horse against one ridden by him, without receiving an allowance of weight. In private life Chifney was a careful father and devoted to his sons. Will, the elder, was destined to be a trainer, so his education was turned in that direction, and he was instructed in the most minute details of stable lore ; Sam, the younger, was initiated into the mysteries of race riding. The father's great desire was to bequeath the whip and reins which he had handled with such skill to the keeping of another Sam Chifney whom he himself had taught ; so when the boy was barely three stone, he would slip off to the stables with him and, putting a racing saddle on one of the horses, would instruct him by the hour in the art of sitting and holding the reins. As the boy grew older he would take him up and, under cover of the fir clump on the Warren Hill, would lay out a 300-yard course, and here Old Sam on his hack, and Young Sam on his pony, would go through every phase of finishing. Sam would make the running, then his father would get to his girths, take a pull, and instruct the young 'un in the science of a set-to. Next time the tactics would be reversed and Young Sam was taught to get up and win by a head, or maybe to nurse his pony and come in with the "Chifney rush." Nor would the slack rein system be forgotten in the lesson to be learned, while perchance Dennis Fitzpatrick would come by and shout out : "By the power it's not fair, anyhow, Buckle and I will be having Sam and Sam-son down on us soon."

At the age of thirteen the boy was sent to live with his maternal uncle Mr. Smallman, who was private trainer to the Earl of Oxford at Brampton Park in Oxfordshire ; two years later, however, Smallman was appointed trainer to the Prince of Wales, so Sam migrated with his uncle to Albury Grange, near Winchester, from which centre young Chifney started riding in the royal colours.

But not long afterwards we find him back at Newmarket and attached to Perren's stable, and the two brothers are united. Then came the incident which sadly interfered with the career of brother Will. Still smarting under the stigma of the Escape tragedy, Will wreaked his vengeance on Colonel Leigh, the Equerry to the Prince, and knocked him down in the High Street at Newmarket ; for which demonstration he was awarded six

months in the prison at Cambridge. The Colonel, however, seems to have been a good sort, with some human comprehension about him, and on Will's release from jail a friendship sprang up between the two which lasted till the death of the Colonel in 1850.

Old Sam had left Newmarket in 1804 to live in London on the pension of two hundred guineas granted him by royal benevolence; but this was woefully insufficient for a man who had tasted fame and luxury; he got into debt and came to a sad end in the Fleet Prison in 1807, being buried in the Holborn Churchyard of St. Sepulchre.

Young Sam, meanwhile, assumed the royal jacket, and also rode for all the best patrons of Perren's stables, including Squire Thornhill, for whom he won the Derby of 1818 on Sam.

Another great friend of the Chifneys was Lord Darlington, of Bedale Hound fame. Will trained for him, and Sam rode his horses; both brothers often visited Yorkshire for several days' hunting with the Earl's celebrated pack.

In 1830 these two Chifneys were at the zenith of their fame and fortune . . . in 1828 they had brought out a great horse of their own named Zinganee; this horse went all amiss the day before the Derby of that year, but even so, he managed to get third to the dead-heaters Cadland and the Colonel; in 1829 he was sold the night before the Ascot Gold Cup to Lord Chesterfield for 2,500 guineas, and in this race Zinganee, ridden by Sam, beat Cadland, the Colonel, Green Mantle (an Oaks' Winner), Mameluke (winner of the Derby in 1827) and three others.

The brothers' best horse, however, was Priam. It was on a July morning in 1828 that the Chifneys sauntered out to the Warren Hill to cast their practised eye over some yearlings which Sir John Shelley had sent up for sale. They had heard a rumour of one very fine colt of Orville blood, being by Emilius out of Cressida, among this lot, and the very moment they saw the horse they determined to have him at any price at the sale. He was quite unbroken, and his reserve was 950 guineas; Mr. Tattersall knocked him down to Will's bid of 1,000 guineas. And this was Priam! a dark bay, whose best points were his magnificent forehand and beautiful blood-like head. This can still be noted from his pictures. Good judges held the most varied opinions about this colt. . . . Lord Darlington was prejudiced at once

against him, and thought he would never stay a Derby course. Lord Chesterfield on the other hand declared that on looks he was the best blood-horse he had ever seen . . . he never ran as a two year old, but won his first race at the Craven Meeting of 1830.

Will and Priam started from Newmarket for Epsom on the Friday week before the Derby. What a business it was in those times! Newport, twenty-one miles from Newmarket, was reached on the first day; and after that Will put some of the commissariat on his pony's back, and walked the remainder of the distance by the side of Priam. On Saturday the procession reached the Cock at Epping, and on Sunday morning, long before the churchgoers had come out, the travellers had passed down Piccadilly, and reached Smith's stables in Sloane Street.

A few select friends had been informed of the arrival; and that afternoon Priam granted some long audiences to the sporting *élite* of London. There was a difficulty about a jockey! Sam was claimed by Lord Darlington for the Sheldrake colt, and though Will offered to lay his lordship £1,000 to £100 against Priam if he would let Sam off, the request was not granted; so eventually the green and black cap of the Chifney family was entrusted to Sam Day.

To summarize the history of the race, twenty-three started, and after many false starts Priam was the last off, and lost several lengths. He was, however, with them at the corner, and here Sam Day took a pull; but when he came in earnest at the Grand Stand the issue was settled in a few strides . . . two lengths was the verdict, and the Chifneys won some £12,000, including the stakes.

Priam was beat half a length by Birmingham in the St. Leger, the course being under water and the going the deepest ever known; he was afterwards sold to Lord Chesterfield for 3,000 guineas.

The sumptuous residences of the two brothers, which stood side by side, have been previously noted. John Dawson, trainer to Prince Batthyany, probably inhabited the whole or part of one of these houses at a later date. Sam had a very well-appointed stud farm called Fidget Farm just beyond the Bury Hill Gallop. Here he kept his celebrated breed of Vauxhall Clarke game fowl; a small plantain was also fenced in with wire, enclosing an artificial earth consecrated to his pet foxes.

But the Chifneys had had their day, and the ending to this tale of prosperity and luck is the lesson to be drawn from the neglect of opportunities.

Will did not occupy the well-appointed mansion for any length of time, financial difficulties intervened. In Sam's case family history is repeated, and reckless and misdirected expenditure combined with idleness (he would often refuse remunerative mounts from mere indolence) brought him into jail. He rode his last race in 1844, and died at Brighton after a short illness in 1854. He was buried in Hove churchyard. Two words only, "Of Newmarket," form his epitaph on the headstone; but what a tale they tell of high hopes fulfilled, of epic deeds on the Turf, and of the ultimate mockery of Fate!

And Crockford! That gambling-hell proprietor who has been epitomized as more machine than man, with:

. . . nought but calculation in his brain,
And nought revolving, save the way to gain.

Why should this Crockford find his way into a book on Newmarket? There is very much similarity of type among gambling-hell proprietors as a rule, and the history of one is the history of ninety-nine; but Crockford is just the odd man, the man with originality of ideas, with a belief which went far towards justifying his standard, and whose triumphs in the realms of gambling have been noticed, nay, more, described in picturesque terms by no less illustrious a person than Disraeli. The great political novel *Sybil* opens with a masterful drawing of the doings in Crockford's great palace of chance. The statesman novelist could speak with intimate personal appreciation, since all the great celebrities of the day attended these halls to mingle with politicians and writers of his own stamp, such as Bulwer Lytton, with great chiefs like the Duke of Wellington,¹ with young officers of the Guards, diplomats and men about town. The excitement of chance was the magnet that drew these personages of distinction into an assembly with one common interest.

William Crockford, the initiator of these revels, began life as a small fishmonger, and even among the fins and scales he displayed a youthful genius for speculation, frequently going to Billingsgate and buying a whole bench of fish on a day when he

¹ The Duke was elected an original member of Crockford's in 1837, but there is no record of his having played cards or hazard.

anticipated a rapid retail increase in demand—making a corner in haddocks, so to speak; these gains he carried to a hazard table in King Street, St. James's, with varying, but indifferent success, until on one lucky day a casual tip on a Derby outsider started his wheel of fortune. He deserted the fish shop, which adjoined Temple Bar, and set forth on the slippery slopes as a sporting *chevalier d'industrie*. Various partners associated themselves with his hell enterprises; one of these was a man called Gye, and it was during this time that the firm realized £100,000 in the course of a twenty-four hours' sitting, from Lords Thanet and Granville, Mr. Ball Hughes and two other gentlemen. The names of his various partners, and the sequence of the localities they frequented, are somewhat obscure; but Crockford was connected with hazard banks at Wattier's Old Club House, 81, Piccadilly, and at 5, King Street, St. James's. He is next seen as the proprietor of a house in St. James's Street, which had previously borne the name of Fielder's Gambling House. Whatever the correct story of his ventures, it is quite certain that he amassed enough money to build his final palace on the site of 50, 51, 52, 53, St. James's Street, the decorations alone of which are said to have cost £94,000. This building was opened in 1827 as a club, to which entry was obtained by election; there were about 1,200 members, exclusive of ambassadors and foreigners of distinction, the annual subscription being £25; a system which continued under his management until 1840, when the supply of *pigeons* seems to have fallen off! Crockford had secured such good *bags* in the course of ten years that it is no wonder if the stock became depleted! This fine building, now the Devonshire Club, is said to have been reopened as a naval and military club in 1849; but an item which strikes me as having been overlooked hitherto, is that in, or about the year 1873 it became the headquarters of Crockford's Auction Hall Company, Ltd., and that among its directors were Count Gleichen, R.N., Augustus Savile Lumley, Esq., and H. Labouchere, Esq.

To return to Disraeli's account of the gambling club; it is first mentioned in a letter to his wife in March, 1842, when after a debate on the consular service, in which, according to his admirers, he had fairly put Palmerston on his mettle, he had adjourned to Crockford's and there received congratulations on his speech. The letter, as so many of his letters, touches on the



WILLIAM CROCKFORD

(From the drawing by Rowlandson in the British Museum)

events of the day : " Dudley Stuart embraced me at Crockford's and declared before Chesterfield and a crowd of dandies that my speech was one of the most effective he had ever listened to." Disraeli was evidently a regular attendant, since, on the 10th, he again writes to the same confidante : " At supper at Crockford's, H. Twiss, sitting next to me, between his mighty mouthfuls, at length saturninely turned round, and said suddenly and without any preliminary observations : ' I am not sure whether your retort on Palmerston in reply last night was not the completest case of having a man on the hip that I ever remember in Parliament.' "

Through Disraeli's description we see a succession of saloons exuberantly full of Buhl furniture and gleaming lustres, and pass on to the supper room, with its priceless cuisine, supplied gratis.

Mr. George Payne, so well known at Newmarket, and fond of relating, in the leisure of old age, the exploits of his youth, was also wont to record the doings at Crockford's, and the lavish way in which the old fishmonger entertained his guests (or victims).

Many men indeed, who were not regular gamblers, would risk and lose, with the best grace in the world, £100 or £200 a year at the tables in order to have the pleasure of dining and supping with their friends, and thus partaking of the hot-house peaches and of every other conceivable delicacy provided at the rooms. Mr. Payne would tell how, after dinner, he would stroll round early, before the bulk of the guests arrived, and play a game of backgammon with Crockford, who, like himself was an expert.

Eustache Ude, the chef, was a celebrity, and we get a glimpse of this great king of the kitchen from Disraeli, writing to his sister, October 13th, 1838.

The Gibsons, George Wombwell, and Stapleton dined at Grosvenor Gate yesterday. There has been a row at Crockford's and Ude dismissed. He told the committee he was worth £4,000 a year. Their new man is quite a failure, so I think the great artist may yet return from Elba. He told Wombwell that in spite of his £4,000 a year he was miserable in retirement ; that he sat all day with his hands before him doing nothing. Wombwell suggested the exercise of his art for the gratification of his own appetite. " Bah ! " he said, " I have not been into my kitchen once ; I hate the sight of my kitchen. I dine on roast

¹ *Life of Benjamin Disraeli.* Monypenny, vol. ii, pp. 128-9.

mutton dressed by a cookmaid." He shed tears, and said that he had only been twice in St. James's Street since his retirement, which was in September, and that he made it a rule never to walk on the same side as the Clubhouse. "Ah, I love that club, though they are *ingrats*. Do not be offended, Mr. W., if I do not take my hat off to you when we meet; but I have made a vow that I will never take my hat off to a member of the committee." "I shall always take my hat off to you, Mr. Ude," retorted Mr. W. (Sir George).¹

By 1809 Crockford had developed into a great betting man, making a large book. He purchased Mr. Panton's house in the High Street at Newmarket, together with a considerable property of at least fifty acres in its rear; also becoming the owner of Crockford's Farm, which still exists on the east side of the railway line, near the Lower Links' Wood, and which was celebrated for growing excellent barley. To complete the Newmarket pose, by 1811 Crockford had invested in racehorses; Sultan, who ran second to the Duke of Portland's Tiresias for the Derby of 1819, being his best horse; but racing was not his *forte*, and his particular genius lay in the knowledge of human weakness . . . horses were but means to an end; his Turf ventures were successful only in the measure in which he applied to them his accumulated experience of the gambling tables. Snug and sly, he had sat for years in the corner of the great hazard room, attracting, rejecting, sifting the doubtful from the desirable; giving credit only to signatures of such reliability as warranted the freedom of the game. Intuition, decision, callous self-interest; he brought all these to Newmarket, to what is now called Rothsay House, where he opened a hazard saloon. It has been stated that Crockford conducted gambling operations at his private residence, but this is not the case. The house which he bought and occupied at the corner of the New Station Road, which was later divided into three, and inhabited respectively by Lady Cardigan, Lady Stamford and Mr. Henry Savile, was his home; all professional dealings were remuneratively carried on at the saloon on the other side of the road. A stroll through the Auction Hall of Mr. Griffith shows that the room has changed but little since the days of Crockford; and individuals but recently deceased, could remember going into it and picking up sovereigns from the floor after a big hazard night. Rothsay House did not hold the monopoly of the game at Newmarket; some very notorious

¹ *Life of Benjamin Disraeli*. Monypenny, vol. ii, p. 39.

hell proprietors called Bond, who hailed from the London *Athenæum*, set up as competitors at Grafton House with more or less success.

A life which had its *débuts* at Billingsgate drew to its appointed close on the Oaks' Day of 1840 after a short illness in the fine mansion at Carlton Gardens, which Crockford had purchased.

Of the million which he was said to have won through his gambling enterprises he left a depleted £350,000; the rest had vanished in other speculations.

The name of Tattersall is a household word at Newmarket. . . . I am unable to state definitely that the family ever had a permanent residence in the town, but they have been so long and so intimately connected with it, that the fact of a Newmarket house seems immaterial and of small moment.

The family dates back to one Peter Tattersall, of Cliviger, Entwistle and Briercliffe, who died 1380.

The founder of the great firm, Richard Tattersall (1724-95), was the son of Edmund of Ridgend and Hurstwood. He came from the western borders of Yorkshire, upon the edge of Lancashire, migrated to London, and early showed a predilection for matters regarding the sale of horses, for we find him a constant visitor to Beavor's Horse Repository in St. Martin's Lane. Eventually he acquired an interest in this business, and with the experience gained under the skilled tuition of Mr. Beavor, in the treatment and care of horses, he took charge of the stud of the Duke of Kingston, a position which brought him into touch with many racing men.

At that time there was no horse repository where fixed sales could be held at definitely stated periods, and this was an inconvenience felt by the owners of racing studs and others, so Mr. Tattersall stepped into the breach and offered his services as auctioneer. Lord Grosvenor warmly supported the idea, and the first Tattersall premises were built on his estate at Hyde Park Corner in 1766. Very different the Corner was in those days! It stood on the "Five Fields" portion of the Grosvenor property, which included what is now Belgrave Square; as a matter of fact, there were nothing but fields where partridges jugged between Hyde Park Corner and Chelsea. The development of Tattersall's was astonishingly rapid; the premises were soon enlarged, kennels for hounds and other dogs provided, while stands were

built for the sale of carriages by private contract. In the house itself, two rooms were elegantly fitted up for the use of the members of the Jockey Club, who held meetings there for several years.

In 1789, the next stage of the Tattersall fame evolved with equal success, and the original subscription or betting room was opened.

At first there were but seventy-six members, the roll including such distinguished names as those of the Dukes of Portland and Beaufort, Lords Darlington, Scarborough, Fitzwilliam, Mr. Mellish and Major O'Kelly, etc. It was not till the reign of the second Tattersall in 1800 that the democracy of the betting ring was admitted in the persons of the well-known ringmen; after this, the number of subscribers rose at a great pace, so much so, that the grandson of the founder of the firm, Mr. Richard Tattersall, was obliged in 1842 to build new premises on the opposite side of the road.

The first Tattersall used frequently to purchase whole studs of horses, both on commission and as a private speculation. One of the first of these transactions took place on a journey to Scotland, to attend the sale of the stud of a certain nobleman. Tattersall arranged with a friend to take a half share in the deal, thus being enabled to make an extensive purchase. Some of these horses were sold at a profit in York, others in London or Newmarket; and with these deals and the London business he soon became prosperous; his supreme triumph, however, was the purchase of the horse with which the name of Tattersall is so intimately associated. I refer, of course, to Highflyer by Herod, who was celebrated in the toasts of the day with "Hammer and Highflyer." Highflyer ran eight times and was never beaten, and had amazing success at the stud. Authorities differ concerning the breeder of this horse . . . some say that he was bred by Lord Bolingbroke, others claim the honour for Sir Charles Bunbury. As to the purchase, the following letter from Mr. John Lawrence, author of *The Book on the Horse*, may be quoted for what it is worth.

Sir,

I have not your last number before me at this moment, but I think I observed there, in the account of the sale of Highflyer, the writer's surprise at the formality of the deed of sale, for which I believe there was a sufficient cause. I was at Newmarket at the time, and afterwards heard the following report of the business . . . Lord Bolingbroke's

affairs were in an unsettled state, and his Lordship was considerably in debt to Mr. Tattersall, who laid hold on Highflyer, in order to repay himself, which he effected by going down in the night to Newmarket, seizing the horse, and, as my informant phrased it, "clapping a double lock upon him." This must have been done by virtue of an execution, and perhaps with the consent of Lord Bolingbroke. Your correspondent deems Highflyer to have been a dear bargain. I differ from him so entirely in that respect, that I think he was the cheapest horse that I either saw or heard of sold on that day . . . his high repute, size, form, and blood, considered. However, Highflyer Hall, and other signal benefits to the Tattersall family, are the best solution of the point.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

The question of breeding from these great sires was very tense, and Mr. Tattersall, who derived a large income from the sale of Highflyer's progeny, which, by the way, he never trained or tried, had an incomparable grasp of the principles of breeding thoroughbred stock; over this point there was distinct rivalry,—friendly or otherwise, who shall say?—with Colonel O'Kelly, the owner of the great Eclipse. Tattersall acquired all the Eclipse bred mares he could lay his hands on for Highflyer; and the Colonel, who was fully cognizant of the merits of Highflyer, bought all the Herod mares on the market to mate with Eclipse.

"Old Tatt" had long wanted to establish his stud near Newmarket, so he eventually selected a farm of some 600 acres of excellent grassland one mile from the town of Ely; and here he built a residence to which he gave the name of Highflyer Hall.

Mr. Tattersall and the Prince Regent were fast friends, and the latter was a frequent and honoured guest at the Hall. There is a story of a post-chaise being driven into Newmarket full gallop in the early hours of the morning, containing Mr. Tattersall, His Royal Highness riding one of the leaders, and Charles James Fox a wheeler.

Less profitable ventures than the stud farm were the association of "Old Tatt" and the Prince Regent in the *Morning Post*, and the proprietorship by the former of the *English Chronicle*. To these may be added the unfortunate speculation in husbandry on a farm of 1,000 acres at Littleport Fen.

Richard Tattersall the first died at Hyde Park Corner in 1795, aged seventy-one. His son Edmund had for some years past been in partnership with him; but he appears to have disliked any connexion with the Turf, although he was a hunting man, and

he sold the breeding stud. Edmund died in 1810, aged fifty-two, and was succeeded in the control of the firm by his son Richard, who presided over its destinies for nearly fifty years. Passionately fond of hunting, this Tattersall did not care much for racing, although he re-established the breeding stud at Dawley, near London. This does not seem to have been a great success, but, as, with a bow, he told a committee of the House of Commons, he "did not wish to see the end of horse-racing, and your humble servant." To his credit, be it said, he bought the Colonel at the Hampton Court Sales to prevent foreigners from acquiring him. The second Richard was that member of the family who made the unique collection of horse portraits which is mentioned in another chapter.

He was a great character, and the Druid's books abound in hunting episodes, stories of his adventures with highwaymen, and anecdotes of his friends, all of which make amusing reading. His brother and partner, Edmund, who died in 1851, was also a hunting man and started an additional breeding establishment at Willesden Paddocks in 1838. This stud boasted of Glaucus, a good sire, also of Charles XII, a St. Leger winner, but useless as a stud horse; also of the illustrious Harkaway, always said to have been a very ugly animal.

The second Richard died in 1858, and his son Richard and his nephew Edmund assumed the family responsibilities. In 1865 the two partners removed from the old premises to the position so familiar to us all at Albert Gate. This was an occasion for a big testimonial dinner offered to the proprietors of the "Corner," at Willis' Rooms, with Admiral Rous in the chair. It seems to have been a grand affair, and a long description of it may be found in Rice's *History of the British Turf*.

This nephew Edmund (1816-98), was Somerville Tatt's father. He had a few horses in training at Newmarket with Peter Price, and raced under the name of "Mr. Somerville." The present writer had the pleasure of knowing him when he was a charming old gentleman.

Somerville, the present head of the firm, and so well known at Newmarket, is a very sound judge of racing and thoroughbred stock. Alec Taylor, at Manton, trains a few horses for him, and incredibly successful he has been. Horses were sold at Newmarket by Messrs. Tattersall, outside what is now the

Rooms, as in the picture (1825); this went on until between 1860-70, when they leased paddocks, and established a sale-yard behind Queensberry House, on much the same site as that of the existing sale paddocks. In 1884 Mr. Tattersall bought some paddocks hereabouts from the executors of the late Sir Richard Wallace, and built the present establishment.

Rumour, that lying jade, has it that Fred Archer might have married a duchess! It is doubtful whether an alliance of this kind would have appealed to a superman such as our celebrated jockey; it certainly would not have carried with it even the brevet rank of duke, and the couple would always have been known as Mr. Fred Archer and the Duchess, which has something of a morgantic sound about it, if one may be allowed to use the term. Anyway, neither ambition nor desire seemed to lead him in that direction; he was too much the spoilt child of fortune to be dazzled by patrician preferences, and it almost seemed as though he conferred the honour of intimacy rather than received it. Every type of sycophant and libertine danced attendance on him; he was courted and cajoled in and out of season. All this was, of course, the tribute, venal or genuine, paid to the man who had risen to the pinnacle of fame as the greatest jockey of his day—perhaps of any day!—working his way upward from the bottom of the ladder and through experiences of the meanest drudgery. In the great cities of the north, where he stayed for the Meetings, crowds would assemble outside the hotel which had the honour of sheltering him, just to see him start for the races.

This paragon lived and died in the old racing town of Newmarket, the most orthodox setting that could be wished for a short, but full, career.

Cheltenham was his birthplace; his father a steeplechase jockey of some repute; his elder brother William met his death steeplechasing in that neighbourhood in 1878. A remaining brother, Charles, in his day also a well-known jockey, and subsequently a trainer, died quite recently at Newmarket.

Here, annexed, is an abridged copy of the indentures of apprenticeship which introduced Archer to his destinies.

This Indenture witnesseth that Frederick Archer, now or late of Prestbury, near Cheltenham, in the county of Gloucester, at the age of eleven or thereabouts, with the consent of his father William Archer of Prestbury, aforesaid, Innkeeper, doth put himself apprentice to

Matthew Dawson of Newmarket All Saints, in the County of Cambridge Training Ground, to learn his art ; and with him, after the manner of an apprentice, to serve from the date of the day hereof, unto the full end and Term of Five Years, etc. etc.

And the said Matthew Dawson will pay unto the said Frederick Archer, the undermentioned wages during the said term . . . that is to say, seven guineas for the first year, nine guineas for the second year, eleven guineas for the third year, and thirteen guineas for the fourth and fifth years respectively ; and his said apprentice, in the art of a jockey and trainer of Racehorses which he useth for the best means that he can, shall teach and instruct, or cause to be taught and instructed : Finding unto the said apprentice sufficient meat, Drink, and also a hat, coat and waistcoat in each year, and Lodging during the said term.

A writer in the *Sporting Times*, Mr. Edward Spencer, who went by the pseudonym of "Nathaniel Gubbins," recounts his first introduction to Fred Archer. "The youth was out at exercise with Mat Dawson. 'There,' said the latter, in the course of conversation, 'is a boy who ought to get on ; he has the seat and hands of Chifney. Come here, boy,' and a slim youth on a big raw-boned bay fell out of the string, and approached his master with a respectful touch of the cap. 'Take your horse over that fence,' was the order ; and over went the horse : everything done with unerring judgment. 'Come back over it,' which he did with the same praiseworthy exactitude."

To the racing world and to the British public of the early 'eighties, Fred Archer stood in the relation of a Disraeli to the body politic ; and the term "Archer up" became a proverb.

In appearance he was graceful, about 5 ft. 10 in. in height, and with long and well-shaped legs and small feet. He was a rider who gave the impression of great power grafted on a frail physique ; and his constitution could never have resisted for long that Spartan *régime* which he observed to keep down his weight. In the winter he walked well over 10 stone, but he would get himself down to ride 8 stone 10 at Lincoln, practising all the devices of an insensate system—Turkish baths, little food, physic, etc. A water biscuit and a tiny glass of champagne often formed his dinner ; and this zeal of abstinence proved fatal to him. A well-known physician gave it as his opinion that such dieting was a sure path to disease of the brain . . . but we have already touched on the evils of the treatment, as a species of lunacy too often met with. Take the case of Lord George Bentinck ! Actuated by the most praiseworthy motives,

and much encouraged by his intimate friend Disraeli, he abandoned a healthy open-air life on the Turf to engage in the fatiguing tumult of politics. It was neck or nothing; moderation was not a word in his vocabulary, but in any calling it is easy to exaggerate zeal and energy, and invite constitutional retribution. But I will quote Disraeli in his political biography of Lord George :

This was the period of his life when he was frequently in the habit of working eighteen hours in the day, and when he made great progress towards acquiring the habit of living without food, for he breakfasted on dry toast, and took no sustenance all day or all night, until Parliament was up, when he dined at White's Club at half-past two o'clock in the morning.

The larger section of the people of this country, always prompted by the political trade unions to do less work and demand more pay, has no conception of the many lives amongst the higher governing class that are shortened or sacrificed at the call of duty.

But this by the way !

When Lord George resigned the leadership of the Opposition, the slight relaxation of parliamentary duties thus obtained enabled him to renew his attendance at occasional race meetings. He was present at Newmarket in 1848 to see the race for the Two Thousand. In the afternoon, on his hack, he rode up to the carriage in which were seated those two beautiful sisters, the Countess of Chesterfield and Mrs. Anson. The latter lady looked hard at Lord George, and Mr. Edmund Tattersall, who was present, heard her address him with the prophetic words : " George, come back to us, and leave those dreadful politics alone, or, take my word for it, they will kill you before another year has passed away." He saw Surplice, bred by himself, win the St. Leger of that year, and then returned to Welbeck after the Meeting, but not to rest, as he should have done. On the contrary he continued his strenuous life in the country, and was still firmly convinced that he could never do justice to his own powers unless he fasted most rigorously. On September 21st, after writing a letter of seven pages to Disraeli, and notes to several other correspondents, he started to walk to Thoresby Park, the seat of Lord Manvers. His end was swift and lonely . . . he was found quite dead, lying by a gate not far from Welbeck.

At the post-mortem the doctors diagnosed heart failure, and added that there was little food in the stomach.

To resume our sketch of Archer. Here was another victim to zeal expressed in sheer will to succeed and triumph over the handicap of feeble health; but his reserves were all exhausted through want of nourishing food, and collapse, physical and mental, was at hand.

The "Backers' Jockey" as he was called, had a tremendous following; and his was no bubble reputation, for in ten seasons he had won 2,122 races. With the infinite capacity of genius for taking pains he always rode to the very best of a marvellous ability, while as a judge of pace he was unsurpassed. Fine hands were among Archer's assets and endowments; he possessed too the resolution and courage which are essential to ride down Epsom Hill and round Tattenham Corner.

Archer often rode the last 50 yards of a race with a loose rein, sitting very forward on his mount in a fashion which was strikingly reminiscent of Chifney.

Many a moderate horse, which with a moderate rider had little or no success, displayed latent qualities and capacities under these magnetic hands; intuitive knowledge of character and disposition came to his aid, and after he had ridden a horse once he appreciated its limitations.

But he was already a very sick man when the Cambridge-shire of 1886 was imminent; he was to ride St. Mirin, and in order to bring down his weight rushed to the excessive dieting in which he believed so firmly . . . for three days he ate practically nothing . . . and . . . lost the race, and with it a large sum of money. Within the same fortnight Archer rode again at Brighton, also one day at Lewes; but his constitution was undermined, and he returned to Newmarket broken down and ill. At first his medical attendant declared his complaint to be a severe chill; it was soon discovered, however, that he was suffering from typhoid fever.

Poor Archer! In a moment of delirium, when the nurse was out of the room, and before his sister, Mrs. Colman, could check him, he had seized a loaded revolver, which as fate would have it lay at hand, and shot himself.

Mr. George Lambton, who of course knew him well, in his articles in the *Weekly Dispatch*, tells us that Archer, with all

his success, never suffered from "a swollen head"; but in Mr. John Radcliffe's book, *Ashgill*, John Osborne,¹ who is supposed to tell his own story in his own words, says that at the zenith of his triumphant career, "he became so conceited, that no man believed more in Mr. Archer than Fred Archer, the jockey."

It is easy to cast stones, and the successful man makes a good target. Human nature has a very casual way of being fallible, while the perfect being, in whom there is no guile of conceit, has yet to be found. In some cases, there is the effect with the least possible cause; here, at all events, we have a success calculated to turn most heads. Archer was very fond of money, and this characteristic won him the nickname of "The Tinman."

Two shadows blur a career of brilliant merit: Archer was very hard on his horses; he was also very unscrupulous in the way in which he rode—determined to win somehow or anyhow!

He married Miss Rose Dawson, daughter of John Dawson, the trainer; she predeceased him, leaving him one daughter. A large white marble cross, carved with a spray of roses, marks their last resting place in the little cemetery of Newmarket, so near to the scenes of many of his triumphs during a brief life of twenty-nine years.

¹ Since writing these words this great jockey has passed away, universally respected, and much regretted by a large circle of friends. Though he outlived Archer by a period of thirty-five years, his memory will remain with us as that of the last representative of the type and school of the older occupants of the pig-skin; precisely as Archer represents, according to certain contemporary judges, the inauguration of a new era, and a novel atmosphere among professional riders.

Jockey, owner, trainer and breeder of thoroughbreds, John Osborne was born at Bretby in 1833, the son of John Howe Osborne who was so intimately connected with the stud of Mr. John George Lambton, afterwards first Earl of Durham, and grandfather of the present Earl, who has been good enough to take an interest in this book.

CHAPTER VII

PICTURES

There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them and claims the fellowship of the nature if not of the soul.

—RUSKIN.

A PART from tradition and folk-lore, which pass with their environment from father to son, from generation to generation, there are two main sources from which we derive the story of the past . . . the written word and the picture.

To hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature, animate or inanimate, and empanel what is there reflected, by some method of translation and reproduction, is the function of the artist.

And, as the writer gives us in some sort of sequence the history of a place, the events of an epoch, the character and fate of a people, so the artist brings to our vision his conception of one particular event, person, place, or animal . . . one art supplementing the other for the perpetuation of scenes and periods.

In describing a town, with its customs and pastimes, it becomes necessary to have recourse to the records of bygone days, in order to trace, as far as possible, the lines along which development has taken place. And as interest in our subject grows keen, so we have an instinctive desire to see ; and here the artist comes to our aid, materializing and grouping ; and the reader merges into the spectator. With the foregoing justification, the writer of this book hopes that a few remarks on pictures and prints relating to his subject will be as acceptable to his readers as the study of them has been agreeable to himself.

We all realize and appreciate the delights of colour and vigour in sporting pictures and prints, but this appreciation is of comparatively recent growth. Early in the nineteenth century, when most of these pictorial records were painted and engraved, they were damned with very faint praise and back-handed compliments. Painters themselves were but little esteemed, so that it is not astonishing if the efforts of the modest engraver were coldly received.

Horse-portraiture, which is more or less the pivot around which our discussion will turn, was, at the beginning of the century under review, totally excluded from certain exhibitions, while at others, this *genre* only served to fill a gap, or to hang below the line, to prevent the gilt-spurred heels of some coxcomb from injuring the bare walls.

In the *Sporting Magazine* of 1838 these unfortunate prints are spoken of as "tinted trifles," which have for several years "procured us the contempt of our continental neighbours." And again :

Coloured prints always have and always will be held in contempt by all true lovers of the fine arts, as they profess to combine the beauty of the picture with the cheapness of the print by which they attract the vulgar, both great and small, but are never to be found in the portfolios of men of taste.

Is there any justice in this criticism ? I should be inclined to say "No." As to the first point ; the contempt of continental neighbours, if it ever existed, was short-lived, for British sporting prints were in great demand on the Continent from quite an early date. It may be argued that this was natural, because England was the home of sport . . . against this, we may urge that other countries, France in particular, indulged in those pastimes which were most frequently depicted. Hunting, racing, shooting were all in vogue on the Continent at this period, and with the exception of the works of Horace and Carl Vernet, and a few German etchings, these countries have nothing to show.

However, there are no rules without exceptions, and just as there are horses of many categories, so there are engravings of many kinds . . . the original painting is not always skilfully or truthfully reproduced. Many factors contribute to this reproduction. The procedure for the making of a good engraving is complex ! Cost is an element to be reckoned with, while the functions of the engraver and colourist are fine arts in themselves. As regards the latter, I must permit myself a digression from sporting prints in particular, to mention that it is a fairly well authenticated fact that some of the greatest artists coloured many of the best mezzotints. Thus Turner and Girtin, in their apprenticeship, are said to have put the finishing touches on the engravings of Ward and Raphael Smith ; and success demands

the artist's touch ; in any case, wholesale condemnation is as unmerited as it is palpably uncalled for.

The master mind and talent of the painter naturally rank higher than the somewhat mechanical imitative art of the engraver : but it must not be forgotten that a fine picture is a source of gratification only to its possessor and a chosen few ; while from its reproduction, poor and rich may obtain pleasure, and if the engraving be good, the value of the picture itself is increased.

Painters of sport were often intimately identified with the reproduction of their works ; in fact, they themselves were frequently the publishers. As an example, take the charming pictures of James Pollard, which are full of detail and attraction ; practically all the best of these were reproduced by his father Robert Pollard, who was an engraver and publisher.

A painter of horses often worked under difficulties ; his only opportunity a hasty sketch, perhaps on the race-course, often not even that. The rest had to be committed to memory, or perchance he might be allowed a glance at the horse in his box another day, on which occasion he would find the animal with that bloom on his coat which is associated with a state of repose and good grooming. But there is more to it than that ! To appreciate the best points in a horse, to put him *au mieux* on the canvas, the artist must see him after a gallop, when muscle and sinew are prominent. Hence there is a middle course to be steered by maulstick and brush, between the burnished gloss of repose and the anatomical exactitude and fitness which succeed the state of exertion.

Another criticism to be dealt with is that there never has been a wholly good picture ; that if hounds and horses were well painted, landscape was lacking or poor ; that there was no *ensemble*, no detail. The dictum was laid down that Henry Alken and other excellent draughtsmen could only give us one principal figure, and that the rest of the picture went by the board. This is only a half truth, and there are many stirring and felicitous exceptions. I would cite the Wolstenholmes, father and son, whose pictures are full of detail and charm ; the old inn, the village street, movement and life in the remote corners of the plate ; and again, those of James Pollard, with their coaches, chaises, phaetons and gigs, thatched roofs, windmills and all the adjuncts of the jolly coaching days. The early pictures of

Seymour and Sartorius are quaint and amusing; the horses remind one of the old rocking-horse in the nursery. When represented galloping, their hind-feet are stuck firmly into the ground, as if with pegs, and they look as if they never would get any forrader. Stubbs got a little more move on, not much; but it must be remembered that this artist rarely painted a horse fully extended; so that a criticism of this type hardly applies here.

It was only towards 1820 that horses really began to move in pictures. Before this date the sculptor was far in advance of the painter in the representation of animal life. To depict a horse galloping with any legs stuck into the ground is manifestly absurd . . . hoofs touch turf for the briefest fraction of a second; no human eye is quick enough to detect this; even the modern snapshot can barely fix it. There is, inexactitudes notwithstanding, much pleasure to be drawn from this class of sporting record, and the too critical attitude will mar the beguiling moment.

To return to Newmarket and the artists intimately connected with it. Peter Paul Rubens makes his bow there in 1630, rather in the capacity of a diplomatist than as a painter. He was sent over by the Archduchess Isabella to sound Charles I regarding a treaty of peace, and was most successful, for peace was concluded and signed at Madrid. It was a cunning move on the part of the Spaniards to choose this painter as envoy, and Charles was at once prepossessed in his favour as an artist. During the sittings which the King granted him, Rubens made good use of an unequalled opportunity to press his diplomacy. It was at Newmarket that one of Charles's courtiers said to Rubens, with a touch of envy of this foreign favourite of fortune: "The ambassador amuses himself with painting occasionally!" "No," answered Rubens, "the painter amuses himself with diplomacy."

Rubens was knighted at Newmarket, and when he left England was given a handsome service of plate and a gold chain with a miniature of the King, which he is reported to have worn ever after.

It is difficult to say whether Anthony Van Dyck, who was also knighted and lived in England at several periods, was a visitor at Newmarket. The chances are in favour of his having been there, for he was *persona grata* at the Court of Charles I; and the writer has a copy of a drawing attributed to him, of the cockpit at Newmarket, in which Charles I is seen assisting at a

cockfight, and with him are Pembroke, Holland, Dorset, Essex, Bristol, Sir Thomas Jermyn, Tom Killigrew as well as others, with the two setters.

Jan Siberechts, a Dutch painter, born in 1627, and brought over to England by the second Duke of Buckingham, painted somewhat in the style of Wouverman. He has left an interesting picture of Cheveley. It depicts the Hall about 1670, with the approach leading straight up to the front door, and shows a state carriage drawn by six white horses ridden by postilions in white and buff jackets with scarlet facings, and beaver hats. There are several other figures both mounted and on foot, as also dogs, and a hawk hovering over a brace of partridges. The landscape is the Newmarket town with Ely Cathedral in the dim distance.

Peter Tillemans introduces himself to the sporting world by three pictures of Newmarket racing; these were executed about 1720. Born in Antwerp in 1684, he worked in England from 1704 till his death, which took place at Norton, in Suffolk, in 1734.

The first of these pictures is "A View of the Round Course with divers Jockeys and Horses in different Actions and Postures, going to the Start for the King's Plate."

(2) "A View of a Horse-match over the Long Course, from the Starting Post to the Stand."

(3) "A View of Noblemen's and Gentlemen's several Strings or Trains of Running Horses taking their Exercise on the Warren Hill."

From these pictures, giving the costumes of the people, the ridiculous-looking horses, and the ground scenery, we get some idea of racing at Newmarket in the reign of George I. The second view shows the finish of a match at the top of the town, including buildings which were doubtless the King's Stables of that day, just opposite the Stand and Winning-post. Looking to the left, at the centre figure of three horsemen on the Stables' side of the Course, we see that knowing and maligned old cove, Tregonwell Frampton; on the near side by the Stand are two figures said to be the Prince of Wales (afterwards George II) accompanied by the Princess, who wears a cocked hat in much the same style as that worn by the men.¹

So we see that even as nowadays, the ladies evidently donned

¹ The writer will not guarantee the identity of the two riders, since he can find no definite evidence that George II was ever at Newmarket, either before or after his accession.



THE WATERING PLACE AT NEWMARKET, WITH A VIEW OF THE COURSE AND THE STRING OF
HORSES BELONGING TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

(After Tiltman)

a masculine head-dress for riding. There is a view of Newmarket in the near distance, with at least two windmills, and St. Mary's Church, its spire shaped much as it is now. The third Tillemans shows the historic Warren Hill, here called the Warring Hill, with horses exercising and training. As I write I am reminded of one more picture by Tillemans of the Warren Hill. A delightful modern colour reproduction published by Messrs. Fores of Piccadilly is at my elbow, taken from the canvas formerly the property of the Earl of Portmore, and now in the possession of Mr. A. C. Dunn-Gardner. George I at Newmarket in 1722 is the dominant figure; he is mounted, a large retinue of nobles and court officials around him, while in attendance is a troop of Life Guards whose brilliant uniforms lend a vivid note to the attractive sporting scene. The three pictures first mentioned have been engraved in line at several different periods, and were published by the artist "at the Golden Head in Holles Street, between Hannover and Oxford Square," in 1725. They were again "printed for, and sold by Elizabeth Foster at the White Horse on Ludgate Hill"; and published in 1752, and again engraved by Du Bose and T. Sympson about 1765.

There is another engraved picture by Tillemans of the Watering-Place at Newmarket, offering a view of the Course, and of the string of horses belonging to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire; this shows the horses being watered at the well near the well-gap. It was engraved in line by J. Thompson. All these sporting relics are curious and attractive, but present no special merit. Another and more satisfactory example of the art of this painter is now in the possession of Mr. Leggatt of St. James's Street. It is a large canvas of the Duke of Kingston on horseback, with his keepers and eleven young pointers, all standing to game; the landscape includes Thoresby Hall in Lincolnshire. It has also been engraved, but copies are rare and difficult to find. The present owner of the picture was most anxious to secure one, but failed for a considerable time to obtain any clue as to the whereabouts of a specimen. One day walking down Jermyn Street, he noticed a man carrying a print and, incidentally looking at it, found it to be one of the Duke and the pointers. He stopped the man, and was able to purchase the print. Such unexpected luck can only be compared to drawing a horse in the Calcutta Derby Sweep.

John Wootton (1685 to 1765) after some years of study in London took up his residence at Newmarket, where he painted numerous horses and pictures of the Turf. There was no very distinguished equine painter at the time, so Wootton practically held the field. His great patron was the third Duke of Beaufort, who sent the artist, at his own expense, to study in Rome.

Horace Walpole, the oracle of his day in the world of painting, as well as in other spheres, expresses a very high opinion of Wootton's capacity. Amongst his pictures, those which are connected with Newmarket, and which time has brought to our notice, are "The Starting Post, Newmarket," in the collection of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey, where there are a dozen or more examples of this artist's work, and "Newmarket from the Cambridge Side of the Ditch," with the grey racehorse Gripe being rubbed down, which was painted in 1744, and is at Badminton. One of the Dukes of Beaufort presented a copy by Hannah Hopkins of this picture to the Jockey Club at Newmarket, where it hangs in the dining-room. It is a very large painting, and shows, in addition to the horse, Henry, third Duke of Beaufort, and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, third baronet, conversing close to one of the old rubbing-houses on the Cambridge side of the Ditch. Another example of Wootton's art, which, at the time of writing, is in the possession of Mr. Frank Partridge, of King Street, gives us an old tiled rubbing-house (evidently that one adjacent to the finish of the Beacon Course), with a bay horse—there is no indication of his identity—being rubbed down. A rather moderate grey in clothing is also presented, having his hoof picked out by the blacksmith. A view of the modest little town is given, and there are numerous figures mounted and dismounted. It is regrettable that there exists no key or history by which the figures might be identified, as they are obviously portraits. From an artistic point of view, the writer considers this the best Wootton canvas that he has seen. It has been carefully restored, while the light, shade and colour are vivid and engaging. It measures 4 ft. 1 in. by 2 ft. 11 in.

Possibly the most interesting of all is the picture which we have reproduced in this volume, depicting the strings of horses exercising on the Warren Hill. An individual in a scarlet coat is seated in the Chair of Charles II (evidently not Charles himself, as the picture dates from Queen Anne or George I), a wooden

affair, something after the style of a movable summer-house or wind-screen. A string of horses wends its way down the Hill, headed by a grey horse and a bay ridden by grooms in the royal scarlet. Breaking the string, a boy has dismounted a good-looking grey horse which stands as model to an artist who is painting. The town of Newmarket lies sedately in the valley, and the spire of St. Mary's Church and the windmill give the touch of familiarity to the background.

Another Wootton picture in the possession of the Jockey Club at Newmarket is that of the chestnut horse Sloven, the property of the Duke of Bolton. The scene is the Heath, on which two other horses are galloping.

We owe to Wootton several pictures of Tregonwell Frampton, one of which belongs to Lord Rosebery and forms part of the collection at the Durdans; a second was owned so recently as the year 1900 by members of the family of Mr. John Croke, of Moreton House, Dorset. I am unable to say if it has changed hands since then. Another belonged to the family of the Rev. C. T. Frampton, M.A., of Chichester; a fourth is in the possession of the Jockey Club at Newmarket.

There is a great similarity, I notice, between the first three; they are represented, with certain minor differences, in the mezzotints scraped by Faber about 1740, and by John Jones in 1791. Old Tregonwell appears seated in an arm-chair, a fighting-cock by his side, and a greyhound resting its head on his knee. He wears knee-breeches and a three-cornered hat, his left hand is in a bandage; on the wall hangs a picture of a horse, generally taken to be the much discussed Dragon.

The Jockey Club painting, here reproduced, which has never been engraved, is quite on different lines. It is a three quarter length, and Tregonwell, wearing a wig and no hat, is distinctly younger. Clad in a long buff coat, he holds a black riding-whip; the small greyhound is his faithful companion, as in the other pictures.

Another painting, engraved in line by J. Sympson, Jun., is the "View of a Horse-match at Newmarket," between Grey-Windham (a horse belonging to His Grace the Duke of Somerset) and Bay-Bolton, the property of the Duke of Bolton.

The finish of this match is shown with Grey-Windham winning somewhat easily. Numerous horsemen are collected at the

winning-post, and an old man, who ought to be beating the drum to celebrate the victory, is running hard and gesticulating wildly, with his drum on his back and the drum-sticks idle in his hand. Some big-wig, probably the Duke of Somerset, is viewing the finish from the inside of his coach, surrounded by a well-mounted retinue. Wootton used, by the way, to get £40 for his large pictures of horses, quite a respectable amount in those days.

James Seymour (1702-1752) came to the front as a horse painter less by force of excellence than by the urge of necessity. His vocation was rather forced upon him and he was backed by the well-to-do, and acquired a name through influence more than through artistic merit. His father, an amateur artist, was a friend of Sir Peter Lely. Seymour never received any training in painting, but occasionally wielded the brush for amusement, and it proved a friend to him in adversity. A devotee of the Turf, he found it easy to dissipate his patrimony in pursuit of his favourite sport, and took up painting as a way of earning a living. Seymour might be termed a contemporary of Wootton (there were seventeen years between them, in Seymour's favour), but he was never seriously a rival of the elder and more celebrated painter. In the writer's opinion, he was, by comparison, the merest amateur; his horses are toys, and cannot boast even of the sawdust and horsehair so familiar in the Paris toy shops of our youth. They resemble, perhaps, the cheaper specimens of these same shops, which were made entirely of painted wood; like these, they are flat, stolid, stiff and immovable. As a matter of fact, it is entirely due to the exertions of good friends who stood by him when the Turf crash came that we are now considering his work.

One of his early patrons was Mr. Charles Pelham, of Brocklesby Park, Lincolnshire; the Dukes of Devonshire and Kingston also came to his aid; but the two sportsmen who really established his reputation were Sir William Jolliffe and the great Duke of Somerset; the latter employing him to decorate a whole room at Petworth with portraits of his racehorses. This association, however, came to a brusque termination. Seymour was well-born and most independent, and on one occasion when he was dining at Petworth, the Duke drank his health as "Cousin Seymour." The artist thereupon ventured to remark that he believed himself to be distantly related to the ducal family. The Duke,

a man of overwhelming pride, was offended, left the table, and caused his steward to pay and dismiss his self-styled cousin. Later on, however, finding that he could get no one to paint his racehorses, or finish some work in hand at Petworth, he again sent for Seymour; but it was now the artist's turn, and he replied: "My lord, I will now prove that I am of Your Grace's family, for I won't come."

I am told that in the collection of Lord Hylton, of Ammerdown, Bath, who is a descendant of Sir William Jolliffe, there are several pictures of Newmarket. One in particular, of Flying Childers, stripped and held by a boy; while a man who might be a trainer or jockey, is coming up on a crop-eared white pony, holding a racing saddle across the withers of his mount; the background, Newmarket Heath, is enlivened with other mounted figures. I have seen a replica of this picture in possession of a friend; but I leave it to my readers to suggest what solution they can to a point upon which I can throw no light; and that is, that there exist two other contemporary pictures in which the very same man is coming along on the very same crop-eared pony; the one, a portrait of Blacklegs, a black horse, a painting in the collection of the late Mr. Leopold de Rothschild; while the other, by Seymour, is of Sedbury, the property of Mr. Martinure, and is owned by the Jockey Club at Newmarket. All three pictures have Newmarket backgrounds.

Seymour also painted Sir Robert Fagge, Bart., who was a well-known character at Newmarket, with a reputation for eccentricity and miserly tendencies. The painting shows him mounted on an old grey stallion with broken knees, the background here too is Newmarket.

In the collection at Elsenham, now unfortunately dispersed, was a picture, three feet by two, of a race at Newmarket, which took place on April 4th, 1731; a sweepstake of 100 guineas each for subscribers, the match being won by the Duke of Bridgewater's Hazard, the Duke of Ancaster's Crab coming in second. In the same collection was a small picture of the Old Weighing-House at Newmarket, showing crowds of spectators mounted or in carriages.

Seymour painted the great carriage-match of the Earl of March, on Newmarket Heath in 1850. The same event was the subject of a picture which, I believe, came originally from

Hengrave Hall, and appeared at Christie's a few years ago with the late Colonel McCalmont's collection; but I am unable to say whether this was supposed to be the original. However, it is a point of small importance, as most of Seymour's work is so moderate that good contemporary copies would, in my estimation, be equally acceptable.

There is a fairly nice aquatint of this last painting, delineated by J. Bodger, which boasts of the glorified description of: "in the style of engraving of Bartolozzi," whatever that may imply.

One detail of this print which is not generally known, or which passes unnoticed, is that the rider of the near leader is wearing a wrist-watch, in order to take the time of the rounds; this is probably one of the first of these useful adjuncts to be used.

Both my friend Mr. Ralph Nevill and the late Sir Walter Gilbey, in their respective books on "Sporting Prints and Animal Painters," have fallen into an error in attributing the engraved picture of "Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Trains of Running Horses, etc., taking their Exercise up the Warren Hill, East of Newmarket," to Seymour. This picture was dedicated to the Prince of Wales, and his Royal Highness, and other well-known racing votaries of his day, appear quite recognizably in it; as the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV) was born in 1762, and Seymour died in 1752, we may consider this artist out of the question. It would be gratifying to be able to state the name of the painter of the picture which is reproduced here in the print published in 1791 by John Bodger, as it is one of great interest. Curiously enough, in the list of sporting subjects in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of 1821, there appears amongst the exhibits this title: "View at Newmarket, Race Horses in Exercise, etc.," J. Bodger.

This might possibly be the picture painted by Bodger in 1791 or earlier! In those days there were no hard-and-fast rules and regulations concerning "pictures of the year." The Druid, in *Silk and Scarlet*, mentions that the print was the popular favourite of the day, and it was certainly calculated to attract attention, as there was so much interesting detail to digest.

In the foreground is the Prince, wearing a black beaver hat, and standing up in his C-spring phaeton with its six greys, booking a bet to a nice-looking buck in a brown coat. The venerable

gentleman on his right, mounted on a bay cob with breastplate and martingale, is the Duke of Orleans. The Duke of York has alighted, and is pointing out the different horses in a long-sheeted string to a pretty lady. On the extreme left is a second phaeton containing Lord and Lady Barrymore, who are talking to Charles James Fox. Other personages are: John, Duke of Bedford, George Hanger, Wyndham, Captain Grosvenor, Bullock and Colonel Thornton . . . the latter not much of a racing man, but more in his element with his hawks, or with his three 150-guinea guns, Death, Destruction and Fate.¹ The King's Chair is seen on the right of the picture, and the background introduces the town of Newmarket, Highflyer Hall and Ely Minster.

The Sartorius family must be mentioned as having contributed to our sporting records. The earliest member to distinguish himself as an artist was Jacob Christopher, an engraver of Nuremberg, who worked between 1694 and 1737. His successors were John Sartorius, born about 1700, died 1780; Francis Sartorius, 1734 to 1804; John N. Sartorius, about 1755-1828; and John F. Sartorius, from about 1775 to 1831.

The first statement we meet with concerning John Sartorius, son of Jacob, is that he painted a picture of Molly for Mr. Panton somewhere about 1722. This mare won upwards of twenty matches, and only sustained defeat in a match in which she died whilst running at Newmarket in 1723, against the well-known horse Terror, which belonged to the Duke of Bolton. She is said to have succumbed almost on the course, between the Stand and the Rubbing-house.

Better known was his son Francis, who is generally styled the "elder." He painted a great many racing pictures, and more portraits of Eclipse than all his contemporaries put together. In 1767 he depicted the celebrated race run over the Beacon Course, for 500 guineas each, in which the result was as follows:

1. Lord Rockingham's Malton.
2. Sir John Moore's King Herod.
3. Lord Bolingbroke's Ting.
4. Mr. Shafto's Askam.

¹ Colonel Thornton, although not an *habitué*, was occasionally seen at Newmarket. We have it on record that he rode a hare down here for a bet, and picked it up in the presence of an immense concourse of people assembled to witness the curious wager.

The size of this picture is 6 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft. 1 in.; it was for many years in the possession of Mr. Richard Tattersall, passing subsequently into the collection of Sir Walter Gilbey. This Sartorius was also the painter of the "Finish for the Whip in 1768"; Lord Rockingham's bay horse Malton beating the grey horse Cardinal Puff, which belonged to Lord Grosvenor. Mr. Felix Leech very kindly showed me a picture of this race hanging in his house at Newmarket.

Francis Sartorius died in 1804, in his seventieth year, having been married five times.

John N. Sartorius (1755-1828), generally known as the "younger," was undoubtedly the best artist of this family. He combined a fair amount of technique with far more knowledge of his sporting subjects than that possessed by his relatives. Moreover, the establishment of the Royal Academy in 1769, and the emulation which arose with the dawn of that great era of British painters which distinguishes this period must have played a part in his career. He was most prolific in his output, and many pictures of racing, hunting, coursing, of horses and dogs are from his brush. His paintings of the match at Newmarket between Hambletonian and Diamond are well known; they have been reproduced by several aquatinters of his time.

The *Sporting Magazine* of 1801 and that of 1804 show two prints engraved by Scott from his pictures. The first of these is Blue Cap, a famous foxhound, the property of Smith Barry, Esq., of Cheshire, running a match, sweepstakes of a thousand guineas, on the Beacon Course, with three other hounds, all four hounds being shown, and Blue Cap winning easily. There is no description as to how this match was run; presumably on a drag.

The second print depicts Moll Tomson and Harefoot ridden in clothing, by their grooms in top hats, to water at the Well Gap, Newmarket.

At the time of writing, Mr. Fores of Piccadilly possesses an interesting picture by this artist. Details are very slender; but it shows the finish of a match over the Beacon Course. A rider who is rather too forward at the winning-post, is actually shown outstripping the second horse. His head has been painted out, and the story runs that this is the owner of the beaten horse, who, having lost a large stake on the race, requested the artist to take him out of the picture. The painter remarked that to paint out

both horse and rider would ruin his work, which is a large and important canvas ; so a compromise was effected and these means were adopted to conceal the identity of the rider.

John F. Sartorius (1775-*circa* 1831), eldest son of John N., followed the calling, but did not reflect the art of his father. Though successful, on occasion, in obtaining a place for his pictures in the Royal Academy between 1802 and 1829, there does not appear to have been any special demand for his works, or any ugly rush to see them ; the prices which he received, too, were low, as may be judged from the following letter, which is an answer to an inquiry from some publisher.

No. 18 Warwick Street,
Golden Square,
December 14th, 1802.

SIR,

I can furnish you with the *Race of Hambletonian and Diamond* at three guineas. A design of the *King's Staghound* at the same price. (The size of the pictures, 16 inches by 13 inches.) The *Portrait of a Racer* will be two guineas (the size 12 inches by 14 inches), provided the pictures are returned when done with (after being engraved). But if the publisher wishes to possess them entirely he may have them on the addition of two guineas each. The pictures shall be finished in the best manner and expeditiously as possible. I'll take the opportunity of calling on you in a day or two for an answer.

I am,

Yours, etc.,

JOHN SARTORIUS, Junior.

We leave the clan of Sartorius and proceed to other artists whose horses approach more closely to nature ; whose racers look as though they might at some time reach the winning-post ; in whose pictures coaches and gigs are really drawn along. In venturing a criticism of this sort, however, it must always be remembered that the type of horse was gradually improving, more especially the coach horse ; also that a knowledge of anatomy was becoming a *sine qua non* of the outfit of the equine painter.

George Stubbs (1724-1806) was a working contemporary of some of the Sartorius family, but his painting was altogether on a higher plane. He painted pictures, not wooden horses in a ragged landscape ; and he devoted years of study to the anatomy of horses. His merit received recognition, for by the year 1770, he was asking one hundred, and one hundred and fifty pounds

for his paintings of horses. At Wynyard Park Lord Londonderry has a life-size picture, 13 ft. 7 in. by 8 ft. 2 in. of Hambletonian rubbing down after the match with Diamond at Newmarket. The following inscription appears on the tablet, written by Sir Harry Tempest Vane :

There having been exhibited a printed proposal for publishing by subscription two prints of the late race at Newmarket between the above horses, to which I give no sanction. I think it my duty to apprise the public that engravings of the best artists will be made from two pictures of Hambletonian by Mr. Stubbs, drawn from life. The one represents Hambletonian winning the race, and is a remarkable fine likeness of the horse, and of Buckle the rider. The other represents the horse "rubbing down" after the race, and is as large as life. These pictures are finished and engravings will be made from them as soon as possible; and I think it necessary to add that no artists whatever, excepting Mr. Stubbs, have had my permission to take any likeness of Hambletonian since he was in my possession."

31 May, 1799.

H. T. VANE.

In the Catalogue of the Turf Gallery, Conduit Street, for 1794, we find the following pictures of horses by Stubbs; each background being the farm of Lord Grosvenor, Oxcroft, near Newmarket.

"GIMCRACK": "A little horse of great beauty and for his size a capital runner; was afterwards a stallion in the stud of Earl Grosvenor."

"PROTECTOR": "Was a good racer and a stallion of some note."

"MAMBRINO, SWEETBRIAR, SWEET WILLIAM": "all painted with the same landscape."

Each of these pictures has been engraved.

There is a charming Stubbs' picture at Newmarket, bequeathed to the Jockey Club by Admiral Rous; it represents the little dark grey Gimcrack about to be saddled, near an old rubbing-house which the writer believes is at York. The colours of the jockey about to mount, who approaches, bearing his saddle, are dark blue, silver braid. It is one of those paintings that are all daylight and can never fail to please.

On many engravings of pictures by Ben Marshall, we read: "painted by Marshall of Newmarket," with which town he was intimately connected. Born in Leicestershire in 1767, he began as a portrait painter, and lived in London in Beaumont Street,

Marylebone, where, among other portraits, he painted those of John Jackson and Tom Belcher, the pugilists; but after he had spent twenty years in London he realized that the day was dawning when a man would give fifty guineas for a painting of his horse and only ten for one of his wife. So Marshall migrated to Newmarket, where he lived for thirteen years and did excellent work. One point in connexion with his racing pictures, quite apart from the horses, is that the incidentals, jockeys, trainers and spectators are specially successful, and I believe the portraits are good. These figures have quite a character of their own, so much so that in the first glance at a picture, given an interest in such matters, the spectator at once says: "Ben Marshall." It would be most interesting to know the whereabouts of many of these delightful pictures . . . my appreciation is mostly gathered from the prints, as unfortunately I have had little opportunity to see the paintings themselves. Sam, with Chifney up, in Mr. Thornhill's colours, white, pink sleeves, white cap, in the possession of the Jockey Club, is a good example of his skill.

Marshall painted the celebrated match between Sir Joshua and Filho da Puta; and the two mezzotints of these pictures by W. Ward are very fine, when they can be found in early state. Lord Rosebery has the studies of Goodison and Arnall for these, as also studies for pictures of Chifney, Wheatley and Robinson, all of which were reproduced in the *Sporting Review* of 1842. Three etchings of the Newmarket Turf Officials: Mr. John Hilton, Judge; Mr. Samuel Betts, Starter; and Mr. John Fuller (on horseback), Clerk of the Course, are characteristic of his style.

Marshall returned to London in 1825 and lived in London Terrace, Hackney Road. He died in 1835, aged sixty-seven. A great ally of the Chifneys, this artist was full of anecdote and humour, and seldom worked after his two o'clock dinner. It has been said that he painted with his thumb rather than with his brush. The want of training in his youth, which he spent as a valet, and the lack of a knowledge of anatomy were handicaps throughout his career.

The son of Ben, Lambert Marshall, was born at Newmarket in 1810, and followed in his father's footsteps as a painter of sporting subjects. Many plates from his pictures were published in the *Sporting Magazine*.

Amongst these equine painters connected with Newmarket, the palm must be given to John Frederick Herring, born 1795. The son of a fringe-maker in Newgate Street, he had a somewhat romantic career. We find him falling in love, and, luckily from the young lover's point of view, his parent, who was somewhat stern and objected strongly to early marriages with no settled future, had to take ship about the same time for Holland. The son, having gained the young lady's affection, has a happy time, and when the father is due to return, elopes with her. The young couple have no money and not the least idea where to go, so they take a gazetteer, stick a penknife among the leaves at random; "where it points, we will go." Doncaster is indicated, and to Doncaster they trustfully proceed. Herring wanders about the quaint old Yorkshire town and sees a man blundering over his attempt to paint three white horses on the boot and two panels of a yellow coach, which were to indicate that it ran to the White Horse in Fetter Lane. He takes the brush while the man goes to dinner, wipes out the wretched daub, and depicts a well-painted horse on the boot. The proprietor turns up in the nick of time, discharges the incompetent workman, and Herring earns his first three guineas for painting the three white horses on the coach. From coaches he progressed to inn signboards, from signboards to cattle, from cattle to hunters, from hunters to coaching-scenes; and money began to accumulate. He played the clarionet and possessed a good voice; at one period he had a three weeks' engagement at the Doncaster Theatre. A man of varied talents, we are not surprised to find him driving the Wakefield and Lincoln Coach, and subsequently the Doncaster and Halifax Mail; indeed, he was passionately fond of driving a team and was a good whip. Somewhere about 1820 he removed to Fulbourne, between Cambridge and Newmarket; and it was here that he painted that lengthy series of racehorses which have immortalized his name. To specialize from a long list would be difficult: the writer much appreciates the small picture of Bay Middleton which is at Newmarket, in the Jockey Club morning room.

Herring died in 1865, and the pictures and sketches which he had on his hands at the time of his death were sold at Christie's in February, 1866, the lots, 190 in all, realizing £1,806. The top price was 190 guineas, given for the Cattle Market; this picture

shows the market held in the High Street of Tonbridge, Kent, close to which town Herring ended his days.

To James Pollard, born 1797, we are indebted for several pleasing prints of Newmarket, published by his father, Robert Pollard, who was an engraver of no mean calibre. Of these, the best and most interesting is the print which forms the frontispiece to the present volume; the view of the Old Subscription Rooms, with Mr. Tattersall selling horses in the background, is eloquent in its old-world setting. Many well-known sportsmen are assembled in the picture; but of these a word is said in other chapters.

Of almost equal charm is the print "A View on the Road to Newmarket Races," also reproduced here. This offers correct and vivid detail, a pleasing characteristic which is lacking in contemporary sporting prints, with the exception of the two Wolstenholmes, who share this quality with Pollard; I regret to add, however, that I cannot trace any of their delightful work which has reference to Newmarket. To return to our View; the artist has been at pains to give a good idea of the merry throng approaching the Heath from the town and the Bury side, as it was in 1825. Four diverse kinds of equipages are shown. We have the county gentleman in his family coach and four, with postilions and the two servants sitting behind; then the less pretentious family chaise and pair taking Mr., Mrs. and Miss Somebody to the races; next the small, low go-cart or gig with its two occupants, not at all the same kind of conveyance as the high or suicide gig, medium of first-class smashes. Here too is the tandem-cart, with a seat behind for the groom, who is seen tootling the horn.

There is a nice print published by Robert Pollard in 1823 of Moses winning the Claret Stakes from Morisco, Swape, Porthuma and Ajax. I must not forget to mention that rare print of Newmarket Races, drawn and engraved by James Pollard, and published in 1819; and also one named "Training at Newmarket," a string of horses in clothing passing one of the old racing stables situated at the foot of the Warren Hill, and still in existence. There is another print called "Training," after Henry Alken, who often went under the pseudonym of "Ben Tally Ho," showing horses at exercise on the Warren Hill. It is engraved by Sutherland, and is one of the few pictures connected with

our subject that I can trace from the brush of that clever and versatile draughtsman.

Charles Towne (1763-1836) was a painter, hardly known perhaps to our readers, who lived for a considerable time at Newmarket. He appears to have attained the age of thirty before seriously taking up painting, but an untrammelled talent gave him confidence and success, to which his work amply testifies. From him we have a good many sporting pictures; the best known of which is probably "Newton Races in 1831," which was engraved by Charles Hunt.

Others who painted horses at Newmarket were: Sawrey Gilpin (1733-1807), who depicted most of the stable of the Duke of Cumberland; A. Dubost, who early in the nineteenth century illustrated the "Life of a Race Horse" (the drawings were produced in lithography, and consisted of a title page and nine plates), which was published in 1809.

Another equine painter, R. Crane, date uncertain, lived on Mill Hill.

Harry Hall, who was painting about 1867, produced pictures of Hermit and other horses. He was born at Cambridge and became an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. He painted 43 consecutive years of Derby winners, and died, aged 68, in 1882, in the High Street, Newmarket.

Many of these draughtsmen of sport of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries enjoyed their day on or about the Heath, without being actual residents. George Armfield for one, who came with his friend Tom Sayers, and who is said to have lost £500 at one meeting, which he is reputed to have recouped by the aid of his brush.

Henry Bernard Chalon (1770-1849) painted some fine pictures of racehorses on the Heath; specially deserving mention are those of Orville and Sir David, horses which were both the property of the Prince of Wales and exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1808. Mezzotints of these were beautifully scraped by W. Ward, and published by the well-known and still existing firm of Colnaghi and Co. in 1809, when they were located in Cockspur Street. Other excellent plates by Ward, from Chalon's work, are Pavilion, with Chifney up, and Violante, ridden by Buckle. As a matter of fact, all Ward engravings of this class are eminently good, and worthy of the attention of amateurs of this type of print.

A VIEW ON THE ROAD TO NEWMARKET RACES

(From the print by J. Pollard, 1825)



Passing to additional prints of horses and racing, Mr. Somerville Tattersall has kindly allowed me to peruse his most interesting volumes, which are historical in the annals of sport. The Druid discusses them in 1862; they are, of course, a unique collection, some of them relating to Newmarket. The series goes back as far as 1734 with Sedbury, after the picture by Seymour, and onward, to include all notable types of horses: Mambrino and Baronet, after Stubbs; the Sir Peter Teazle of Sawrey Gilpin, and many other amongst the numerous progeny of High-flyer; Quiz, after Chalon, the interest enhanced by the quaint Newmarket background, including the King's Stand, incident being provided by a soldier and a man with a wooden leg. Barenger, James Ward, Fernely, Herring, are all contributors to these attractive scrap-books, which not only charm the lover of horses, but make a strong appeal to the *connoisseur* of engraving. The prints are, almost without exception, in priceless first or early states; and as a very old votary of this form of artistic expression I do not hesitate to emphasize this point.

We are not dealing with those early proofs which are still being turned out by the thousand; there is no bogus nonsense or fraud about a collection like this; the prints are in that ideal condition which should characterize all sporting prints, nay, and I would add, all prints, whether mezzotint, aquatint, line, stipple or other process. This art, somewhat mechanical as it doubtless is, has its points of contact with nature. High lights of full noon, softer shades of evening, secondary lights in correct unison, blending with shadows of suitable transparency.

A complete mastery of the technique of the engraver, a sense of values in depth and tone, gradation, the adaptable touch conveying atmosphere and reality, the skill to reproduce, not merely the mechanism of the painter, but the spirit of the picture; such are the essentials of the perfect graver. As soon as a plate is worn away, it can in no measure represent the original theme; depth becomes mere surface, focus is vague, relief ill-defined. I have heard a jazz band described as "a bunch of crazy niggers surrounded by a noise." A worn engraving may be summed up as a "succession of outlines surrounded by a blur."

However, enthusiasm must not lead me into attempting an essay on engravings, with their qualities and deficiencies, when

my only intention was to discuss a few Newmarket pictures and their painters.

It is curious to note how regrettably few of these interesting mementoes are in possession of the Jockey Club, which would appear to be their natural destination; and I am inclined to think that a statement by a Mr. Sandiver, a gentleman rider and sporting doctor of Newmarket, at the end of the eighteenth century, gives us a reason for this. He relates that, in his time, many pictures were collected with some definite aim; and that they were then left in a damp cellar, where they became so hopelessly spoilt that they were eventually destroyed.

As the chapter draws to its close, the writer is seized with a sense of its shortcomings; with a sense, too, of his inevitable ignorance of many matters touching on pictorial Newmarket. There must exist scores of records, as yet unexplored, waiting for some chance amateur to discover their value; amongst those friends, acquaintances and even strangers who may do him the honour of reading this book, how many will inquire, when too late, why he failed to clamour for the information resting on their walls, or hidden in their portfolios; and which they would have lent with such goodwill. This wish has been ever present with him, but the difficulties made its realization prohibitive. There is no *catalogue raisonné* of the owners of these treasures; and the moment comes to all who collect similar details when the publisher requests copy, and this is a time limitation which cannot be ignored.

CHAPTER VIII

LATER DAYS

If I were to begin life again, I would go to the Turf to get friends. They seem to me to be the only people who really hold close together. I don't know why; it may be that each knows something that might hang the other, but the effect is delightful and most peculiar.—HARRIET, LADY ASHBURTON, TO LORD HOUGHTON.

IT was hardly to be expected that His Majesty George I would give much patronage or support to the Turf. The Elector was in his fifty-fifth year when he began to rule over the British Isles, hampered with as total an ignorance of our manners and customs as of our language. It must be urged on his behalf that he was in no hurry to come here at all; the good comfortable man was most affected at having to leave his dear Hanover and beloved Herrenhausen; so that he only set out eventually with much delay, and in the most dilatory fashion, to ascend what, in his first speech to Parliament, he was pleased to call "the throne of his ancestors." He arrived surrounded, naturally enough, by a body of Germans . . . chamberlains, secretaries, negroes (his captives from the Turkish Wars), and those two horrible old women Kilmansegge and Schulenberg, who never left him; and all this retinue had but one idea: plunder! "Take what you can get" was the maxim of the old monarch and of his *cortège*, and they very conscientiously acted up to it.

However, in spite of a non-sporting temperament, and, it may be assumed, with but little encouragement from the German crowd, George I did put in several casual appearances at Newmarket between the years 1716 and 1718. Casual, one may well term them, for they left no memories with the inhabitants, and were possibly but the result of an impulse of duty. However, the King did retain that notable sportsman Tregonwell Frampton as "keeper of the running horses," which rather indicates that he knew a good thing when he met it.

The Royal Stud at Hampton Court was also maintained on much the same scale as heretofore, yet without that active interest which infuses enthusiasm into subordinates.

This lukewarm attention, almost indifference, of the early Georges towards racing was not productive of the disastrous effects which might have been expected; on the contrary, there were at this epoch many noteworthy horseowners, horse-breeders and horse-runners, amongst whom the Duke of Wharton, who had been a frequent visitor at Newmarket from his youth upwards, was conspicuous. On the other hand, the sporting efforts of these partisans were much handicapped by a futile legislation which frustrated the very ends which it projected to further.

During the reign of Queen Anne a statute had been passed whereby, in consequence, it was said, of the havoc caused by betting on a match won by Old Merlin (which had been run for a very large sum, independent of bets), the statute of 16 Car. II, c. 7, was rendered very much more restrictive, and penalties were enjoined against anyone who should win over £10 from any person or persons at one time, and by 18 Geo. I, c. 34, this liability was extended to the winning of £20 within twenty-four hours . . . the effect of this limitation being to penalize any race for a prize of over £10 as illegal.

Curiously enough, the annals of horse-racing show that this statute either did not apply to Newmarket, or that it was disregarded or unenforced on the Heath. At the same time, the consequences in general, as one might imagine, were adverse to the breeding of good horses. There was no point in rearing fine thoroughbred stock for twopenny-halfpenny gambling when anything on four legs, or frequently three, would answer the purpose. What wealthy amateur was likely to import "sons of the desert" at great cost and risk if he were prohibited from winning more than a ten-pound prize on any one occasion?

By the time George II had come to the throne the legislators (certainly not the King, as he knew nothing about racing) began to see their error, and a statute of precisely contrary import was enacted. By this, the 13 Geo. II, c. 19 (except at Newmarket and Black Hambleton in Yorkshire), no race was to be run for any prize of less value than £50, and it was hoped by this legislation to ameliorate conditions pertaining to horse-breeding.

The second George, that choleric little man, did not trouble Newmarket; he was much too busy with his mistresses and continual trips to Hanover, where he managed to stay sometimes so long as two years.

Few sovereigns have received the news of their accession to a throne with the disregard of this prince for the traditional attitude of the Heir, no longer Apparent, but in actual possession. I am always much amused by Thackeray's description of the arrival of Sir Robert Walpole at Richmond, to acquaint George II with his father's demise. It will be remembered that the George in question disliked Sir Robert Walpole with the enduring dislike of the Hanoverians. Well, Sir Robert arrived after dinner; George always slept after this event, and "woe be to the person who interrupted him," says Thackeray. The Princess of Wales told the statesman that he could not possibly see the Prince, however pressing the business might be. Walpole, in his jackboots, took no heed of their objections, but waved the affrighted ladies on one side and opened the door of the forbidden bedroom. To quote from the *Four Georges*:

He on the bed started up, and with many oaths and a strong German accent, asked who was there, and who dared to disturb him. "I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger, "I have the honour to announce to Your Majesty that Your Royal Father, King George I, died at Osnaburg, on Saturday last, the 10th instant." "Dat is one big lie!" roared out his Sacred Majesty King George II.

One member of the royal family, however, did frequent Newmarket, and this was the Duke of Cumberland, the son of George II. As a great general, as a politician, he has received and merited considerable criticism, and it is not incumbent upon us to view him in either of these aspects; but as a breeder of bloodstock he probably did more for British racing than anyone else. Adopting, in his establishment, the military motto of "Persevere and conquer," he will ever be remembered as the breeder of Eclipse and of his sire Marske, as also of Herod. The *connoisseur* of the families and pedigrees of racehorses will adequately appreciate the significance of these facts from the standpoint of the Turf. The Duke does not seem to have been averse to gambling, and Horace Walpole draws a realistic picture of him out hunting in 1750. In the lines of this voluminous correspondent:

As the Duke has taken a turn of gaming, Sandwich, to make his court . . . and fortune . . . carries a box and dice in his pocket, and so they throw a main whenever the hounds are at fault, upon every green hill and under every green tree.

This too strict disciplinarian was most amenable to the influence of the Turf, and it was remarked that at Newmarket he

became the most cheery and kindly of mortals. At one meeting on the Heath, just before the horses started, the Duke missed his pocket-book, which contained bank-notes. The horse he had intended to back was easily beaten, and when, soon after the race, a veteran half-pay officer presented H.R.H. with the pocket book, saying that he had found it near the Stand, but had not had the opportunity to approach the royal owner earlier, the Duke very generously replied: "I am glad it has fallen into such good hands; keep it. Had it not been for this accident, it would have been by this time in the hands of the blacklegs and thieves of Newmarket."

George III liked hunting, and in Pollard's prints we see him following the chase at Windsor; but I have not been able to find any trace of a visit to Newmarket. However, he owned race-horses, and several of these ran on the Heath, but always in the name of Thomas Panton.

When the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV) reached that age of discretion, or perhaps indiscretion, at which he could go racing, the royal connexion with our town took on a fresh lease of life, and racing annals teem with allusions to his association therewith.

It is true that our only concern here is to view him as the sportsman he undoubtedly was; but when discussing one of the chief actors in the scenes of this our staging of Newmarket, it is quite impossible to ignore and reject certain aspects of his character and life, associated as they were with so many of the minor lights of the *cast*, who fill smaller parts, and compose the kaleidoscopic and interesting vaudeville of life in the racing town, in and about the time of this notable George.

The character of George IV, like that of most princes, the fame of whom has filled many pages in the annals of history, has been deduced from two contrasting sources: the exaggeration of false praise, and the harsh criticism of prejudice. If flattery worships even the faults of princes, calumny loves to deprecate their virtues!

The writings of Thackeray and of other authors equally distinguished may be read with respect, but not necessarily with approval; their facile pens and critical perfection of verbiage trounce this prince and his whole *coterie* in the most drastic fashion; other writers of a different category apply theories

placing the destiny of kings so high above the lot of the ordinary mortal as to extol, in sometimes interested panegyric, a colour scheme of virtues too blatantly perfect.

I confess that it is a theme which I have followed with zest and interest.

To acquire a right to even a superficial judgment on a bygone era such as this Georgian period, to enter into the play of their ideas and ideals, to endeavour to grasp the working of their imagination, one must read, ponder, and again read and weigh the impressions which arise after a perusal of the many sparkling and characteristic chronicles of these times ; then one may perhaps have a right to place on record, but with all humility, one's individual opinion. The ready-made standard, though undoubtedly the line of least resistance, is often responsible for views and assertions which are made without the faintest conviction.

The almost Spartan habits of George III, in combination with precepts and maxims of rigorous domestic discipline, which enforced strict control and seclusion on the Prince until that auspicious day in 1780 when he formed his first separate establishment, were certainly responsible for that eager rush into excessive luxury and enjoyment which characterizes the early years of his liberty.

Instances come to mind ; families of every rank offer examples in which an exaggerated repression brings an inevitable reaction. Champagne will effervesce gently in the closed bottle, but withdraw the cork suddenly, and the foam and froth will bubble precipitately upwards.

What wonder ? And yet the moralizing argument of the Puritan condemns the young Prince for being drawn, a willing victim, into the vortex of pleasure ; condemns him for being lured, an unresisting votary, by the soft seduction of feminine charm.

Hoppner depicts him, for our delight, at Hertford House, in the heyday of his magnetic youth, in command of fortune, with a crowd of courtiers, each vying with the other to gratify his desires rather than to regulate or suppress his passions : he poses attractively in his blue coat and star, and we smile involuntarily and forgive him. He was extravagant ; there is no evading that fact. His wardrobe was sumptuous, and he never paid for any of it ; moreover, he never gave any of it away except his linen, which usage and tradition allotted as a perquisite to sundry

of the Court lackeys. It was all hoarded up and stored with so accurate a memory, during fifty years, that he recollected every article of dress, however old.

And a sense of unctuous righteousness fills the moralist ; he runs in a team with the Pharisee, the Puritan and the Pedant ; but the writer refuses to trot by their side.

Imagine the reign of the third George without the Prince of Wales and the Regency ! How dull, how prosaic !

The inspiration, the encouragement to art and culture, letters and sport came from Carlton House and the Pavilion at Brighton rather than from the Court of George III.

There would be no excuse for the portrayal of the Prince's favourites in those precious canvases of Reynolds, Romney and Gainsborough, depicted as they are in every guise or disguise, flauntingly wanton or sweetly simple.

Art, in all its branches, follows the footsteps of the future King, George IV, and even as the *Roi Soleil* bequeathed to us a whole era of French art, under the bright and intelligent star of genius, so did this Regency leave its marvellous traces on the artistic side of the merry past of England.

Of course, these people danced, rioted, spent their money ; numbers of them gambled, too, and ruined themselves, at Newmarket or elsewhere. What they did, of good or evil, they did intensely, as in the case of Sir John Lade, so often at Newmarket with the Prince of Wales, who lost a fortune gambling.

The great Doctor Johnson, that authoritative champion of the British Monarchy and the Church, the oracle of the nation, and according to Thackeray "a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners," recognized that youth must have its fling. "What, boys, are you for a frolic ?" he cries, when Topham Beauclerc comes to wake him up at midnight. "I'm with you" ; and off he goes.

Johnson's wit penetrated the spirit underlying and inspiring the wild game : the immortal jingle so often quoted, and written by him to celebrate the coming of age of Sir John Lade, gave the philosopher-poet himself such pleasure that, as he lay dying, he repeated it to Mr. Windham, telling his friend to appreciate the privilege, since he had only repeated it once before, and had only given one copy of it away, and that to his beloved Mrs. Thrale.

I make no apology for reproducing here three stanzas of what is undoubtedly the best ode to a *roué* that has ever been written.

Long expected one-and-twenty,
Ling'ring year at length is flown ;
Pride and Pleasure, Pomp and Plenty,
Great (Sir John) are now your own.

Loosened from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind and light as feather,
Bid the sons of thrift Farewell.

Call the Betsys, Kates and Jennies,
All the names that banish care ;
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
Show the spirit of an heir.

John Lade, the intimate associate of the Prince, married Letitia Darley, better known as Letty Lade. A pretty and sporting girl of humble origin, she was born in Lewknor Lane, St. Giles, and before her marriage had been the *bonne amie* of Sixteen-String Jack, a notorious and popular highwayman who was eventually executed at Tyburn. *Mésalliances*, then as now, were of sporadic occurrence ; regrettable, however, as they may be, we find ourselves ready to condone them, the while we really all reserve a soft corner in our hearts for the fair ones, amongst whom Letty must certainly take a place.

Look at her in the picture by Stubbs, in the Royal Collection at Cumberland Lodge, mounted on a fine bay-brown hunter, with flowing habit, and a black plume in her dark beaver hat. Sir Joshua Reynolds also painted her most attractively in another big hat. This beauty was declared to be the best horsewoman in the kingdom, and there is no doubt that she knew more about horses than any other woman of her day. She once challenged another lady to a race of eight miles over Newmarket Heath for five hundred guineas ; but I fancy the match never took place.

Letty comes under our notice in 1799, in a hunt with the King's Staghounds, when, after a fast gallop of two hours and forty minutes, the royal deer was taken near Hacket-lane. "Lady Lade kept up the whole time . . . her fleet courser never fails !"

Certain other ladies, however, did not share the writer's sympathy for poor dear Letty, whose blood was avowedly any-

thing but blue. The first time that the Prince danced with her at an assembly at Brighton, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Charlotte Bertie, Mrs. Fitzherbert and Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, with several others, all left the room in a bunch. It may be thought that the last-named lady need not have been so particular, for shortly afterwards she herself was put in the King's Bench Prison for debt, and here she married a hairdresser. Lady Elizabeth is said to have "played high and cheated much," and she was eventually convicted of picking pockets at Augsburg in Bavaria, and condemned to clean the streets chained to a wheelbarrow. Finally she poisoned herself.¹

Sir John, who was best known as a gentleman jockey and a great whip, in the course of years became totally ruined; in 1814 he had to be rescued from the King's Bench Prison, where he was retained for debt. Later on, he evolves into a "gentleman coachman," with a salary, to the Prince, who, after his accession, granted his friend a pension, which, to her eternal honour, Queen Victoria insisted on continuing; so old Sir John, the "Prince of Jehus," who died when he was over eighty, ended his days in peace and comfort.

Some appropriate lines were written at his death, of which we quote a verse:

His coach was a fast one in life's early stage,
Yet its run had been long . . . the best part of an age;
But its speed has decreased, the machine got more weighty,
Though it never broke down till its years numbered eighty!

The Prince of Wales seems to have cared very practically for many of his old friends, a characteristic which does not fit in with the heartless, unsympathetic attitude with which he is so often credited.

He once observed that men sometimes got glorified for good actions, without ever having dreamt of deserving it, and were at times abused in the same unmerited way. He then added that he himself, some years back, from the following circumstance, got credit for being a good young man. Having occasion to go to Bagshot in the winter, he asked Lord Clermont to accompany him. His Lordship, providing against the cold, generally travelled in a kind of flannel hood, to protect his ears and throat; with this he wore a great white coat. Thus equipped, the Prince

¹ *Farington Diary*, 1797, and editorial note thereto.



LADY LADE

(From the engraving by Bromley, after Sir Joshua Reynolds)

and his companion went on their journey, the spectators remarking what a good young man he was, "to go out with his old aunt, the Princess Amelia!"

The Prince was at dinner at the house of Mrs. Boehm in St. James's Square with the Duke of York and several of the Ministers when the news of the victory of Waterloo was brought to him officially, as Regent. Lord Liverpool took Major Percy, who came with the glad tidings, up to the Prince. The first question of His Royal Highness referred to the welfare of the army. "We have not suffered much loss, I hope?" "The loss has been very great indeed," was the simple reply. The Prince was so affected that he cried like a child. It was this sympathy with the people that won for him the popularity he enjoyed.

During a terrific frost in 1789, thirteen men brought a wagon with a ton of coals from Loughborough in Leicestershire to Carlton House, as a present to the Prince of Wales, who gave them twenty guineas for their trouble. The journey of 111 miles took them eleven days; and they drew the wagon all the way without any assistance. When the Prince at last became King, he honourably paid off most outstanding debts, of which there were a considerable number. Mr. Tattersall, who had been an intimate of most of the royal group of friends, was commissioned by His Majesty to find out if any of them happened to be in difficulties, and to send him word. He came to the assistance of these necessitous comrades with a royal cheque of any amount from £100 to £500.

The first record which we have of the Prince's horses at Newmarket is in a match of 50 sovereigns a side, over the last mile of the Beacon Course, when his horse *Hermit*, 10 st. 11 lb., with Mr. Panton up, and 6 to 4 betted on him, has to strike the royal colours to Sir H. Featherstone's *Surprise*, 10 st. 1 lb. But in the second heat at the same weights jockeys were substituted for gentlemen riders, and although 2 to 1 was laid on *Surprise*, the former verdict was reversed. The first race won outright by H.R.H. at Newmarket was a £60 Plate with *Anvil* over the D.I., in the autumn of 1784; as a matter of fact, throughout a very chequered career on the Turf he was not unsuccessful. From 1784 to 1792, when the Prince sold his Stud, he won 185 races, amounting in money value, exclusive of plates and cups, to 32,688 guineas; and it is unnecessary to remind sporting

readers that the stakes in those days were not to be compared with the stakes of to-day.

Between the years 1800 and 1807 the Prince's horses are again seen on the Turf; also when he was King, from 1827 to his death in 1830, but his racing connexion with Newmarket was severed in 1792, for reasons which we shall now proceed to set forth.

The reference, of course, is to the incident relating to Escape by Highflyer. This horse was bred by the Prince himself, and was purchased by Mr. Franco. The name originated from the fact that one night the trainer went into the stable and found that the horse had kicked through the stall, getting one of his legs entangled between the boards; by good care and management he was released without sustaining any injury. The trainer told Mr. Franco of this "wonderful escape," and the owner decided to commemorate it in the horse's name. In 1789 the Prince repurchased Escape for £1,500, and in 1791, when the fateful incident occurred, he was certainly one of the best horses of the day. At the October Meeting, 1791, Escape was entered and ran a race both on the 20th and 21st of that month; the race of the first day was for 60 guineas D.I., and there were four starters, including Escape, ridden by old Sam Chifney, who started favourite at 2 to 1.

The result was as follows:

Mr. Dawson's Coriander	1
Lord Grosvenor's Skylark	2
Lord Clermont's Pipator	3
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Escape	4

Now the defeat of a favourite was then, as now, a matter of everyday occurrence, and would not have caused any comment; but the next day, the 21st, Escape (Chifney up) again started in a race B.C., a subscription of 5 guineas each; there were six starters, and the betting was 7 to 4 against Chanticleer and 5 to 1 against Escape.

The result was:

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Escape	1
Lord Barrymore's Chanticleer	2
Lord Grosvenor's Skylark	3
Duke of Bedford's Grey Diomed	4
Lord Clermont's Pipator	5
Mr. Barton's Alderman	6



ESCAPE

Then the band played, the losers were indignant, and there was a royal row. The Prince's jockey and the Prince himself were openly charged with having purposely conspired to lose the race on the 20th, and it was freely put about that "there was something wrong."

The Jockey Club took up the matter, and Sir Charles Bunbury, the most severe accuser of the Prince, sent H.R.H. a message to say that if he suffered Chifney to ride his horses in future no gentleman would start against him, which sounded very like an acquittal of the Prince upon conditions. The Prince did what any honourable gentleman would have done under the circumstances; he refused to make a scapegoat of his jockey, but gave orders that his conduct should be rigorously investigated; he also commanded his attendance before a committee of the Jockey Club, while he himself indignantly left Newmarket, never to return.

Reams have been written about this incident; every book on racing notes it. In addition to all this, Chifney, to exonerate himself, published a pamphlet: "Genius Genuine," which was sold at the extravagant price of £5. My intention is not to analyse the pros and cons of this affair; but after a perusal of most accounts, I should wish, with a sense of fairness to the memory of His Royal Highness, to make some brief comments.

There is no evidence that any individual connected with the Prince profited in any pecuniary sense by either race. Chifney had twenty guineas on Escape in the second race—he naturally had nothing on in the first, as he advised the Prince not to back the horse, which had not had a good gallop for a fortnight.

All the records show that Escape was difficult to train, also that he was a regular in-and-out runner; when he was tried for the Oatlands, five days previous to the race, with Baronet, Pegasus, and Smoker at Oatlands' weights, with Chifney up, he won the trial by three or four lengths. On the day before the race, the Prince sent for Chifney, and with the trainer Neale and his manager, Mr. Warwick Lake, the four horses were looked over. The moment the sheets were taken off Escape, Chifney begged His Royal Highness to let him ride Baronet instead, so much was he struck with Escape's loss of condition since the trial. Neale and Lake protested, stating that the horse had never been better; but the Prince upheld Chifney, and he rode Baronet.

In the race Baronet just won, beating nineteen of the best horses in England, and Escape was nowhere.

If perchance any trainer should read this book, he will know better than I what an in-and-out running horse is! Quite apart from trained judgment on these technicalities, is it not a common-sense proposition that a horse, or a man either for the matter of that, cannot and does not act automatically in the same fashion every day?

There is another point to be considered in connexion with these two races, which I have not seen mentioned.

Ditch In, the course of the first day, is just over two miles, while the second day's course, the Beacon Course, was just over four miles. Chifney may have been a very dishonest jockey, but my conclusion is that the Jockey Club chose the wrong moment at which to make an example of him. There is no doubt that the Prince of Wales was very popular! Extreme popularity is apt to bring jealousy and enmity in its train.

So one of the greatest of sportsmen, and a sincere lover of horse and hound, left Newmarket.

In 1805 the Jockey Club, having again thoroughly sifted the Escape affair at a meeting at Brighton, sent the following message:

To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

May it please Your Royal Highness . . . the members of the Jockey Club deeply regretting your absence from Newmarket, earnestly entreat the affair may be buried in oblivion, and sincerely hope that the different meetings may again be honoured by Your Royal Highness condescending attendance.

To which the Prince sent a very gracious reply; but though at one time the Palace was put in order, it is difficult to determine whether he really contemplated a return. As may easily be imagined, he never forgot the treatment he had received; and long years after, when it was suggested that a proposed match between his beautiful bay mare Fleur de Lis and Memnon should be run at Newmarket, he said to young William Chifney, who then trained for him: "No, No! William, they treated your poor father and me very badly; I won't run there."

Once again only did he look on the ghost-like posts and venerable rubbing-houses of Newmarket, as he drove over the Heath, after sleeping a night at the Palace on his return from a visit to Holkam.

Let the song that is borne on the echoes of June,
Whether sung by the Joneses or Coxes,
Still have this loyal burden, whatever the tune,
A good King ; Fleur de Lis ; and good foxes,

sings the Druid.

Some of the Prince's entourage passed on with him : others avoided tangled labyrinths which were not their immediate concern, and forbore from shunning Newmarket and its attractions. Of these, Lord Barrymore, known as Cripplegate, with his two brothers, to whom the equally grotesque nicknames of Newgate and Hellgate (this last brother was in Holy Orders) were given, were participants in many a frolic, more or less rowdy. My Lord "Cripplegate" was destined to an early and tragic death through the accidental discharge of a musket ; but all unconscious of what fate had in store for him he went his gay and heedless way, and distinguished himself, amongst other accomplishments, as a practical joker of real ingenuity. This was a pastime which was very kindly regarded in those merry days. In one of his larking escapades he disguised Hooper, the pugilist, as a clergyman, and took him to Vauxhall. A row was purposely created, and his lordship and pal kept the game alive pretty briskly, the "clergyman" becoming the centre of the *mêlée*, dealing out, not heavenly words, but earthly blows ; Barrymore adding that these were some of the best *hits* made at Vauxhall that season.

The Newmarket breakfast tables were ever on the *qui vive* for news of some fresh practical joke perpetrated overnight, and there was much mirth over the very unpopular French Prince who was violently pushed into a pond by the joyful heir to the throne of England, so that Egalité should be able to see "de beautiful fish of gold" at closer quarters.

This Prince was that Duke of Orleans who was guillotined in 1793, notwithstanding the fact that he had done treacherously by his King and cousin in order to save his own craven life. He does not appear to have been appreciated on this side of the Channel, although he was sporting enough, and had been admitted to membership of the Jockey Club, running a horse for a Jockey Club Plate. He was one of those people who have no sense of humour, and the joke of H.R.H. George, Prince of Wales, made him very angry ; it became necessary to have recourse to all the fine arts of diplomacy to make him realize that he had not caught cold, at least not very badly !

But all that happened before the Prince had ruled Newmarket out of his life : the royal string with its lads in scarlet liveries no longer issued from the Palace Stables, there were no more restrictions to bear in mind or rules of etiquette to observe : the First Gentleman of Europe had gone, and in his train a few familiar faces were missing. But the Heath and the Town were by no means deserted ; new merry men soon replaced the vanished ones, "if ancient tales say true."

One of these votaries of jollity was Colonel Mellish of Blyth Hall, Doncaster, who died at the early age of 37. He was a man of many accomplishments and a fine soldier ; not at all the simpleton which one might be led to imagine from his extravagances. At one sitting, at a London Club, he is said to have risen a loser of £97,000. When leaving the Club-house he met the Duke of Sussex who, hearing what had happened, persuaded him to return and try his hand once more, which he did ; and in three hours he had won £100,000 off the Duke, who paid him the best part of this large sum, and promised to settle the rest by a life annuity. Keen for every escapade, on one occasion after a ball at Doncaster he and the Duke of Clarence assisted in the arrest of a man who had been fighting in the street ! When the party reached the prison Mellish locked the royal Duke in a cell and went off with the key, which he delivered to the Prince of Wales. The Duke, on his liberation, good-humouredly took the joke as quite in the ordinary course of events.

Mellish had enormous expenses in connexion with his establishment, and at one period owned 38 race-horses in training, 17 coach-horses, 12 hunters, 4 chargers, and a number of hacks. His arrival on the course at Newmarket was very spectacular ; driving five beautiful white horses he was preceded by two crimson-liveried outriders, also on white horses, behind these rode another groom leading a thoroughbred hack, whilst yet another waited at the rubbing-post with a spare mount. In addition to all this pageantry he made it his pride never to make a bet of less than £500 ; since, unfortunately, he did not often win, the result, as may be conjectured, was complete ruin.

The Prince of Wales showed himself an influential and efficient friend in adversity, and appointed Mellish to some small post abroad ; at the same time he was attached to the person of

the Prince as Equerry, so that he could enjoy the emoluments of both these offices without the loneliness of exile.

The name of Panton crops up frequently as we read the history of Newmarket. The elder Panton, who was born about 1668, held the post of Keeper of the King's Running-Horses at Newmarket; he was also the father of the beautiful Duchess of Ancaster. Horace Walpole with some spite calls him a "disreputable horse-jockey," but this appears to be a distortion of facts. Was there some confusion in Walpole's mind with the Panton, also Thomas, gambler, who died in 1685, and whose portrait is in the Print Room of the British Museum?

The Thomas Panton of Newmarket must have been a personality of his day, for rumour says that his ghost still appears in the familiar haunts about the Devil's Dyke, where he lies buried. A verse of the time couples his name with those of four celebrated jockeys and trainers of Newmarket who were famed for their judgment in managing and riding trials.

Oh! Tuting, Stamford, Woodcock, Larkin,
Pray look out sharp, for he'll be darking.
He watched the trials others made,
And still will follow the same trade;
And near the Devil's Ditch be seen
Gliding by moonlight, long and lean.

Thomas Panton the son, called the "polite Tommy," has been mentioned as riding Hermit, the horse of the Prince of Wales, in the match with Surprise. In 1766 he was appointed Master of the Game at Newmarket, which was an honorary office, but which carried with it the post of Groom of the Removing Wardrobe. He lived at Fen Ditton, in Cambridgeshire, and became a member of the Jockey Club in 1753, winning the Derby of 1786 with Noble. His death, after a long life connected with Turf and Court—for he appears to have been Equerry to the King in 1808—took place when he was 87, and he left his name inscribed as a distinguished owner in the stud book and the calendar.

A gallant who ran Colonel Mellish very close for the Extravagance Stakes was Colonel George Hanger of the 1st Guards. This gentleman was never fond of cards or the dice-box, but betted in very large sums and kept a number of racehorses at Newmarket. He has written some of his own reminiscences, and

imparts the almost incredible fact that, on the whole, he was a considerable winner on the Turf, but that his income was only eleven hundred per annum, and that the extravagance of the times, the delightful pleasures of the age, and the frailty of his own nature were his ruin. This is not difficult to imagine, since his bill for dress-clothes only, for one winter, was £900. Brummel led the fashion, and dress took a predominant place in the daily life of the dandy. Hanger, like others of this crowd of *viveurs*, was possessed of plenty of brains, but brains, unfortunately, were ostensibly at a discount, and he was content to adopt their modish pose of ignorance of all save the art of rapidly living every rapid moment. Fame had no significance, intellect no claim, the esteem of posterity was a negligible quantity. Why should Hanger think of fame? Why exercise his talents? What waste of swiftly flying moments with all their potential pleasure!

Hawkes, the flying highwayman, used often to come to Newmarket, and Hanger seems to have met him there. When this knight of the road was confined to Newgate, his exalted friend visited him in prison and tried his utmost to save him from the gallows. He also endeavoured to purchase the highwayman's mare, which he thought would be a great acquisition, as he used the fleetest hacks for his journeys, sending his luggage on with his servant in a chaise. Hawkes said that since he was about to die he would sell him the mare, and in view of his being such a good friend to him he would tell the Colonel all about her. "Pray tell me for what purpose do you want her?" "For the road, and only for the road," replied Hanger. "Then, sir, I will fairly tell you that I recommend you not to purchase her, for I do not think she will suit you, as it was with the greatest difficulty I could ever get her up to a carriage!"

The daily routine, the late hours and potent libations of some of these bucks, was the cause of their early passing away to, we hope, a still brighter sphere. The inevitable retailer of good advice once expostulated with one of these candidates for a premature death. The result of the conversation was a jest on the part of the profligate. . . . "Hate these prating fellows!" he was afterwards heard to say: "How the devil can I lead a more regular life? Don't I live every day the same?"

It must be noted, however, that these gallants, whose record makes amusing reading, formed but a minute section of the

regular frequenters of Newmarket. Through the course of the centuries, even as now, soldiers, sailors, statesmen, sportsmen, men of letters, playwrights, wits, dandies, artists, are all represented; members of the same clubs as these frivolous ones, who took part in the same entertainments and pleasures as the *roués*, but who have left their mark, each in his own sphere; men who have sown the seed of the growth of the British Empire.

The night-life of the gay crowd kept pace with their daytime sports. The evolution of years has wrought change in the spirit of these revels; and this change is attributed to the march of civilization, and, therefore, should be called Progress. The shuffle of cards may be for the best . . . ought to be . . . is it?

Midnight and early morning jollifications are now indexed as *venues* where the light goes out by order at 12.30 and those where it is permitted to shine a little longer; or, as one young spark classified them: "Places where you can throw bread about and those in which you can't." There is no doubt that sparkle and vitality engender wit and inspire a creative faculty which might otherwise lie dormant.

It is not possible to imagine the light going out at Vauxhall on a supper table at which are seated Oliver Goldsmith and Johnson, with Mrs. Thrale, unless, indeed, replaced by daylight's beam.

"Brighter London" has been a catchword of the day and of the Press! It is quite evident that popular sentiment found things "devilish dull" . . . and apart from sentiment, visitors from America and *oultre-mer* generally decided that if they could not get their money's worth of fun in London they would take themselves and their money elsewhere. The ideals of the powers that be were happily not proof against an attack on their finances, and once convinced of this, I am pleased to note, they have reluctantly conceded a little more freedom.

What would the up-to-date Puritans say to Oliver Cromwell if he urged toleration upon them, as he did on the Scottish clergy, in the following practical words?

"Your pretended fear lest error should step in is like the man who would keep all wine out of the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge!"¹

¹ *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, letter cxlviii.

The dandy of the early nineteenth century is as dead as the dodo; we lament him, for he certainly created mirth, and his gay company, patrician or plebeian, was at the least ornamental.

But the Jacks and Jills of to-day are crushed beneath the grindstone of restriction, and as they emerge with badly bruised wings and dulled spirits, they appear to enjoy themselves by auto-suggestion. Putney looks at Peckham and mistakes it for Bohemia. The true ring, the spontaneity have departed.

The Duke of York was also a lover of the Turf, and won the Derby twice. He lived for a time in what was left of the Old Palace, training with Butler at Newmarket, the horses usually running in Mr. Greville's name; Tom Goodison was his chief jockey. The Duke is remembered as the originator of that quaint and complicated toast "I drink to Cardinal Puff."

Nimrod sums him up as a Turfite as "good-humoured, unsuspecting and confiding; qualifications, however creditable to human nature, ill-fitted for a race-course."

The sailor King, William IV, was not fond of racing, but kept many of his brother's racehorses and patronized Ascot. When asked which of his horses he favoured starting for some big race, he suggested to "start the whole fleet," and "may the best horse win."

The Craven Meeting of 1825, when Pollard painted his picture of the Subscription Rooms,¹ showing all the men of distinction and mark of the time, seems to have found Newmarket on the crest of the wave. The Duke of York arrived at 5 o'clock on the day previous to the racing, and was greeted by hearty cheers from the visitors, while the town showed its feelings with a merry peal of bells. To quote *The Times* of April 5th of that year:

The racing meeting for 1825 commences to-morrow with the above great meeting; which, whether we consider the number and amount of the stakes, the celebrity of the horses and their riders, the length of its meeting, and its influence on the betting for the Epsom and Doncaster races, or the rank by which it is attended, is the most interesting and important in the kingdom, and, as usual, has attracted all the high sporting characters, etc., to this otherwise very insignificant

¹ There are many inaccuracies in the key to this picture; to mention some of them . . . in 1825 there was no Earl of Durham . . . Mr. Lambton was probably present. It is unlikely that Lord George Cavendish Bentinck would attend a meeting at which his father the Duke of Portland was prominently present, as at that date he was only seventeen and his father disapproved of his racing. However, picturesque licence must be allowed these little discrepancies!

town. The oldest inhabitants cannot call to memory a greater assemblage of nobility, gentry, etc., at so early a period prior to the meeting; not a bed is to be procured in the neighbourhood, and servants are pouring in every hour for the purpose of engaging apartments for their masters; many of whom, we expect, will meet with sorry accommodation. . . . Before 1 o'clock the beauty of the weather drew together a great number of betting men before the rooms, from whence they shortly after moved to the Heath, agreeably to custom, where a gratifying sight presented itself in the exercise of the different horses entered for the various stakes of the week, most of whom bore their appointed riders.

The left-hand corner of Pollard's picture is occupied by that celebrated jockey James Robinson, who is carrying his saddle, according to the characteristic racing custom of the day. Each jockey would ride to the racing enclosure with his light racing-saddle strapped round his waist; and each saddled his own horse.

The son of a groom, Robinson owed much of his reputation and skill to the hints which he had received from Frank Buckle, and to his early training in Robson's well-known racing stable, where he rode many trials, and there were good 'uns in plenty in that establishment.

He fulfilled his own prediction, or as one version has it, a bet, by winning the Derby, the Oaks, and by getting married all in the same week.

A few yards from Robinson stands the sixth Earl of Chesterfield, the owner of Priam¹ and Zinganee.

Lord Chesterfield managed to run through a princely fortune, but certainly had some fun for his money. He hunted the Buckhounds and the Pytchley for three seasons on the most sumptuous scale, while his mode of living at Chesterfield House, the banquets prepared by the genius of a chef, the chef *sans reproche*, were at once the admiration and the envy of London gossip.

What a study in irony that extract from the will of the fourth Earl, "the greatest of the Chesterfields," as Lord Carnarvon calls him:

That in case my godson, Philip Stanhope, should at any time hereafter keep or be concerned in the keeping of any racehorse or racehorses, or pack or packs of hounds, or reside one night at Newmarket, that famous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners, during the course of the

¹ Priam, as a stud horse, was purchased from his lordship for America at the price, fabulous in those days, of 3,500 guineas.

races there, or shall resort to the said races, or shall lose in any one day at any games or bet whatever the sum of £500 there ; and in any of the cases aforesaid, it is my express will that he, my said godson, shall forfeit and pay out of my estate, the sum of £5,000 to and for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

And within fifty years of the death of the testator the second heir had given his name to races at Newmarket and elsewhere, had won the Oaks, and had squandered his vast wealth in the proverbial riotous living.

In the same group of the picture is Squire Thornhill of Riddlesworth. By this time, as we may see, he had spread to rotund proportions and had become so unwieldy that he had to give up his hacks and drive on the Heath with his grey horses. He ceased riding those excellent hacks Tiger and Tobacco Stopper, as he said : "Not because I can't get a horse to carry me, because I can't get a horse to stand still under me." The Squire won the Derby twice, with Sam and Sailor, and was the owner of Emilius, the sire of Priam. He had the reputation of being past-master in the art of discernment in all that concerned a racehorse, either for the course or the stud.

So much has been written of the wild, irrepressible Jack Mytton, who is in the centre of the picture, talking to Beecher, the gentleman rider on his hack, that it is not necessary to elaborate here. Quite possibly he was the author of the prank played off on the landlord of the Wellington at this meeting, when the linch-pin of the latter's buggy was extracted, so that when he applied his whip with the intention of moving to another part of the Heath to witness the race for the Newmarket Stakes, the wheels separated from the body of the chaise, and Boniface was upset, thus causing much mirth and merriment to the young bloods and the spectators.

Mr. Gully forms a group with Lord Fitzwilliam and the Duke of Rutland. The first named had indeed a varied career, and his record in sporting lore will probably never be equalled. His progress from the "Fleet" to Parliament (if it had been from Parliament to the "Fleet" it would not be so incredible) taking *en route* the trade of the licensed victualler, the prize ring, the betting ring and the Turf ; what a promiscuous existence ! . . . many writers on sporting subjects have touched upon his exceptional course of life, but there is here sufficient material for a whole volume.

John Gully was the son of an innkeeper near Bristol, who later on became a butcher. The business did not prosper, and in 1805 the son found himself an inmate of the Fleet Prison for debt. William Pierce, the "game chicken," came one day to pay Gully a visit, and there being some boxing-gloves in the room, they whiled away time in a sparring-match in which Gully, who knew something about boxing, showed great proficiency. It occurred to Pierce, then the champion of England, that a means for extricating his pal from debt and prison might be found by arranging a fight; a patron was induced to put up six hundred guineas on behalf of Pierce, while Colonel Mellish, ever ready for sport, backed Gully for four hundred. The creditors were now appeased, and Gully was put into training at Virginia Water. The fight took place at Hailsham, on the Brighton-Lewes road, in the presence of a great assembly, which included the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. The encounter was a desperate one, and at one moment the odds were in favour of Gully, who had a slight advantage in height and reach. Finally, after 64 rounds, lasting an hour and seventeen minutes, had been fought, the experience of the champion began to tell, and Gully, though still game, being reduced to a terrible state, Colonel Mellish withdrew his man, and Pierce retained the championship. In his much shaken condition he grasped Gully's hand, and just found strength enough to articulate before the whole company that he had never fought a better man. After this performance Gully became a great favourite, and later on when Pierce resigned the championship Gully accepted it. For two years no one appeared anxious to meet him; then there came a champion from the north, one Gregson by name; with the result that the great Newmarket fight took place at Six-Mile Bottom, on October 14th, 1807. An encounter of 36 rounds ensued, and in the 24th round the betting was in favour of Gregson, while Gully's chances of winning appeared remote; but both men were so beat that they could hardly stand, and Gully, making a supreme effort, gave Gregson the knock-out. The backers of the defeated man, however, were not satisfied with this result, and a second fight was arranged and took place on May 12th, 1808, at Beechwood in Hertfordshire. It rained in torrents, but this was no damper to the many hundreds who flocked to see the fight. Gregson gave a poor show on this occasion, and Gully

asserted his superiority throughout the whole 18 rounds. At the end of this contest Gully addressed the crowd, and told them that he would never fight again; so that this was the apotheosis of his career as a fighting man. By this time he was the prosperous proprietor of the Plough Inn in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and realizing that there was more money to be made in the betting ring than in the licensed trade, he became what we would now call a bookmaker. At this period betting was very heavy, so he grew rich in his new calling, all the best commissions falling into his hands. In 1827 he bought the Derby winner Mameluke from Lord Jersey for £4,000, but failed to win the St. Leger with him, as he was left at the post after a much delayed start.

In 1832, when in partnership with Mr. Ridsdale, he won the Derby with St. Giles; however, a disagreement over the bets on this race dissolved the alliance. In this same year Gully won the St. Leger with Margrave; he also won the "One Thousand" of 1854 with Hermit, and the Derby of that year with Andover.

He was returned without opposition in 1832 as member for Pontefract, and invested part of an already large fortune in a remunerative colliery speculation.

Greville has dashed him off in somewhat illiberal eulogy: "In person he is tall and finely formed, full of strength and grace, with delicate hands and feet, his face coarse with a bad expression, his head set well on his shoulders, and remarkably graceful and even dignified in his actions and manners."

Further, as Greville goes on to say: "A member of Parliament is a great man . . . though there appear no reasons why the suffrages of the blackguards of Pontefract should place him in different social relations towards us than those in which we mutually stood before."¹

Be that as it may, Gully died aged eighty, a fine type of old English gentleman, having passed muster in certain important ranks of society at a day when class divisions were very much more marked and far less easily overcome than they are now.

Several other big fights took place at Six-Mile Bottom, and the *Fancy Gazette* refers to one of these contests of the ring, which came off on December 7th, 1825, between Swankey Fuller and Sam Larkins. It was a battle that lasted thirty-four minutes

¹ *Greville Memoirs*, vol. ii, p. 336.

and a half. Larkins was backed by Peter Crawley and White-headed Bob, while Fuller was picked up by two raw Barnwellites.

Larkins went to the ground in the true flash style, in a post-chaise, while poor Swankey enjoyed a seat, with five others, in a butcher's cart; what hero so situated would not have been depressed? Yet Swankey's weight and game carried him triumphantly through the first half score rounds; but the coolness and tact of Larkins ultimately prevailed in the thirty-seventh round, when Swankey's peepers being closed, his seconds gave in for him.¹

No picture of an assembly at Newmarket under the third sovereign of the House of Hanover would be complete without the presentment of the father of Lord George Cavendish Bentinck, the fourth Duke of Portland. Never has there been a more enthusiastic lover of the Heath, never a sportsman who did more for the town and the racing there. The Duke did not miss a meeting at Headquarters until his great age (he died in 1854, aged 85) prevented his attendance; he also spent much time here in the intervals between the various race meetings. The Portland Stand, at the end of the Beacon Course, was built by this nobleman, who established the Portland Handicap to be run over the last three miles of the B.C., to which he added £300. Not content with this generosity he personally superintended many improvements, some of which are noted elsewhere. A great pedestrian, he would walk for hours among his labourers on the Heath, followed by a groom leading his black cob. At the race meetings the Duke had a wagon fitted up with every convenience, which he used as a movable stand.

Attention to detail was the note in the training of his young stock at Welbeck, and one of his axioms was that no horse should go on to a race-course till it could face anything; with this fixed idea the animals were taken into the park and constantly ridden past a drum and fife band, with flags flying; squibs were let off in their corn-bins, and after ordeals of this description the horses were eventually found to be quite indifferent, even to a discharge of firearms.

With all this enthusiasm for sport, and this exceptional capacity for organization, the Duke belonged to that school that had no use for gambling; he never betted a shilling.

Lord George on the contrary, speculated in very large sums

¹ *Annals of Sporting*, vol. ix, p. 49.

from an extremely early date in his career, but in order to simulate some sort of adherence to the wishes of his father, his horses ran for several years under other names. Some under that of his cousin Mr. Greville, others in the name of a trainer called King, also in that of Mr. John Bowe, the landlord of the Turf Tavern at Doncaster.

The two chief centres of entertainment for race weeks were palatial Euston and Cheveley. The third and fourth Dukes of Grafton were both patrons of Newmarket. The latter, born in 1760, lived till 1844, so that he was one of those individuals privileged to live under five consecutive sovereigns. With the assistance of Robson as trainer, and Buckle, John Day, and William Clift as jockeys, he was able to record to his credit four Derbys and five Oaks, not to mention, as Buckle said of himself, "Most of the good things at Newmarket."

The lament of past glories is sung in the following rhyme :

Grafton's Duke has sunk to rest,
 Light of other days. . . .
 Crockford with his white cravat ;
 Thornhill and his grays. . . .

The Duke of Rutland, who did most of the entertaining at Cheveley,¹ was John Henry, fifth Duke, and Beau Brummel was one of his regular visitors. The Duke took a keen interest in the Cheveley shooting, and it was no unusual occurrence for himself and his guests to kill one hundred brace of partridges, or a large bag of pheasants and hares on the famous "Links" beat in the morning, and repair to the adjoining Heath to see the races in the afternoon. It was while the Duke was shooting at Cheveley in October, 1816, that a mounted groom brought him the news of the partial destruction by fire of Belvoir Castle.

His racing was almost entirely confined to Newmarket, though he won the Derby of 1828 with Cadland. His popular colours, light blue with purple sleeves and black cap, were generally donned by Robinson and William Boyce ; he trained with Perren and Boyce at Newmarket, and at one time with Fenwick at Cheveley.

¹ Cheveley was a residence of great importance prior to 1688. About that date, and when in the possession of Lord Dover, it was looted and partially ruined in the course of the Jacobite disturbances. Subsequently, a moderate-sized manor-house was in existence, which was succeeded in 1892 by the fine mansion built by the late Colonel H. McCalmont.

An eccentric member of the throng was Lord Glasgow. This nobleman affected a style of dress which was totally different from that worn by his contemporaries, adopting very short nankeen trousers, a curiously cut waistcoat of the same stuff, a dark blue coat with plain brass buttons, and a tall hat; he always rode on the Heath in this attire, which must have been most uncomfortable. Whatever the weather he scorned a top-coat.

Lord Glasgow was a lover of change and variety, and a varying sequence of jockeys rode for him, more perhaps than for any other owner. He constantly changed his trainer, but nevertheless was most unfortunate, almost invariably losing the matches which, in spite of failure, he invariably made.

In 1843 he suffered defeat in nineteen matches, received forfeit in three and ran one dead heat; in 1844 he was defeated in twenty matches, won one, received forfeit in two and ran one dead heat. My Lord Glasgow rarely bought or sold a horse, so, in order to make room for his annual number of yearlings, after the Houghton Meeting he would shoot all those animals which he considered useless.

Another instance of eccentricity will not be amiss. In an overnight handicap at Newmarket he once pointed out to Admiral Rous that his horse was unfairly weighted in having at least a stone too little to carry, and the matter was rectified. But on this occasion there was judgment in his caprice, since his horse was only beaten by a short head.

The connexion between politicians and the Turf seems to date back to the time of Charles II and the Tory and Whig factions. In the *Hatton Correspondence* of that period we read that :

The King is mightily pleased at Winchester, and y^e toun has made him a present of y^e Castle for a place to build upon, and y^e B^p has given him timber and y^e gentlemen will bring it; so he is resolved to build, there being stone enough on y^e place. The Duke says 'tis abundantly better place for all manner of pleasure than Newmarket, and then 'tis neere y^e forrest for hunting. But you must know there is a faction in this business too, y^e Whig party being lords at Newmarket, as hunting, got houses and possest themselves of y^e best conveniences there. The Kg, however, goes to Newmarket in October; they say, not till y^e sheriffs are decided.¹

But the link between the representatives of the people and racing is not merely the creation of rival parties; it goes deeper

¹ *Hatton Correspondence*, September 5th, 1682, vol. ii, p. 18.

than that ; it is the instinctive answer of every Briton to the call of the Turf, to the summons of the national pastime, an atavistic stirring, if you like, dating back to the age when the Turf was, in very deed and truth, the pleasant background to their lives.

Parliamentary records testify to the fact that great legislators have abandoned work on certain occasions at Westminster to seek the verdant pastures of the Course and the Heath, with a bland indifference to the cynical antagonism of a minority whose ideals ran on different lines ; just as similarly the contemporaries in the Commons of the Kembles, Kean, and Miss Farren adjourned on a motion by Pitt and went to the theatre to see a rising young actor play Hamlet. In the days when Palmerston was Prime Minister (it will be remembered that he had the ambition, never gratified, of winning the Derby) the House used to adjourn for the event, the Chief himself proposing the resolution in these words : " to adjourn over that day, is part of the unwritten law of Parliament, and that Her Majesty's government do not wish to depart from so wholesome a custom." ¹

Lord Palmerston owned racehorses for about half a century ; he was one of the few individuals who raced from natural love of sport, and he hardly ever made a bet.

Disraeli, in a letter to Queen Victoria during the Berlin Congress, passing in a detailed review all the social aspects of that great gathering, tells his sovereign how he dined with Bismarck.

. . . we talked and smoked. If you do not smoke under such circumstances, you look like a spy, taking down his conversation in your mind. Smoking in common puts him at his ease.

He asked me whether racing was still much encouraged in England. I replied never more so ; that when I was young, tho' there were numerous race meetings, they were at intervals and sometimes long intervals. . . . Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, Goodwood . . . and Newmarket frequently ; but now there were races throughout the year . . . it might be said, every day of the year . . . and all much attended.

" Then," cried the Prince eagerly, " there never will be Socialism in England. You are a happy country. You are safe, as long as the people are devoted to racing. Here a gentleman cannot ride down the street without twenty persons saying to themselves, or each other, ' Why has that fellow a horse, and I have not one ? ' In England the more horses a nobleman has, the more popular he is. So long as the English are devoted to racing, Socialism has no chance with you." ²

¹ *Hansard*, May 15th, 1860.

² *Life of Disraeli*, Buckle, vol. vi, p. 331.

Another point of view is embodied in a letter from the late Lord Salisbury to a colleague, lamenting the inconvenience of "Hartington being obliged to go to Newmarket to ascertain whether one quadruped can run a little faster than another."

In Stuart times meetings galore were held in the little town to weigh important political decisions; as late even as those troublous days of 1832 Lord Grey sent the Duke of Richmond to Newmarket, to try to conclude momentous negotiations over the Reform Bill with Graham, Wharnccliffe and Greville.

"At Buckenham and Newmarket for the last fortnight, and all things forgotten but racing," writes the last-named politician in April, 1834;¹ and there is no doubt of the fact that he was deeply enamoured of the Turf, though he had his varying moods . . . the result, maybe, of a disappointing day, or perhaps the workings of a high intellect, in prey to opposing considerations. Whatever the cause, the amenities of a facile pen describe in the same year :

. . . the continual disappointments and difficulties incident to it, which harass the mind, the life it compels me to lead, the intimacies arising out of it, the associates and the war against villainy and trickery, being haunted by continual suspicions, discovering the trust-unworthiness of one's most intimate friends, the necessity of insincerity and concealment sometimes when one feels that one ought and would desire to be most open; then the degrading nature of the occupation, mixing with the lowest of mankind, and absorbed in the business for the sole purpose of getting money, the consciousness of a sort of degradation of intellect, the conviction of the deteriorating effects upon both the feelings and the understanding which are produced, the sort of dram-drinking excitement of it . . . all these things and these thoughts torment me, and often turn my pleasure to pain.

But this reads as though Greville were suffering from an attack of what the French are pleased to call *le spleen*!

Since we are dealing with the great and renowned, the name of another Prime Minister fits in aptly enough. The fourteenth Earl of Derby graced Newmarket with his presence for many years, and was never happier than when at dinner in the Rooms during some great race week, when he proved the life and soul of all, and an easy first in wit, anecdote and repartee. Who, asks Greville, to see him and hear him, would take him for the greatest orator and statesman of the day? And these were not idle words, for

¹ *Greville Memoirs*, vol. iii, p. 79.

Lord Derby spent thirteen years in high office, and was twice Prime Minister. Disraeli calls him the "confederate always at Newmarket and Doncaster when Europe . . . nay, the world . . . is in the throes of immense changes, and all the elements of power at home in a state of dissolution."¹

It is an accusation that has been laid against Lord Derby with some show of reason that, whether in office or in opposition, he always gave precedence to the claims of the race-course.

But they have their privileges, these men who, through preponderating personal talent, have risen to the heights of fame!

Charles James Fox is another instance of astounding genius in many directions. Of an earlier day than Lord Derby, he was, for a time, nominally Foreign Secretary, but virtually leader of the nation. A racing politician this, who has been described as a "blazing comet of the senate," it would need the versatility of a Thackeray or the craft of a Greville to depict him in his true colours. A personality cast in a model all his own; gambler, debauchee, he half ruined many of his associates, and yet retained their friendship. Is it not told that in 1793 his friends raised £70,000 to pay his debts and buy him an annuity . . . a tangible proof of the affection inspired by this curious character. What was the charm? A sweet disposition, an amiable sincerity . . . or rather another example of extraordinary personal magnetism, by virtue of which private irregularities, often of the most unworthy nature, and which would not have been tolerated in another, were condoned. His fame was universal, his foibles renowned, with an ill-fame that only increased his popularity.

On one occasion, at a masquerade at the Pantheon, in 1778, a newspaper called the *American Gazette*, published by order of the Congress, was distributed among the company, and a copy handed to Fox, who read with great enjoyment the following paragraph of resolutions passed by that assembly.

That no plan of reconciliation will be regarded, unless Lord Chatham is made Premier, Lord Camden, Lord Chancellor, the Rev. John Horne, Lord Chief Justice, the Hon. Charles Fox, Archbishop of Canterbury and Collector of the duties on cards and dice.

On the Turf the conduct of Fox was irreproachable and most honourable; but Brooks' Club, which he joined when he was sixteen, and other centres of high play, offered facilities along

¹ *Life of Disraeli*, Buckle, vol. iii, p. 547.

the road to ruin, while he invited bad luck by sheer recklessness; and at the early age of twenty-five his resources were absolutely exhausted, although his father had paid as much as £140,000 to clear him. An irrepressible gambler, he is said to have played hazard at Brooks' on one occasion for twenty-two hours in succession, and to have risen the loser of £11,000. What energy the man had! To fulfil a wager he once posted to Dover in the middle of the night, caught the mail-packet, and journeyed on to Paris. On his return to Calais he suddenly remembered that Pyrrhus, owned by Lord Foley and himself, had an important engagement at Newmarket, so he leapt into a fishing smack and steered for the eastern counties, arriving at Newmarket just in time for the race. One curious trait to be remarked was that though he would bet his hundreds and thousands and display the greatest *sang-froid*, yet during the race his nerve would go, and he would show marked trepidation, which lasted till the result, favourable or otherwise, was announced; then his suave demeanour would return, and he would proceed with the business of the next race, where he played no passive *rôle*, for he always rode in with the horses, puffing and blowing like a grampus.

Immediately after the particular event just noted, Fox and his friends posted back to London, stopping for dinner at Hockerel; and after the port out came the card table. Time and season were minor considerations to him . . . sunrise found him still with the cards and dice, when a galloping horseman was heard to approach the door. This was a special messenger, who had been chasing Charles over half England, to tell him that he was expected to speak in the House the next day on the Marriage Bill. We are dealing with a statesman who never wrote his speeches, but who was heard to affirm that travelling in a post-chaise was the best inspiration for their preparation. On this occasion Horace Walpole went down to the House to hear him and describes the scene.

Fox made his motion for leave to bring in a Bill to correct the old Marriage Bill. Burke made a fine and long oration against the motion. Charles Fox, who had been running about the House talking to different persons and scarce listening to Burke, rose with amazing spirit and memory, answered both Lord North and Burke, ridiculed the arguments of the former, and confuted those of the latter. . . . Burke was indefatigable, learned and versed in every branch of eloquence. Fox was

dissipated, idle beyond measure. He was that very morning returned from Newmarket . . . had sat up drinking all night; and had not been in bed when he came to move this Bill, which he had not even drawn up. This was genius . . . almost inspiration. The House dividing, Lord North was beaten by sixty-two to sixty-one . . . a disgraceful event for a Prime Minister.

Politics, horse-racing, gambling, dress, fought for the ascendant in as kind a heart as ever beat. Charles, as the Prince of Wales familiarly called him, once journeyed from Lyons to Paris, in company with the Earl of Carlisle, for the sole purpose of buying waistcoats.

Prominent wherever the port decanter circulated, he would have been vastly surprised to know that one hundred and fifty years after his time the style of dress would have to be seriously considered in relation to temperance reform; and the humour of the query lately put by an American tailor to his client, when "trying on," would appeal to his sense of the droll: "And the hip pocket, sir! For a pint or half-pint?"

Foremost amongst those ladies who frequented Newmarket at some period of the long reign of the third George was an aunt of Charles James Fox, who was about the same age as her famous nephew. She was the daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, and she comes into our picture first as that lovely child Lady Sarah Lennox. She married Sir Charles Bunbury, the owner of Diomed, first winner of the Derby, in 1780. Sir Charles was a leading member of the Jockey Club, and was closely identified with Turf reform. His country seat was Barton Hall, in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, and in the course of her short married life with Sir Charles, Lady Sarah wrote many letters to her friend and relation Lady Susan Fox Strangeways . . . these letters, fortunately preserved, give chatty details of contemporary occurrences, and opinions upon various individuals connected with the Heath and its vicinity.

But before investigating the interest of these documents, we will touch on the adventures of this most beautiful and fascinating woman.

She attended her first court in 1759 as a girl of fifteen, and her radiant loveliness and superb colouring caught the eye and the fancy of the Prince of Wales, who succeeded George II the very next year. There is no doubt that he fell violently in love with her, and we have every authority for believing that in 1761

PORTRAITS OF LADY SARAH LENNOX AND
SIR CHAS. BUNBURY

(From an original drawing by H. Bunbury)

Lady Sarah Lennox was the daughter of the second Duke of Richmond and first married Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart.; subsequently Colonel Napier



COURTSHIP.
Lady Sarah Lennox
Married Sir John Bunbury, Knight

he proposed that she should be his Queen—a royal offer which she accepted.¹ But there was much active opposition to the idea on the part of the Duchess of Brunswick and Lord Bute, so the matter had no sequel, and at the subsequent marriage of the King to the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg, Lady Sarah was bridesmaid. The next year found her accepting the hand of Mr. Bunbury, who succeeded his father as sixth baronet in 1764; five years later she left her husband and went to live with Lord William Gordon at Earlstone, in Berwickshire, and here on the banks of the Leader there is yet a path called the Lovers' Walk, in memory of this lord and his lady fair, while in close proximity to the house two thorn-trees planted by the amorous couple still entwine stems and branches, as though to commemorate the transient passion which had its sequel in an undefended divorce suit. Lady Sarah did not remain long under the protection of Lord William, but returned to her family and adopted her maiden name. In 1781 she married the Hon. George Napier, and became the mother of three generals: Sir Charles, Sir George and Sir William Napier, all three of whom wore the order of Knight Commander of the Bath. Sir Charles had the distinction of being our first Commander-in-Chief in India.

"I must now tell you about Newmarket," she writes from Barton to Lady Susan in 1762.

The Duke (Duke of Cumberland) won two matches, and the Duke of Grafton a plate with a vile horse; Magpie ran and was beat. I saw him and his horses in the morning, 'tis a dear soul; I have lost my money.

Ten days later another letter contains a brief account of a fair held in the town.

To tell you about the fair in short words; I hate it all, and am tired to death, but as I know you expect more you must have it with all the faults of my description. *In primis*, Lord Ossory is with us, and went to the Assembly; he is an agreeable, sensible man, and I like him vastly. . . . I danced with Lord Petre, and he is a nasty toad, for I long'd to spit in his face! . . . The agreeable Mr. Shute was so drunk last night that he swore at his partner, Mrs. Harland, till she left him and took another. You need not have envied me, for my devil of a horse is as lame as a dog, and Mr. B. has been coursing, hunting, and doing every pleasant thing upon earth, and poor me sat fretting and fuming at home with Lady Rosse.

¹ *Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox*, by the Countess of Ilchester.

And again from Barton in 1763, perhaps in happier mood, or sarcastic, and on the verge of a great indecision :

Pray now, who the d——I would not be happy with a pretty place, a good house, good horses, greyhounds, etc., for hunting, so near Newmarket, what company we please in ye house, and £2,000 a year to spend. . . . Now for news ! of Suffolk, it must be, for I know no other. Newmarket was charming, all the charming men were there. Dear Mr. Meynell lost sums of money on a horse of my brother's, beat by the little mare Hermione, of Mr. Calvert ; its name was Goodwood, and got by Brilliant ; but I hear he has made up all his losses again at cards at Euston, where the Duke and all the Newmarket folks are ; he, a fat wretch, has won everything on earth ; poor dear Mr. Greville has lost, Sir John Moore has lost near £5,000 between *Quinze* and horses. . . . Lord Villiers, that little toad, pretends to be in love with me ; he is a very good actor, for his likeness never made better love, or rather looked it better (for I insisted on his not speaking whether in joke or earnest) than he does.

In July, 1765, she writes :

There was a meeting of two days this time of year, to see the sweetest little horse run that ever was ; his name is Gimcrack,¹ he is delightful. Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Grafton and General Conway kissed hands the day Gimcrack ran. I must say I was more anxious about the horse than the ministry, which sounds odd, for Sir Charles loses £4,000 a year by the Secretary's pay.

Other ladies, great ladies, some of them, *habituées* of Newmarket and more or less contemporaries, were Lady Craven, the Countess of Northumberland, Lady Catherine Powlett, Lady Bamfylde, Miss Nancy Forster, Miss Martindale, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Essex and, at a somewhat later day, Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire.

Lady Shelley and Miss Alicia Meynell (Mrs. Thornton) were also conspicuous figures here at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

And what of the Cantab ? No description of the town, ancient or modern, would be complete without some mention of

¹ Gimcrack, a grey horse bred in Hampshire, was at this time the property of Lord Bolingbroke. The event mentioned by Lady Sarah was the race in which Gimcrack beat Sir J. Lowther's Ascham, by Regulus. In the following October, however, he was beaten in a race over the B.C., when he failed to give Lord Rockingham's Bay Malton 7 lbs. In 1766 Gimcrack was sold to Comte de Lauraguais, and went to France, where a great sum of money was won in a wager by his running twenty-two and a half miles within the hour, carrying 8 stone.

A writer in 1838, alluding to the picture of Gimcrack by Stubbs, pays this compliment to the gallant horse. "I know nothing of animal symmetry that has ever come under my observation, wherein similarly were united the combined attributes of power, speed and beauty."

the Cambridge undergraduate, for the Newmarket habit may be said to form part of his curriculum . . . the "spark" that was and is always assiduous at the Meetings, and may he never grow weary of such an attendance. . . . What an epoch for Scattercash when he finds himself on the brink of manhood and sets forth with his tandem or on his coach for Newmarket!

All the enthusiasm of a lucky day on the Heath is embodied in a reminiscence written in 1771, and called "Cambridge Undergrads":

Hail to Newmarket, happy as in various other things, so in thy fortunate vicinity to Cambridge! For by means of that lucky circumstance the adventurous youth may come fresh from his studies, full of mathematical knowledge and form an exact calculation of the odds upon thy verdant plains; with a mind tempered by that deep science, he may at noon, lay his bets judiciously on thy Turf, and at night, with equal skill, may calculate the chances at thy card-tables.¹

And who can doubt that the following account, given *soi-disant* by a young Cantab of his exploits at the races, is of a realistic veracity?

DEAR JACK,

I was in hopes I should have met you at Newmarket races; but to say the truth, if your luck had turned out so bad as mine, you did better to stay away.

Dick Riot, Harry Scamper, and I, went together to Newmarket, the first day of the meeting. I was mounted on my little bay mare, that cost me thirty guineas in the north. . . . I never crossed a better tit in my life; and if her eyes stand, as I dare say they will, she will turn out as tight a little thing as any in England. Then she is as fleet as the wind. Why, I raced with Dick and Harry all the way from Cambridge to Newmarket; Dick rode his roan gelding, and Harry his chestnut mare (which you know have both speed), but I beat them hollow. I cannot help telling you that I was dressed in my green riding frock, with plate buttons, with my cordovan boots, and my round hat, in the true sporting taste, so that altogether I don't believe there was a more knowing figure on the course. I was very flush too, Jack; for Ladyday happening damn'd luckily, just about the time of the races, I had received fifty guineas for my quarterage. As soon as I came upon the course, I met with some jolly bucks from London; I never saw them before; however, we were soon acquainted, and I took up the odds, but I was damnably let in, for I lost thirty guineas slap the first day. The day or two after, I had no remarkable luck one way or another, but at last I laid all my cash I had left, upon Mr. Cookson's Diamond, who lost, you know; but between you and me, I have a great notion the jockey rode booty.

¹ *Newmarket, or an Essay on the Turf*, 1771. Parsons, vol. ii, p. 16.

However, I had a mind to push my luck as far as I could ; so I sold my poor little mare for twelve pieces, went to the Coffee-house, and left them all behind me at the hazard-table ; and I should not have been able to have got back to Cambridge that night, if Bob Whip, of Trinity, had not taken me up in his phaeton.

We have had a round of dinners at our rooms since ; and I have been drunk every day, to drive away care. However, I hope to recruit again soon ; Frank Classic, of Pembroke, has promised to make me out a long catalogue of Greek books ; so I will write directly to old Square-toes, send him the list, tell him I have taken them up, and draw on him for money to pay the bookseller's bill. Then I shall be rich again, Jack ; and perhaps you may see me at the Bedford by the middle of next week ; till when I am,

Dear Jack, yours,

H. HAREBRAIN.¹

No, the undergrad does not always dedicate these sacred shades to the pursuit of wisdom, as did Newton ; or to the service of song, in the spirit of Milton. He is there oftentimes to employ the shining hour in eluding that minimum of study which is exacted, and to give a whole-hearted devotion to a maximum of sport . . . other units of the youthful crowd combine the two, and justify an apparently casual system by attaining distinction in the callings which they adopt in life.

About the year 1817 it appears that the undergraduates patronized Newmarket in far greater numbers than in our own day, and became the terror of Admiral Rous at a later date, descending on the Heath as a squad of irregular cavalry, mounted on screws hired from Haggis or Death.

The writer, however, was one of a merry crowd which left Alma Mater on hacks procured from Sanders or Hopkins, on their own polo ponies, or possibly with tandems, coaches or dog-carts, to attend the races. A great feature of these occasions, as soon as the town was cleared, was the blowing of horns, with any other mode of noise which suggested itself. The authorities, of course, had to set their academic faces against racing at Newmarket ; but I think they generally winked at it, so to speak.

I came across an article the other day which stated that about 1860 a rule prevailed for a time, by which undergrads were obliged to appear in Hall twice a day in the race weeks ; there was also a legend in my time to the effect that the proctors and bull-dogs were at the station on one occasion to waylay

¹ *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xiv, p. 39.

any members returning from Newmarket by train ; but that the engine-driver, who by some means got wind of the threatened act of authority, stopped the train outside the station, giving the alarm . . . so the proctors had their trouble for nothing.

The picture is incomplete without a peep at the betting ring and the gaming tables.

These diversions were at their height during the times we have been passing under review. There was no telegraph, no telephone, none of the modern facilities for dispatch ; while starting-price business was unknown, and a speculation confined to the immediate *entourage* of the event could not excite the universal interest which it does nowadays. But the magnitude of the transactions was prodigious, and if a horse-race were not forthcoming, people betted and gambled in every conceivable fashion, on every possible uncertainty, and with the greatest recklessness. In 1797 whist and casino were taught in many girls' schools, and gaming took such a grip on a large section of the community that it was openly declared that, next to winning, the greatest delight in life was losing.

It frequently happened in the early days of horse-racing that the only possible means of wagering was to find an opponent and make a match ; in this case we must assume that if the challenge were accepted, both horses were fancied to a certain extent, and thus backers on either side were able to indulge their selection in very large sums. But with development, heats and matches were superseded by contests in which many horses competed, and as racing became widespread and professional, it would often occur that the majority fancied the same animal, and in this case there could be little betting ; the result being that Squire Childers or the Earl of Eclipse would have the mortification of seeing their horse win hands down and have no opportunity of backing him.

To overcome this difficulty was absolutely essential, and, the need creating the supply, a throng of individuals arose who satisfied the "felt want." The pioneers of the profession hailed from a very motley crowd, and consisted of grooms, hangers-on and their kin, who had come to the conclusion (after an extensive experience) that the field often contains the best horse, and that even in a match odds will frequently be laid on the wrong one. These semi-professionals, mostly illiterate, but with a

certain *nous* for figures, were succeeded by a more systematized class of "leg," whose prototype in the first generation was Crutch Robinson, so named because he was lame and used a crutch. This class of person presented another advantage: they always paid up after the race, while gentlemen who would lay against a favourite to oblige their friends were frequently not so prompt. Robinson's whole success was achieved by his noted objection to favourites. He would sit night after night in the Black Bear at Newmarket holding court; here, if anyone came to report a hot favourite, he was always ready to take the field for at least £500. Equally sceptical of reports by touts that a horse was dead amiss, or had, on the other hand, won some wonderful trial, he would receive these tales with: "Nar, nar, thou knawest a lot about it, I dar say . . . I'll bet thee five pun; I may as weel have my expenses."

At this earlier period of professionals, it was the custom to assemble mounted at various betting-posts, frequently at the Red Post on the edge of the Cambridgeshire Course. Munten made a good business here, from the back of a rat-tailed nag, laying short odds to Cambridge undergraduates. Saxon, Barber, Tim Haggarty, Pettigean and Dick Harris were all of this era; while the oldest ringman was probably Frank Garner, a Surrey farmer, who in 1855 visited Newmarket for his fifty-first consecutive season. But a race of pencillers of far greater importance and better education was rising on the Heath, and in the days of "Leviathan" Davis, Harry Hill and Fred Swindell, financial operations assumed such magnitude and proportions that a firmer *pied-à-terre* than the back of a hack became of the first necessity, and a ring was established. The idea of a professional backer had been evolved in the fertile brain of Charles James Fox, as once, at a late sitting at White's, he mapped out a kind of itinerant trade which consisted in going the round of all the race-meetings of England, and thereby ascertaining the speed and quality of all the horses, and, as he put it, "acquire a certain fortune." However, this type of individual, as we know him, did not make his appearance till much later, though most of the ringmen started as backers.

Davis, one of the most successful of his class, began in this way. He combined judgment, restraint, limited imagination, a

clear head and suave temperament—qualities all necessary in this calling; he also had the one essential requirement, which is punctuality in his payments.

To him is sometimes attributed the original idea of forming betting lists; and the establishment of these brought him a large *clientèle*. His story is interesting! He started his career as a carpenter in the employ of Messrs. Cubitt, and was one of the men engaged in the building of the Subscription Rooms at Newmarket. While there he had some small success as a backer in trifling sums, which encouraged him to start laying odds in half-crowns among his fellow workmen. Things hummed; the Meetings were in progress, and the betting trade, though in a small way, was brisk. He soon gave up his joiner's job, and devoted his energies solely to his book, starting a first betting list at the Durham Arms in Serle Street, Strand; the situation was admirable, the trade done enormous, the publicans were delighted and Boniface of this "pub" made a fortune. Davis subsequently extended operations to many other hostleries, and by 1853, when the Act for the suppression of betting houses was passed, his fortune was made, though he grumbled a good bit at the obstructive measure. In this same year the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire were won by two rank outsiders; his book on these events was a skinner, and he is said to have netted not less than £54,000.

Davis retired from the Turf many years before his death and eventually became an incurable invalid. He made his home at Brighton, where he was carefully nursed by a devoted wife. When he died, it was found that he had left all his property, some £70,000, to the Brighton Corporation, and in view of the circumstances his will was disputed, as giving ground for the suspicion that he had been of unsound mind when he had made it. The case, however, was not fought out, as the corporation agreed to compromise and pay Mrs. Davis an annuity.

The contemporaries of Fred Swindell are loud in their appreciation of his character and person.

The Druid gives it as his opinion that of all ringmen he was emphatically one of the cutest at his calling. "When the Swindell's attack once opens on a horse, it rarely fails to be his crack of doom."

Sir William Gregory writes with unqualified approval :

Fred Swindell was the most remarkable man of his class that I ever met. He was, of course, remarkable for ability, but still more so for kindness of heart. Speaking from much experience, I can say unhesitatingly that he was as true as steel to those who trusted him in their racing transactions. As for his drollery, wit, and power of graphic description, they rendered an evening passed in his company something never to be forgotten. His stories of Palmer the Poisoner were droll to a degree, but occasionally terrifying ; nor shall I forget his look when he asked me at Egham Races whether that was not the place where the field beat King John. You dwell rightly upon one remarkable trait in his character . . . to wit, that all his sympathies were with the gentlemen. Nothing pleased him more than when they had a good race. His reflections on the use of the Turf to British society, as a safety-valve for the lower orders, were excellent and full of wisdom.

And this is a wonderful tribute from a man of his discernment.

Swindell was at various times commission agent, bookmaker and owner ; and his most signal success was on the occasion when he won the Cambridgeshire with his mare Weatherbound ; with wonderful *flair*, or shall we say luck, he started backing her for this race when her quotation was 100 to 1 !

In common with all exceptional characters he had his peculiarities ; one of these was an aversion to seeing his own horses or those of other people at exercise. Though, at the time that Weatherbound was doing her final gallops for the race which we have just mentioned, he had lodgings in the town and always took a walk before breakfast, he purposely selected the Exning Road in order not to see the horses. Many stories are told of him. When James Godding, one of his trainers, called on him in the said lodgings on a certain convivial evening, he was asked by his host what it would cost to paint a face and nose complete like his. Godding, however, had a ready answer : " He could not say, it was not finished yet ! "

The Marquis of Hastings was probably the most reckless bettor ever known at Newmarket. Obituary notices in the press usually err on the side of indulgence ; a perusal, however, of the comments made on his late Lordship in the sporting and other papers of the day leave an unflattering impression. The general tenor of these summary memoirs is that he was the worst enemy the Turf ever had ; that he bore no genuine interest in that noble animal the horse, except as a plaque to throw for his

gigantic gambles, etc. All the ardour of the fanatic was concentrated into his worship of the Goddess of Chance, and there was an incipient insanity in the way in which he scattered his means . . . he had not the excuse of the sportsman for this heedless prodigality . . . he was no sportsman. Though he kept hounds for a season or two, he was no horseman, while as Master, he was a complete failure, and would leave his hounds in the field at the first opportunity. It was a wasted and a harmful career! Allowing for undue exaggeration and personal feeling, which are apt to colour reports of this type, it must be allowed that they summarize facts fairly correctly in this special case.

The ringmen of our own day, or, as the modern term has it, the bookmakers, are capital fellows. There exist blacklegs, as in most professions, but with these I have no concern. As a class, ringmen are hard working and most charitable, and backers, in my experience, receive very little unfairness or want of courtesy from them. On the other hand, they themselves have often to submit to strange treatment from individuals on our side of the rails. Backing horses is an engrossing and amusing pursuit, combining the excitement inseparable from all sports with a knowledge and appreciation of that most estimable quadruped; but, at the risk of repetition, I must again emphasize my view that it must be regarded as a contest in which the odds are at least 6 to 4 against us in the long run. Owners who are not rich men are sometimes obliged to back their horses in the endeavour to make two ends meet. The standing charges of the owner, his expenses in the purchase of horses, breeding, training and entries, etc., are very heavy. In evidence laid before a committee of the House of Commons it was estimated that it cost £350 to bring a horse to the starting post for the Derby. In 1845, a successful year for Lord George Bentinck, he won fifty-eight races of a collective value of just over £17,000, but against that he had sixty horses in training, and only thirty-six of these ever started; his trainer's account alone was approximately £10,000, which seems to leave a very small margin. Although I have never looked into modern racing accounts, and have at no time been an owner, I feel certain that these and similar expenses have increased enormously since his day.

We have few details of gambling hells at Newmarket, though

there is little doubt that they existed. The constitution of these places in the old days demanded a large staff : a number of chief officials—commissioners, directors, operators to seal the cards, *croupiers*, etc., and, in another category, puffs to decoy the players, and (such was the mutual confidence of the administration and staff) a clerk to check the puffs. Then there was a flasher to swear the *bank was broke*, a dunner to require losses from needy and recalcitrant gentlemen, a captain to fight any discontented player, an attorney to draw up deeds, runners, who were rewarded with half a guinea every time they warned the porter that the constables were without, and a number of common bail affidavit men.

A species of gambling open to the greatest fraud, and in which Newmarket, in common with many other centres such as Bath, Scarborough, Brighton, York, and lastly but certainly not least, London, indulged, was E O.¹

Mr. James Whyte, in his *History of the Turf*, is responsible for the statement that the Newmarket lads were much addicted to dissipation and gambling ; and we do not question the truth of the remark, for about the year 1830, which he gives as a definite date, games of hazard were becoming almost an obsession in many ranks of life. One virtue to be laid to the credit of “ Leviathan ” Davis, and which I omitted to mention when writing about him, was that he invariably refused to lay bets to boys, stating that he would give them no motive for robbing their masters’ tills.

The disappearance of excessive gambling, E O tables, etc., is no matter for regret ; but one cannot view with the same placidity the passing of so many old Newmarket traditions, even although cold reason may attest their uselessness or their abuse. The custom which allowed the spectators to gallop in with the horses, for instance, was the cause of numerous accidents, and

¹ The principle of E O is much the same as that which governs roulette, but with no zero. The board is divided into forty compartments of equal size, into which the ball falls after a spin ; twenty of these are marked E and twenty O. The proprietor recouped himself at first by charging half a guinea to winners and those who threw in three times. This system of *cagnotte* was very fair, but its duration was short ; the proprietor did not get enough loot ; so the custom arose to make two of the forty spaces into *barholes*. If the ball fell into either of these the proprietor won all the money staked on the opposite letter, and did not pay the stakes in the space where the ball fell. Though there were no doubt plenty of fraudulently weighted tables about the country, it seems to have been unnecessary to cheat, since this mode of procedure works out a certain 5 per cent. in favour of the bank,

the suppression of this mob-riding was in itself an excellent measure. The modern setting lacks some of the colour and glow of those days of yore ; many of the offices were an excuse for a touch of pageantry or ceremonious etiquette for which the up-to-date, practical method has no leisure.

A veteran landmark was old Martin Starling in his red coat, and usually mounted on a grey, the Master of the Racing Ceremonies, whose duties were to conduct the competitors to the start, to escort the winner back to scale, and to help clear the course, for which purpose he used a long whip. As this type of official existed at most race meetings, it is strange that he is not more frequently depicted in the many prints of "Returning to Scale." This functionary was in reality most useful, and was a guard against disqualifications for premature dismounting. It has occurred several times that young jockeys have been induced to dismount before reaching the unsaddling enclosure, owing to the representation of some interested spectator who has hastened to tell them that they were not in the first three ; I cannot, however, say if this has ever occurred at Newmarket.

Prominent among sportsmen of a somewhat later day is Charles James Apperley, better known under his pseudonym of Nimrod. He might be called the Thackeray of the sporting world of his era, for whether he wrote of the Chase, the Turf, or the Road, he gave to his theme that intimate perception of detail which is only to be acquired by one who is master both of practice and theory of the subject of which he treats. Nimrod was occasionally to be seen at Newmarket, but he wrote more of hunting than of racing ; and it is remarkable what importance was attached to these writings. Nowadays, the reporter who specializes in sporting news may visit the race-course, the counties or the shires, and ably describe his views and impressions ; but his articles are little read, unless, indeed, for the racing tips . . . but then ! There was great excitement when a master of hounds was informed that the redoubtable Nimrod would visit his pack on a tour of inspection ; steel and leather would be polished up, accoutrements put in order, horses carefully trimmed : the certainty of being shown up in print would induce lavish expenditure and instant reforms. All doors were thrown open to this scribe, and his passing through a hunting country was in the nature of a royal progress,

The revolution in these matters of publicity is quite comprehensible, and the present writer could draw an apt comparison from his memories of polo at Hurlingham, thirty years back, and the small company of players with their one recording writer, who was a man thoroughly skilled in his craft, and who would put out, say, one article of varying length a fortnight. Then, I fancy, the players perused and attached importance to the appreciation or strictures of themselves or their ponies, as they appeared in print. Wanton and unnecessary public extravagance, entailing crippling taxation, has compelled many of us to relinquish the joys of the hunting field and polo ground, but it is fairly evident that at the present day the very large majority of active participants in these sports remains oblivious of and indifferent to press comments.

Apperley died in May, 1843, in Upper Belgrave Street, leaving to posterity a name which will always impel respect and esteem in the annals of sport.

Stories abound of great men and their conventional doings, of odd personalities and their unconventional acts; the selection is difficult, but Newmarket seems incomplete without a word on Captain J. O. Machell. His family is of ancient origin, and has an early connexion with the town. As far back as 1684 we find an item in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Household for a sum of money for Dr. Machell's lodgings out of Court at Newmarket. This was the Rev. Thomas Machell, second son of Thomas Machell, Esq., of Crackenthorpe, in Westmorland, who matriculated at Oxford University in 1663, became M.A. in 1671, and Rector of Kirkby Thore in Westmorland. Fellow of the Royal Society, he was made a chaplain in ordinary to Charles II, in which capacity he attended the Court at Newmarket. A history of Cumberland states that this family has been seated at Crackenthorpe since the Conquest; and the late Captain Machell, who made a good deal of Turf history, was their descendant and the owner of Crackenthorpe. Born in 1838 at Beverley, Yorkshire, he started as a subaltern in the army, and his earlier connexion with racing was mostly associated with chasing. One of his first appearances at Newmarket was when he beat Captain Chadwick in a hundred yards' foot race over the Severals, Sir John Astley being a spectator. Another of his accomplishments was to jump from the floor to a firm footing on a high mantelpiece. On the

Turf he won the Grand National with Regal, ridden and trained by Joe Cannon, and subsequently controlled a large stable of horses at Newmarket; the names of the owners who put their trust in his management, and the success of the great horses that passed through his hands, would suffice in themselves for a chapter in the chronicles of the Turf. Hermit, Harvester and Isinglass were all at various times in his stable, and no comment is necessary when we say that the two best known of his trainers were Joe Cannon and J. Jewitt. Bedford House will always be associated with the name of Machell; at one period he kept open house here and was the cheeriest of companions; as he grew older, however, his health deteriorated, and he was given to fits of gloom and depression. Archer's death, too, was a great blow to him and increased the despondency to which he was prone.

Machell had retired from the army in 1863, and devoted himself subsequently to sport with such success that he was enabled to buy back the old home of Crackenthorpe, which had been sold by Lancelot Machell in 1786.

Mention of the Captain (Machell) reminds me of my old friend the late Mr. Montagu Tharp, of Chippenham Park, Newmarket, generally known as "Monty." He was always up to any lark, and his kind heart and the merry twinkle in his eye are memories which I ardently cherish. When the Captain was living at Kennett he reared some wild duck, and "Monty" did likewise at Chippenham, some miles distant; the latter was much touched on receiving a kindly gift from the Captain in the shape of two swans, for which he expressed his gratitude. A curious feature, however, supervened . . . the wild duck at Chippenham continually and mysteriously decreased, with a corresponding increase of those at Kennett. Now those were the days when the fashion for rearing wild duck was in its infancy, and the Captain had made a rapid discovery that, on moderate-sized lakes, swans and these ducks did not quite hit it off!

How many tales there are of "Monty," of the Captain, of the "Mate," of Lady Cardigan, of so many other Newmarket characters of the middle and late Victorian era! They would bear repeating, but your humble scribe, however much he would wish to recall them, has always an eye on those beautiful trees which bloom with such profusion in Bushey Park in the early days of June!

A character who started life in Machell's stable was Jack Hammond. The next move in Hammond's social scheme was to a roadside cottage at Newmarket, where he practised as a tout, and was employed by the Nottingham division of bookmakers, of whom Mr. John Robinson and Mr. "Charlie" Hibbert were the leading lights. After this he became commission agent for Joseph Dawson's stable, and was also much identified with that of the Duchess of Montrose and Mr. Crawford, at a period when the success of the scarlet jacket was at its height. Hammond was universally acknowledged to be a very clever man and a magnificent gambler; a man with sufficient strength of character to plank it down when things went well, and to go lightly when a setback in luck seemed to have set in; a man who would bet quite as large a stake or more on a long-priced one as on a short; attributes of the successful gambler so rarely met with. He bought Florence, and she won him the Cambridgeshire; another fortunate purchase was St. Gatien who ran a dead heat for the Derby. Wealth accumulated, and he bought house property at Newmarket on a large scale; this soon doubled and trebled in value, so that this gamester seems to prove the truth of the adage that there are exceptions to every rule, and that the game of chance is not always a losing one.

The unconventional and the fantastic are fully illustrated in the career of Mr. George Baird, whose *nom de course* was "Mr. Abington," and who was also known as "The Squire." At the death of his father, during his infancy, he inherited a princely fortune, so apparently inexhaustible that, notwithstanding many efforts on his part to dissipate it, he yet died a rich man.

If the stories which have been handed down and printed are in any degree veracious, Baird Senior seems also to have been capable of a bet or so, and on one occasion Mr. James Merry, of racing fame, is said to have bet the father of "Mr. Abington" a fiver that he could not repeat the Lord's Prayer without a mistake. "Done," said Mr. Baird, and promptly proceeded to recite the Apostle's Creed. But before he had "believed" a couple of lines, Mr. Merry, who was as ill acquainted with religious literature as his friend, paid up the fiver, exclaiming:

"Hoots! I never thought ye'd ha known it, man!"

The squire was a very rough diamond, and hardly to be qualified as economical or peaceable in disposition. He rented Whit-



Photo: Frit'h

NEWMARKET TO-DAY : THE HIGH STREET

tington Hall, near Lichfield, and here he entertained his boon companions in princely but noisy style. One of his pet frolics consisted in driving at a gallop into the sleepy town of Lichfield on Sunday night, as far as the Swan Hotel; if it were closing time, and it always was, he would disturb the whole town with his clamour. What a crony he could have been to "Jack" Mytton and Lord Barrymore! Merry Hampton won him the Derby, but he does not appear to have been unduly elated over the triumph, and did not, as is usual, lead in the winner. His real delight seems to have been in riding and coming in first himself, and when strictly sober he was no bad horseman, and a very powerful man in the saddle. It was quite immaterial what the race was, as long as he had a winning mount, and with this aim in view, he had horses in various stables dotted all over England and Scotland, while he travelled indifferently to Hamilton Park, Worcester or Plymouth, to ride in any selling race. The "Squire" depended mainly on casual assistance in the dressing-room, as he rarely took a valet with him on these racing quests. On one occasion, when trotting down to the starting post, he saw in the ring his temporary valet, who had been entrusted with his pocket-book well stuffed with banknotes, having a real dash on his employer's mount, just planking down the notes as if defeat were unthinkable.

"It gave me quite a turn," said the "Squire" afterwards, "and I had to put in all I knew to get home." He won a fine race by a short head, and the temporary valet was never quite sober for the rest of that racing season.

It was no novelty for him to be involved in some tavern brawl, but he ran very little risk, surrounded as he was by a body-guard of prize-fighters, who were well paid for their attendance; and that this was no sinecure is proved by the little detail that when in the States, in the city of St. Louis, he would certainly have been shot by the bar-tender in some low haunt, as a return for the contents of a long tumbler thrown into his face, had it not been for the timely assistance of Mitchell the boxer, who, appreciating the extreme danger in which his patron found himself, vaulted over the counter and pinned the man down just as he was seizing his six-shooter. In common with many millionaires, Mr. Baird showed marked disinclination to drawing a cheque, and it was necessary to devise all kinds of ruses to

obtain his signature. A retired jockey and well-known owner who wanted to get a sum of money out of him, once placed pen and ink before the "Squire," soliciting his autograph. The recalcitrant debtor's reply was to throw the ink bottle out of the window. "Oh," said the creditor, "that does not get you out, Squire, I have another bottle of ink in my pocket." The second attempt amused him, and he signed the cheque.

It was a burlesque *ménage* at Bedford Cottage, Newmarket. The evenings were generally spent in boxing, cock-fighting, or similar rowdy programme, to the accompaniment of much liquid refreshment. When the valet called the guests in the morning, they would be informed that their host had gone on the Heath to ride gallops, but wished them to be asked whether they would partake of champagne or sparkling hock for their matutinal "livener." The "Squire" would return for breakfast, and after looking at the addresses on a large pile of correspondence, would generally heave them into the fire, or, if it were summer, into a huge W.P.B. which was there for the purpose. In consequence of this disregard of letters, a party of guests would sometimes arrive from London and be informed by the butler that his master had departed by the first train that morning to ride at some outlandish race meeting. This was really of little consequence, since the guests remained and did themselves right well; for everything was superlatively good at Bedford Cottage.

"Abington" Baird also lived for a time at Moulton Paddocks, which he purchased from Lord Gerard. This fine house and property, at his death, were sold by his executors to the late Sir Ernest Cassel.

A great trainer, and one of the ablest of his profession, was the late Matthew Dawson, who, as far as Newmarket is concerned, trained first at Heath House, and later on at Exning. Throughout a lengthy career, in the course of which he inspired respect from all classes, he was identified most prominently, perhaps, with the horses of Lord Falmouth. For this owner he trained two Derby winners; and as far as classic races go he trained six Derby winners in all, starting with Thormanby at Lambourn, before he ever came to Newmarket, and ending with Lord Rosebery's Sir Visto; five winners of the Oaks, and six of the St. Leger. This trainer was of the old school and wore old school

clothes. Most mornings at exercise he could be seen in a tall hat, varnished boots and a flower in his buttonhole, as signs of his calling. With all his success, and I believe most racing men would agree that he was the greatest trainer of our time, he could never be accused of a swollen head; neither did he affirm that the trainers of his day were in any way superior to their predecessors; more, there is in existence a passage from one of his letters, in which he says: "I do not think the best trainers of to-day are superior, if equal to Robson, Tiny Edwards or John Scott, in the preparation of three year olds and upwards."

As I have allowed myself the term "swollen head," I must add that the tale is told at Newmarket that Mat Dawson sometimes had a heavy evening, and that on the following morning the black top hat was not its usual easy fit, and would be replaced by one of soft grey felt. On these inauspicious occasions the suave and courteous manner which he always adopted towards employers and employed might be slightly ruffled. But what matter? He could be approached with caution . . . the danger signal, the grey felt hat, was hoisted! Matthew Dawson died at Newmarket in 1897, much mourned by all. Among other achievements which may be laid to his credit, he discovered Archer, who started as a boy of eleven in Dawson's stable.

The wholesale condemnation of racing and racing resorts is based mainly on the assumption that indulgence in this particular form of sport is inseparable from gambling and betting. But there are and have been men whose names are proverbial in the roll of the Turf and at Newmarket, whose sole aim was to pursue and improve a noble pastime, idealizing it as pure sport apart from market value, investment and speculation.

We are not decrying the gambling element; that sound judge and Turf dictator, Admiral Rous, has added his quota to the controversial record:

Suppress betting by legal enactment, and the game is up: thoroughbred stock would be depreciated 60 per cent., and our race-courses ploughed up. Racing always has been, and will be always, a gambling speculation.

But what an area for endeavour and appreciation lies beyond this! There is the history of the horse studied through centuries of patient research; there is the knowledge of the pure

strains of blood and of the judicious crosses which have produced the unrivalled families of the British thoroughbred. And training! What incessant and strenuous study is training, with its initiation into the capabilities and limitations of each individual horse . . . the hundred diverse elements which enter into the art of riding a race. How few are gifted with that perception which appreciates what is really taking place in any race we view! The show fills our vision; but what of the component parts of the show? Is it Aristotle who says that "Everyone is competent to judge the things which he understands, and is a good judge of them . . ." but are we competent? Are we capable of analysing and passing from the explicit to the implicit?

By the side of all this technical capacity is the love of horses, the joy of being with them, and of following, when possible, their career from the yearling sale paddock to the starting gate.

This internal history of the Turf, this solid tenacity of purposeful activity, is the real history of Headquarters. And Newmarket as a foundation! While men and horses come and go, transitory passers-by, Newmarket is fundamentally the same as when it captivated the roving eye of James I. It is the nucleus around which life was built up and carried on through the vicissitudes of a past, concentrated for the most part into three centuries. It has braved grey periods of depression, of lesser men and horses of no account, and has triumphed in joyous epochs of prosperity and great names.

At Newmarket kings and commoners compete in generous rivalry, while the pulse of hope beats freely to the rhythm of the horses' hoofs; in the mellow haze of some newborn spring day they may cast aside the cares of state or domesticity, privileged livers of a sporting life in a sporting environment.

In the present *pot pourri* of things old and new, in this motley medley of periods and people, too much stress has perhaps been laid on the superficial aspect of life at Newmarket; but the main idea of a book of inadequate jottings such as this, is to while away an hour for the reader. A great philosopher of our own time has said it is "wise to be cheerful," and Newmarket is undeniably one cheerful spot in this world of contrasts and ironies and troubles.

Just as in the life of a man certain facts and encounters show up boldly against the context of his everyday routine and denote what manner of man he is, so in the history of a town particular events and phases spring out in undue relief and act as signposts on the long trail between the past and the goal of the present, where this volume comes to a close.

I have refrained from touching on the actual doings of the day and from mention of living contemporaries. It is my sincere wish that a more competent scribe may undertake to supplement the history of the past and tell of Newmarket as it is in the living present.

APPENDIX

I.—LIST OF OLD ENGRAVINGS CONNECTED WITH NEWMARKET

THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS, THE NORWICH COACH GOING TO LONDON.
Aquatint. James Pollard *pinxt.*

Published March 10th, 1820, by S. and J. Fuller, 24, Rathbone Place.

BAY MALTON BEATING KING HEROD, TURF, AND ASKAM. A SWEEP-
STAKE OF 500 GUINEAS, OVER THE BEACON COURSE AT NEWMARKET.
Aquatint, 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ by 11 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Sartorius *pinxt.*

R. How *fecit.*

Published by Rt. Sayer, 1769.

A VIEW OF THE TOWN. Small book-plate. In line, from the original
drawing by R. Harraden. Published July, 1801, by J. Walker,
16, Rosoman Street, London.

A RACE ON THE ROUND COURSE AT NEWMARKET FOR THE KING'S PLATE.
Aquatint. Houston *fecit.* Sartorius *pinxt.*

Published by Robert Sayer, August 20th, 1770, from 53, Fleet St.

A RACE ON THE BEACON COURSE, *idem.*

THE UNICORN NORWICH COACH. Aquatint.

James Pollard *pinxt.*

C. Hunt *sculpt.*

MATCH FOR 1,000 GUINEAS BETWEEN SIR JOSHUA AND FILHO-DA-PUTA
AT NEWMARKET. APRIL 15TH, 1816. Mezzotint. Two plates.

Ben Marshall *pinxt.*

W. Ward *fecit.*

The same in aquatint, two plates.

J. Pollard *pinxt.*

Robert Havell *fecit.*

The same, one plate.

J. Pollard *pinxt.*

Rosenbourg *sculpt.*

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCE OF WALES.

This view of noblemen's and gentlemen's trains of running horses
with grooms and horses in their full liveries taking exercise on
the Warren Hill, east of the town of Newmarket.

In line. Published by J. Bodger, 1791.

TRAINING, NEWMARKET.

Painted by Alken.

Engraved by Sutherland.

Published by L. Hudson, 1818.

One of a set of four, the other three represent other race-courses.
Aquatint.

A VIEW OF A HORSE MATCH AT NEWMARKET BETWEEN GREY-WINDHAM
(a horse belonging to His Grace the Duke of Somerset) AND
BAY BOLTON (a horse belonging to His Grace the Duke of
Bolton).

J. Wootton *pinxt.*

J. Sympson, Junr., *sculpt.*

In line. Published by John Ryall.

THE HORSE MATCH BETWEEN CHARLES II AND HENRY JERMYN AT NEW-
MARKET. From a drawing attributed to Francis Barlow, published
in line in *The Gentleman's Recreation*, 1686.

A VIEW OF NEW MARKET IN 1669.

In Aquatint, from a drawing in the Laurentian Library at Florence.
Published by J. Mawman, London, January 1st, 1821.

GREY DIOMED BEATING TRAVELLER, and TRAVELLER BEATING METEOR
OVER THE BEACON COURSE AT NEWMARKET.

A pair of Aquatints, J. N. Sartorius *pinxt.*

J. Edy *fecit.*

Published October 23rd, 1790, by J. Harris.

NEWMARKET RACES.

Drawn and engraved by James Pollard. Published by R. Pollard and
Sons, Holloway, London, 1819.

THE CHAISE MATCH. In Aquatint.

J. Bodger *del.*

Published August 23rd, 1769, and sold

by the Proprietor, John Bodger, land surveyor, Stilton, etc.

THE JOCKEY CLUB AND NEWMARKET MEETING. Coloured caricature.
Rowlandson *del.*

Published October 10th, 1811, by Thos. Tegg, No. 111, Cheapside.

TREGONWELL FRAMPTON, ESQR., KEEPER OF YE RUNNING HORSES AT
NEWMARKET TO KING WILLIAM YE 3RD, QUEEN ANN, KING GEORGE
YE 1st AND KING GEORGE YE 2ND. *Ac aetat* 1728.

Wootton *pinxt.*

Faber Jun. *sculpt.*

Published about 1740. 15 by 10.

A second and larger plate of the above was engraved by J. Jones, and
published by J. Bodger, land surveyor, Stilton, Hurst, etc., 1791.
21 by 14. Both are in Mezzotint.

THE MATCH BETWEEN HAMBLETONIAN AND DIAMOND OVER THE BEACON
COURSE AT NEWMARKET.

A pair in Aquatint. J. N. Sartorius *pinxt.*

J. W. Edy *fecit.*

Published 1799, by John Harris.

FINISH'D HORSES : MATCHEM AND TRAJAN RUNNING AT NEWMARKET.

T. Smith *pinxt.*

W. Elliott *sculpt.*

Published 1769 by J. Boydell, Engraver, No. 90 in Cheapside, London.
In line.

SUBSCRIPTION ROOMS AT NEWMARKET, 1825:

After James Pollard. Published by Richard Powell, 6, Grove Road,
Brixton. Litho.

SUBSCRIPTION ROOMS AT NEWMARKET.

A VIEW ON THE ROAD TO NEWMARKET.

TRAINING AT NEWMARKET.

THE RACE FOR THE CLARET STAKES.

A set of four in Aquatint, after James Pollard, engraved by R. Pollard.
Published March 7th, 1825, by R. Pollard and Sons, Holloway, near London.

The Claret Stakes Plate was published May 20th, 1823.

EXTRAORDINARY MATCH ON THE ROUND COURSE AT NEWMARKET.

By George Osbaldeston, Esq.

Aquatint. H. Alken *pinxt.*

Geo. Hunt *fecit.*

Published 1831 by J. More, 1, West Street, St. Martin's Lane.

The Same. Aquatint.

J. Pollard *pinxt.*

Published by T. Helme, 15, Tabernacle Square, Old Street Road.

VIEW OF A HORSE MATCH OVER THE LONG COURSE AT NEWMARKET,
FROM YE STARTING POST TO YE STAND.

VIEW OF THE ROUND COURSE OR PLATE COURSE, WITH DIVERS JOCKEYS
AND HORSES IN DIFFERENT ACTIONS AND POSTURES, GOING TO
START FOR THE KING'S PLATE.

VIEW OF THE NOBLEMEN'S AND GENTLEMEN'S SEVERAL STRINGS OR
TRAINS OF RUNNING HORSES, TAKING THEIR EXERCISE UP YE
WATERING COURSE ON THE WARREN HILL AT NEWMARKET.

PLATE OF THE FOX CHASE.

Series of four, in line, after Peter Tillemans, engraved by Claud Du
Bose and T. Sympson. *Circa* 1760.

THE WATERING PLACE AT NEWMARKET, WITH A VIEW OF THE COURSE
AND THE STRING OF HORSES BELONGING TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE
OF DEVONSHIRE, to whom this plate is humbly inscribed by His
Grace's most obedient and devoted servant John Smith. In line.

Tillemans *pinxt.*

J. Thompson *delineavit et sculpsit.*

THE CHAISE MATCH. In line.

F. Hayman *del.*

J. S. Müller *sculpt.*

NEWMARKET RACES.

I.—THE GALLOP.

II.—THE RACE.

H. Alken *delt. et sculpsit.* London, published January 1st, 1825, by
S. and J. Fuller at their sporting gallery 34, Rathbone Place.

In Aquatint, 27½ by 9.

MATCH BETWEEN BAY MALTON AND GIMCRACK AT NEWMARKET, OCTOBER,
1765.

Aquatint. F. Sartorius *pinxt.*

R. Houston *del. et fecit.*

Published March 10th, 1766, by R. Heber, also by Robt. Sayer. 14¼ by 17¾.

MATCH BETWEEN THE DUKE OF BOLTON'S LOOBY AND THOMAS PANTON'S
CONQUEROR. *Circa* 1735.

A small plate in line after J. Wootton, engraved and published by
T. Sympson.

EAGLE BEATING ELEANOR AT NEWMARKET, Oct., 1804. By Whessel.
Aquatint. Published by E. Orme.

II.—A LIST OF BOOKS CONTAINING REFERENCES TO NEWMARKET

- The Sporting Magazine*, 1792-1870.
New Sporting Magazine, 1831-1846.
Sporting Review, 1839-1848.
Annals of Sporting, 13 Vols., 1822-1828.
The Sporting Sketch Book. Carleton, 1842.
Thacker on Coursing, 2 Vols., 1834.
Racing Life of Lord George Cavendish Bentinck, M.P. John Kent and the Hon. Francis Lawley, 1892.
Reminiscences of William Day of Danebury. Richard Bentley and Son, 1886.
British Field Sports. Scott, 1818.
Post and Paddock. The Druid, 1856.
Silk and Scarlet. The Druid, 1859.
Scott and Sebright. The Druid, 1862.
The Great Game. Edward Spencer. Grant Richards, 1900.
Horse Racing in England. Robert Black. Richard Bentley and Son, 1893.
History of the British Turf. 2 Vols. James Rice, 1879.
History of the British Turf. 2 Vols. James Whyte, 1840.
Genius Genuine. Samuel Chifney of Newmarket, 1791.
A Mirror of the Turf. L. H. Curzon. Chapman and Hall, 1892.
The Chase, Road, and Turf. Nimrod, 1837.
The Jockey Club and its Founders. Robert Black. Smith, Elder and Co., 1891.
Badminton Library. Racing. Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, and W. L. Craven, 1885.
Fifty Years of My Life. Sir J. D. Astley, Bart. 2 Vols., 1894. Hurst and Blackett, Ltd.
Horse Racing, Its History. Saunders, Otley and Co., 1863.
History of Newmarket and Annals of the Turf. 3 Vols. J. P. Hore, 1885.
Newmarket, an Essay on the Turf. 2 Vols. P. Parsons, 1771.
Frampton and the Dragon. J. B. Muir, 1895.
Ye Olde New-Markitt Calendar. J. B. Muir, 1892.
Sportsman's Magazine. Vols. circa 1823.

III.—REGULATIONS TO BE OBSERVED IN USING THE EXERCISE GROUND AT NEWMARKET

THE FIRST SEVEN RULES ARE PRACTICALLY THE SAME AS THE RULES
OF THE JOCKEY CLUB

1. Every Trainer who wishes to train horses on the lands belonging to, or in the occupation of, the Jockey Club, must apply in the first week in December of each year to the Stewards for a licence for the following year, and on making such application, he must specify the horses then under his charge, and the names of their owners, and shall not take horses from any other owner without first obtaining the permission of the Stewards.

2. Every licence granted to a Trainer shall be subject to such regulations as from time to time may be made by the Stewards, and conditional upon his obedience thereto.

3. A Trainer shall be liable to have his licence withdrawn for breaking the rules laid down by the Stewards for the management of the ground, or for any misconduct on the Turf, or in matters connected with it.

4. Should the Stewards find it necessary to refuse or withdraw a licence from any Trainer, they shall report that they have done so at the next General Meeting of the Club.

5. Every Trainer shall pay to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, a Heath Tax, of seven guineas annually in respect of every horse, and three guineas for every yearling that shall be trained or broken by him at Newmarket on any lands belonging to or in the occupation of the Jockey Club. Hacks, if they lead work or take part in gallops, shall be liable to Heath Tax.

6. A horse trained elsewhere may, with permission of the Stewards, use the training grounds at Newmarket, without payment, a week before or after any Race Meeting there, at which he will or has run, providing his Trainer has not been refused a licence to train. This does not apply to horses trained within twenty miles of Newmarket.

7. The Stewards shall make such orders as they think fit relative to the returns to be made by the Trainers of horses under their care, and if any Trainer shall fail to make a true return, he will be surcharged one guinea for each horse omitted from his list.

N.B.—At present all Trainers are required to send in on the first of February of each year, a list of the horses under their charge, which have been exercised on the Heath from the first of January, and on the first of every succeeding month in the same year a list of any additional horses then liable for Heath Tax.

8. The amount of tax (for which the Trainer is the person liable) shall be due at the same time that the return is made, and must be paid within one month after that date.

9. In default of such payment the licence of the defaulting trainer may be withdrawn at the discretion of the Stewards, and the amount due will be treated as a debt due to the Stewards, and may be sued for in a Court of Law.

10. The payment of Heath Tax shall not be taken to confer on the person paying the same any legal rights which shall interfere or be inconsistent with the absolute possession by the Stewards of the lands in respect of which the tax is paid, nor with the control the Club now has over all persons using or going on to their grounds.

11. The portions of the various training grounds that are open, are indicated in the notice-box outside the Jockey Club Office, but these will be subject to alteration during the day in consequence of storm, or other emergency; a special semaphore is also exhibited (near Sefton Lodge) when the Limekilns are open.

12. No horses allowed on the Heath before 5 a.m., or after 4 p.m., or after mid-day on Sundays.

13. Every Trainer must take his horses on to the Exercise Ground by the ground allotted for walking, and all walking and trotting exercise shall be taken upon these grounds only.

14. Horses must be cantered and galloped upon ground open for such work and within the limits and in the directions from time to time set out. No cantering will be allowed on ground specially reserved for galloping.

15. No Trainer may exercise his horses upon ground that is closed, or move any doll, pole, bush, or other thing used for defining the ground. In any case of doubt, the foreman can explain which ground is open.

16. Horses not completing the full length of a gallop must not be pulled up to a standstill, but must at once walk off the gallop to the nearest Walking Ground.

17. Only horses that are being trained for races under the Rules of Racing are allowed to use the Limekilns, July Course Gallops, or any other special summer gallops except with the express permission of the Stewards.

18. Yearlings may only be lunged upon ground specially set apart for that purpose, and must not be taken on to the Limekilns or summer gallops, or any of the tan gallops, upon any pretence whatever.

19. When the Limekilns are open the Gallop round them may be used by first obtaining permission from the foreman (in charge of that ground).

TRIAL GROUNDS AND SPECIAL GALLOPS

20. Any Trainer wishing to make use of the Trial Ground can only do so by giving notice in writing to the foreman (in charge of the ground on which he wishes to try) not later than 8 p.m. on the day preceding. Full details as to the distance of the Trial and the number of horses taking part in it must be supplied at the same time. Exceptions are made to this rule to meet cases of emergency.

21. All horses galloping on the Trial Grounds and Peat Moss Gallops must be stripped. No clothing will be allowed excepting small rubbers the size of the saddle and hoods with blinkers attached.

22. No single horse trials are allowed.

23. All trials must be reported to the Jockey Club Office, Newmarket.

24. The Peat Moss Gallop, when open, is only available for work between the hours of 6.30 and 10 a.m.

25. Should the Limekilns be closed in consequence of a slight storm special permission may be obtained to gallop a horse (without clothing) on the Round Gallop or on the Peat Moss on the Flat, for a distance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles or over. Any Trainer abusing this privilege will be fined not less than £25.

26. The Weighing Rooms at the R.M. and July Courses are available for Trainers to weigh riders for trials. The keys of the Weighing Room at finish of R.M. are kept at the Cottage at the back of the Stand, and those of July Course Weighing Room at the Cottage, Cambridge Road.

27. No person shall jump over, or ride through, any barrier or fence.

28. Trainers in charge of horses must not walk or stand their hacks upon the gallops, or gallop across closed ground. No hacks to be left loose upon the ground.

29. Head lads in charge of horses must not walk their horses upon closed ground; a fine of £1 for the infringement of this rule will be imposed and collected from the Jockey Club Office, Newmarket.

30. No horses allowed to exercise within 200 yards of the Race Course during the races.

31. Dogs, motors, carriages, and bicycles are not allowed upon the training grounds.

32. Hand Ambulances are kept at Challice's Cottage, Bury Heath, and at the R.M. Stand. A horse-drawn Ambulance for lads can always be obtained at Mr. Chennell's Livery Stables, Rutland Arms Yard, race weeks excepted, when it will be on the Race Course.

33. An Ambulance for horses is kept at the R.M. Stand.

34. No Trainer to give any order to the servants of the Club; but any Trainer wishing to suggest any alteration in the Heath arrangements is requested to do so in writing to the Manager of the Heath.

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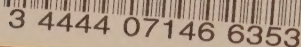
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